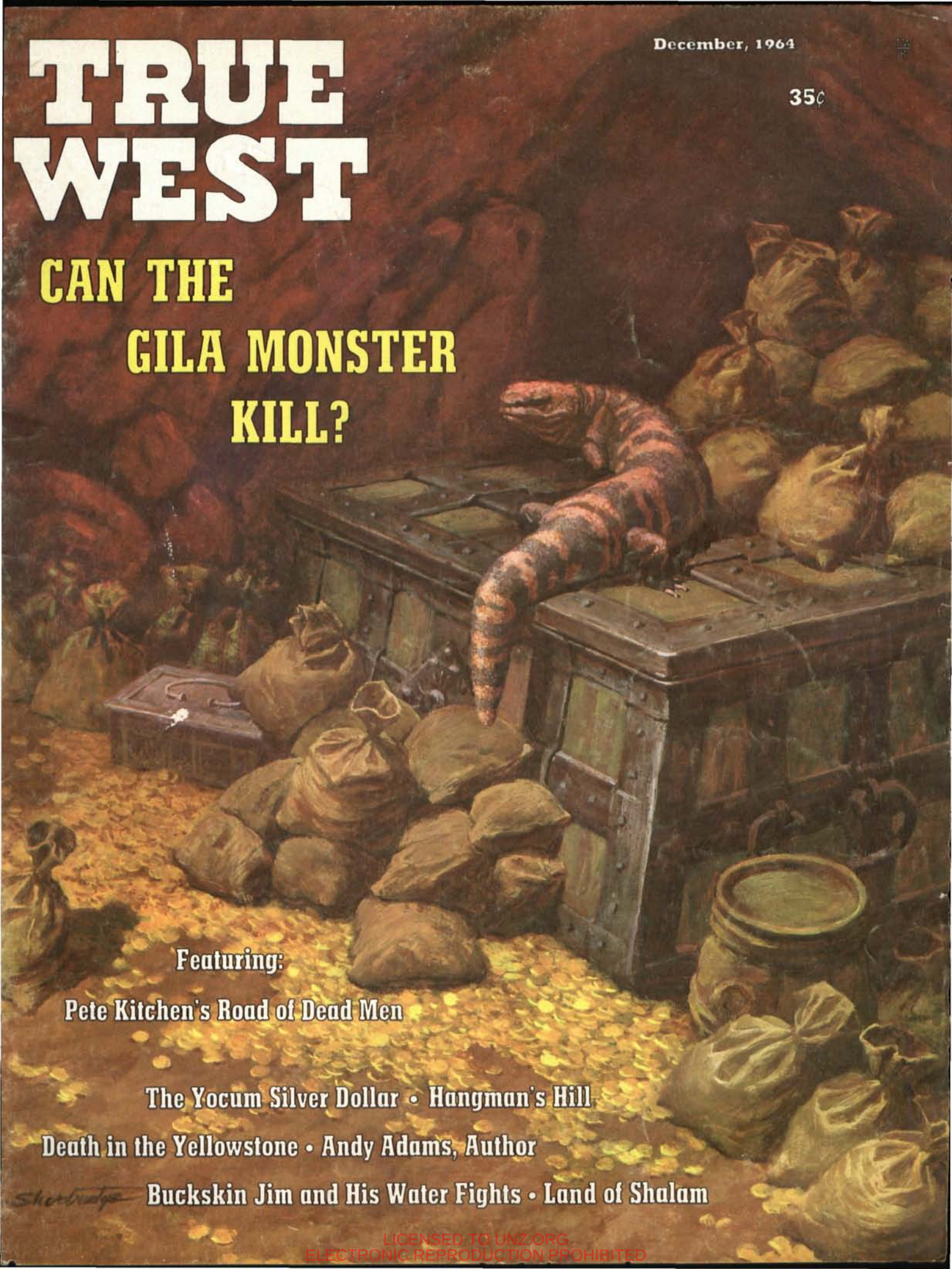
TRUE WEST

December, 1964

35¢

CAN THE GILA MONSTER KILL?



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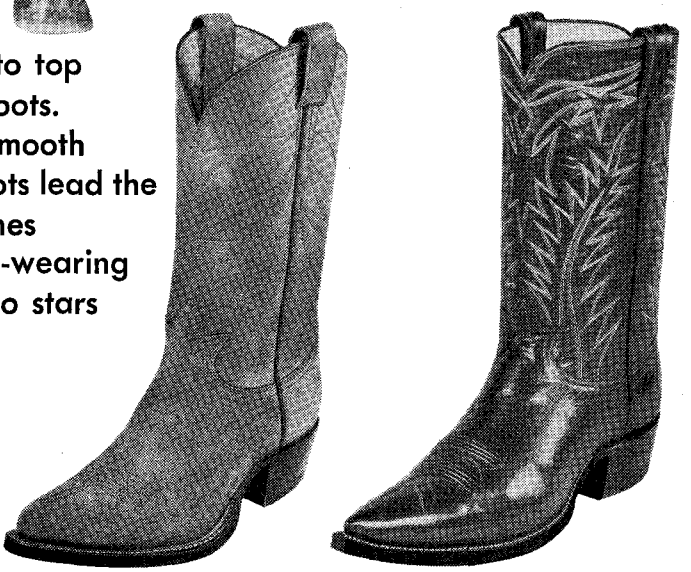

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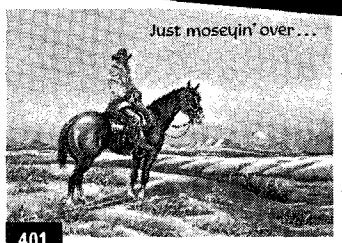
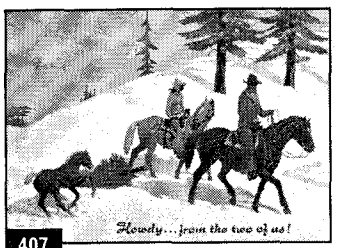


401 **Just moseyin' over**—to wish y'all Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

402 **Christmas Tree Wonderland**—May the the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you through all the Year

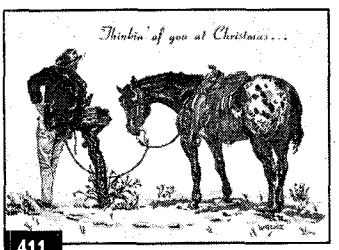
403 **The Story of Christmas in Sign Language**—May the Spirit of Christmas abide with you throughout the Coming Year

405 **A Christmas Kindness**—Greeting is a beautiful 4 line western verse

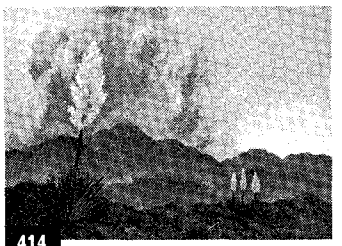


407 **Howdy . . .** from the two of us!—With Best Wishes at Christmas and through all the New Year

408 **"And there were shepherds . . ."**—May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you through all the Year

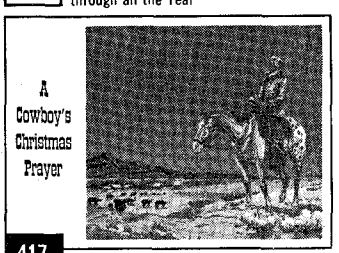


411 **Thinkin' of you at Christmas**—Best Wishes for the Holidays and Happiness throughout the New Year



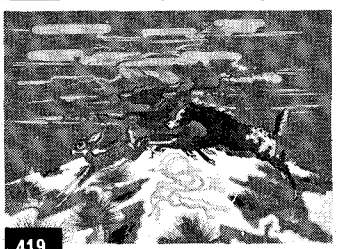
414 **Candles of the Lord**—May the Peace and Happiness of the Christmas Season abide *with you through all the Coming Year*

415 **Christmas Chores**—Christmas Greetings and Best Wishes for all the Year



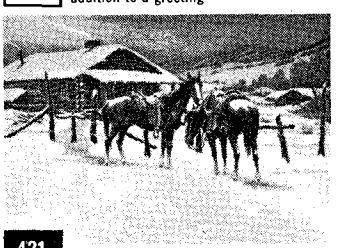
417 **A Cowboy's Christmas Prayer**—This famous 26 line prayer is inside the card in addition to a greeting

418 **". . . fair and open face of heaven . . ."**—May every happiness be yours at Christmas and throughout the New Year



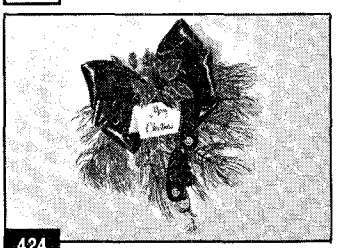
419 **Winter Friends**—A friendly wish for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

420 **Season's Greetings**—With Best Wishes at Christmas and Happiness through all the Coming Year

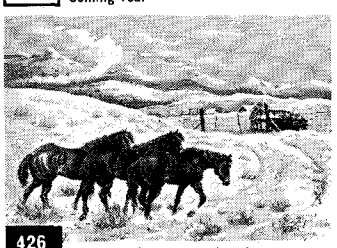


421 **Christmas Visitors**—May the meaning of the Season be deeper, its friendships stronger and its hopes brighter, etc.

422 **Greetings from our outfit to yours**—With Best Wishes for Christmas and all the New Year

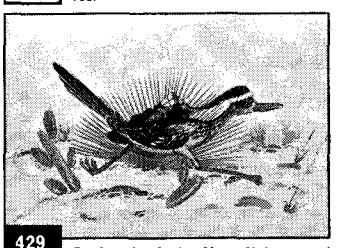


424 **Spurs an' Pine**—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

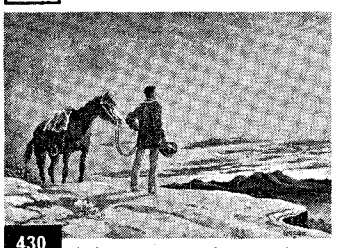


426 **Christmas Handouts**—Greeting is a warm and friendly 6 line descriptive western verse

428 **Headin' West to Laramie**—Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



429 **Roadrunning Santa**—Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



430 **Christmas Thanks**—Inside is a sentimental 14 line western Christmas verse in addition to the greeting

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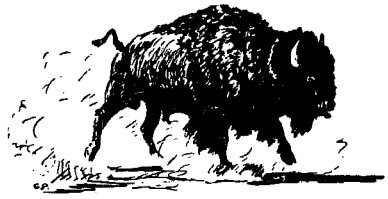

November-December, 1964
Volume 12, No. 2
Whole No. 66

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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JOE AUSTELL SMALL, Publisher
ROBERT SMALL, Advertising
LIZ LAWLER, Production
CATHIE WILSON, Secretary
MARILYN SCHOLTZ, Circulation

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Gene Shortridge

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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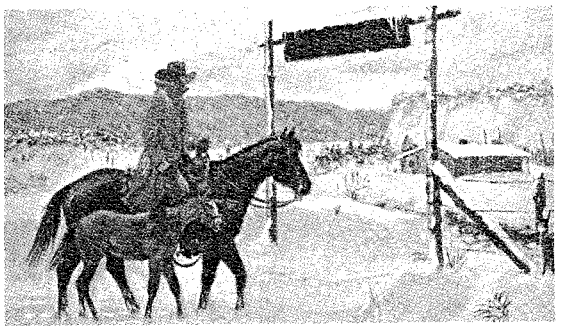
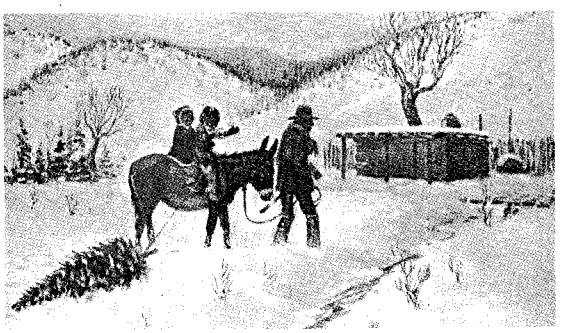
by WESTERN HERITAGE CARDS



C-1 THE GIFT HORSE
Merry Christmas
and Happiness throughout the New Year

Created By Noted Western Artist Joe Beeler



C-2 A SOUTHWEST CHRISTMAS
Best Wishes for the Holidays
and Happiness throughout the New Year

C-3 CHRISTMAS ON THE HOMESTEAD
Sincere Good Wishes
for a very Happy Holiday Season

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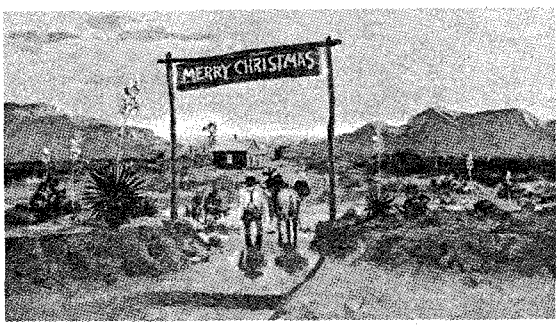
C-4 WISE MEN OF THE WEST
May the Joy and Peace of Christmas
always be with you



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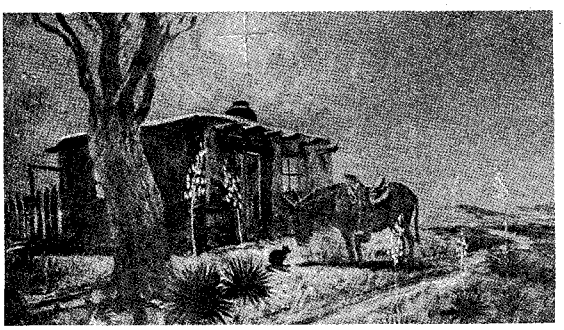

C-6 THE BRIGHT STAR
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C-2 A Southwest Christmas ----- ☐
C-3 Christmas on the Homestead- ☐
C-4 Wise Men of the West ----- ☐
C-5 Christmas Surprise -------- ☐
C-6 The Bright Star ---------- ☐
A-A Assorted Pack ---------- ☐
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TRUE WESTERN BOOKS

WYATT EARP, The Man & The Myth, 1879 to 1882
By Ed Bartholomew (Book II)

"The foremost living authority on western gunmen and law and order," has tracked the true Earp, in the hidden archives and documentary sources, from Kansas, through New Mexico and Arizona, to Colorado. His real life in Las Vegas and Tombstone, along with the lives of the men of the Earp gang, the Dodge City gang, is told in detail in this big new book. Clothbound; larger but priced at only $6.00

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SOME WESTERN TREASURE TRAILS
By Jesse E. Rascoe

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By R. W. Raymond

These ancient accounts were originally published in 1869, giving details of the Almaden mines, the Mother Lode mines, mines of Nevada County and others in California of a hundred years ago. Like accounts are given in more detail, describing locations, etc. of Nevada mines in the following counties: Ormsby, Washoe, Churchill, Lander, Nye, Lincoln, Esmeralda, Humboldt. Details, ores, output, veins, distances, operators, with drawings and sketches of stopes, tunnels, etc. Stiff wrappers, 128 pages, limited. $2.50

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True Western

Ghost Town by the Sea

Dear Sir:

I want to thank you for the very nice article on old Indianola. By the time I heard about it and went to town to buy some of the TRUE WEST issues, they were all gone in Port Lavaca. A man in one of the drive-ins gave me the one I have now. I would love to have at least ten of these issues. Can you send them C.O.D. to us?

On page 9 at the bottom is our place, Massey's Fish Camp. I wish the man that took all the pictures had told me what he was doing. I would have liked to show him some of our arrowheads and old bottles and old pipes and coins that we have found along the beaches of Indianola. If that man ever comes back, I sure wish he would stop by to see us.

We appreciate very much the article he wrote, as there are very few people who really know the history of this old town. This could be a thriving little place if it had a little publicity.—Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Massey, Star Route, Box 8, Port Lavaca, Texas.

Dear Sir:

I was greatly interested in the July-August issue of TRUE WEST in which the story of Indianola, Texas, (ghost town) appeared.

My mother, Mary Gillooly, was born there March 5, 1866. Her father, Emmet Gillooly, was there from 1865 to 1869. Then they left by wagon for Kansas City, Missouri. City directories of Kansas City show him 1870, Blacksmith; 1871-72, Saloon; 1876, Blacksmith. Your readers might enjoy this old picture.—Charles J. Sommer, 1540 Colegrove Avenue, Montebello, California.

Indianola Fire Department—1868. Emmet Gillooly is standing center. Although unidentified, Walter Seeligson is also in the picture.

The World of Collectors

Dear Pat:

The covers for the July FRONTIER TIMES and the August TRUE WEST were really wonderful. I especially liked the TRUE WEST cover. Our little museum recently acquired one of the Edison wax cylinder type phonographs with the large horn as shown. Let's have more covers like this. We also have one of the "Music Boxes" pictured in your June TRUE WEST, page 35, with cylinders. Could you expand "So You Think You Know The West" series? The pictures are wonderful.

It seems that every issue of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES has something in it that is helpful in our County Museum work. "Dip, Puff, or Chaw" in the July FRONTIER TIMES was good. "Frontier Relics, Their Scarcity and Value" should appear as a regular part of each issue of TRUE WEST. Also, what about more short ones like "Set Fasts and Saddle Sores"? The drawn illustrations of the saddles are good basic information.—Robert Goss, Route One, Tulia, Texas.

Dear Sir:

The article "Frontier Relics, Their Scarcity and Value" by Lester U. Beitz intrigued me as a collector-dealer of Western Americana.

If you would be so pleased, I would like his mailing address, so as to acquaint myself with certain other Wells, Fargo & Co. antiquities I now possess.—Will Cale, 709 Sycamore, Muscatine, Iowa.

Treasure Clues

Dear Producer of Good Reading!

I like everything you publish, and the ring of authenticity with which it bells forth. I, like a host of your readers, like, too, the tales of buried treasure so ingeniously expounded, and so conveniently vague in details for search and seizure! One man, Peter S. Brody, in the August, 1964 issue, dares to question this vital vagueness, but the whole thing goes much deeper than reticence and ignorance of precise detail. It's a part of basic human nature. People steeped in the passion for the search and seizure of buried treasure don't need real facts to satisfy their lust for adventure and discovery. They can enjoy a fictional image, a play-acting dream experience, or a concoction with the semblance of

(Continued on page 70)

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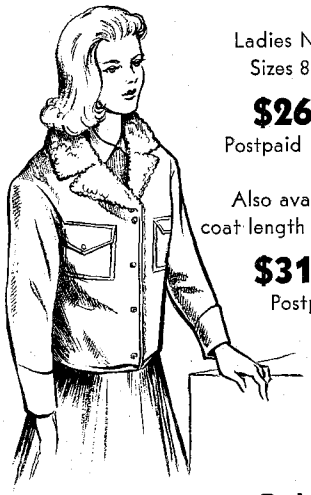

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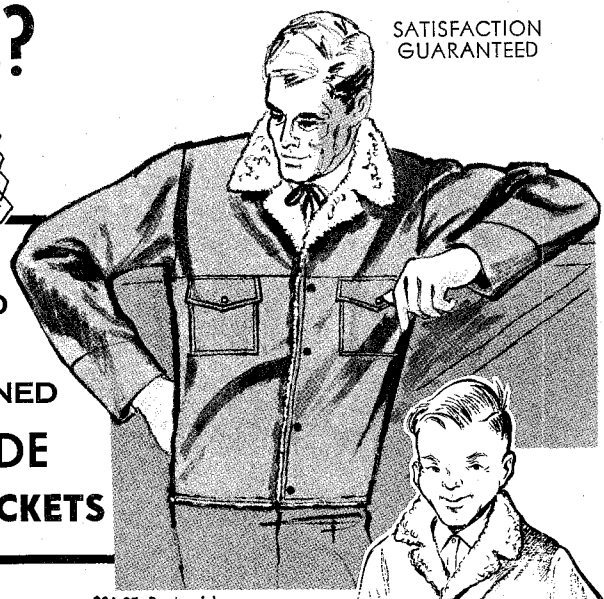

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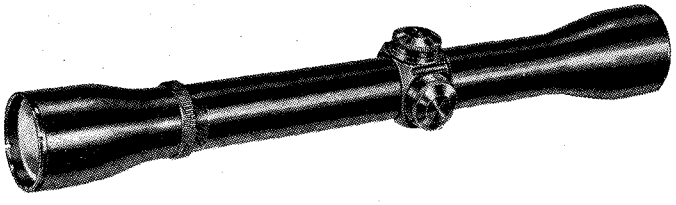

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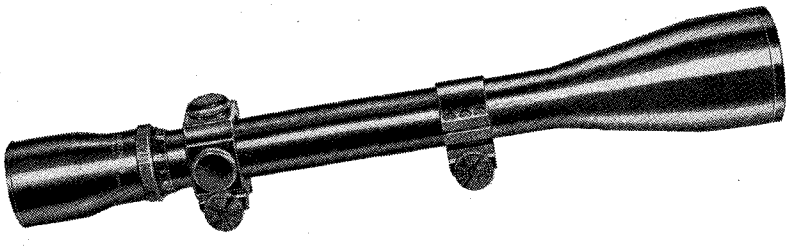

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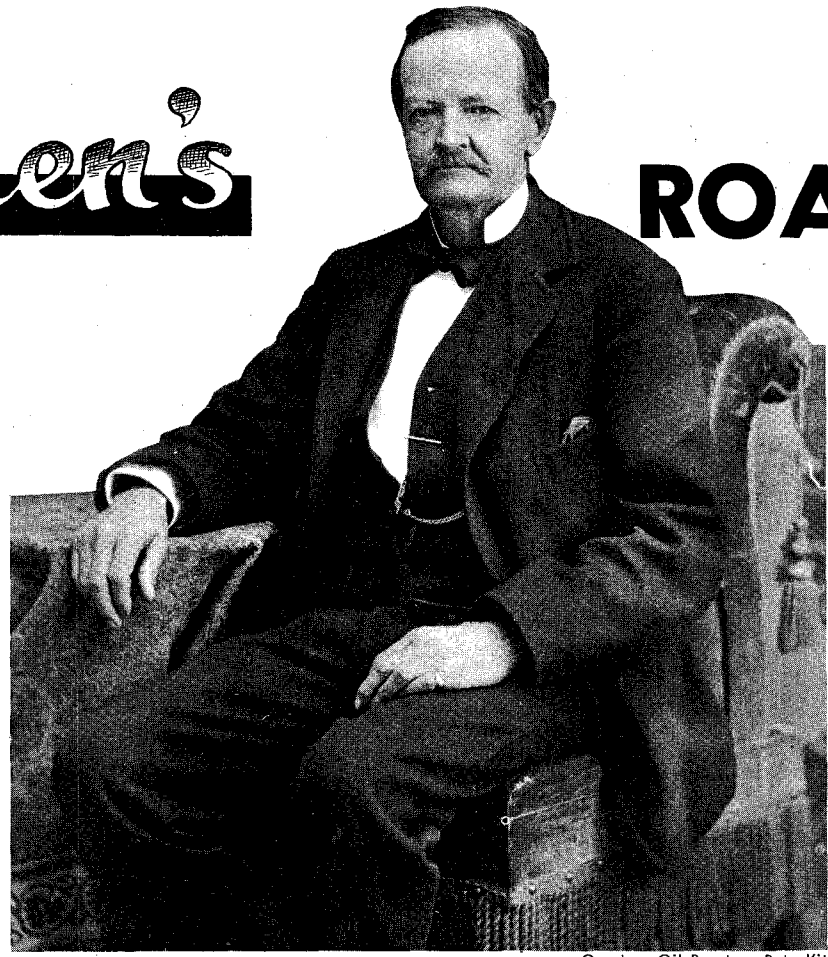
Pete Kitchen's ROAD

By RAYMOND W. THORP



Pete Kitchen

Courtesy Gil Proctor—Pete Kitchen Museum Nogales, Arizona

PETE KITCHEN, his Sharps leveled, was in a kneeling position in the ranch house yard. The first two objects that crossed in front of his sights were riderless ponies, but the third horse held a rider until he pulled the trigger. He watched the Apache die and then stood up. "Hell-a-mighty," he grunted, "them skunks are killin' off my Opatas."

As he threw out the long empty shell and inserted another, Manuel Ronquillo rode into the yard and reined up before him. Manuel was his main foreman, and as soon as Pete saw him he knew something was up that hadn't shown in the cards.

"What's up, Manuel?" he inquired.

The raw-boned Mexican had tremendous mustachios, and he pulled at them now and seemed unable to speak. Setting the butt of his buffalo rifle on the ground, Pete leaned on it and looked at him. Ronquillo was a famous killer of Apaches, and Pete Kitchen knew that he was never given to histrionics, and so he waited.

"It's little Santiaguito, Don Pedro," said Manuel when he finally found his voice. "He was sleeping in the haystack, and the Apaches found him and dragged him out. They tomahawked and scalped him. The Opatas came up then; they're bringing him to the house now. They would have saved him, but nobody knew he was in the hay. The lookout must have seen him when he went in there, and told the red devils!"

Pete had had so many friends killed by the Apaches that he was getting used to it—but this was his own twelve-year-old, the foreman was talking about. A black rage pounded at his heart, but he looked at Manuel with eyes described by a contemporary as "bluish-gray, cold but friendly."

"My little Santiaguito?" he asked, and nothing in his manner indicated his inner feelings.

"Six Apaches were killed, but the others carried them off," Manuel told him, "and three Opatas will have to be buried."

Pete turned and took his five-feet ten-inch wiry frame up the outside stairs that led to the roof of the ranch house. A four-foot parapet had been built all the way around the rooftop and, as he peered over it from a crouching position, he noted that all the raiders had withdrawn from the field below.

To the eastward about 500 yards away there was another hilltop such as he had built his house upon, and as he looked he saw a slight movement there and knew that the lookout had not departed. He thought of what Manuel had said about the sentinel's telling the Indians where to find his son, and gritted his teeth.

Looking closer, the audacity of the brave almost stunned him. Feeling no doubt that he was out of range, the Apache was bent over, his back to Pete, and with his breechcloth between his legs was slapping his rump in a sign of derision. He was out in the open, standing upon a boulder behind which he usually crouched, and Pete knew there was no time to lose. Resting the Sharps on top of the parapet, he drew a fine sight on the Apache's backside and, holding about a foot higher, pulled the trigger. The heavy .45 caliber slug struck the point of the Indian's spine and traveled on, throwing bone splinters all around and killing him instantly.

"Dusted his britches that time," said Kitchen to his foreman, who had followed him up the ladder. "Guess he didn't know we sight in all our guns on that rock."

From that moment until the end of time, the spot where the shot had taken effect would be known as "Pete Kitchen's Rock."

THIS was just an ordinary day in the life of Pete Kitchen, as in this year of 1871 he was already a legend in the Arizona country. Born in Tennessee in 1822, he had joined the army at an early age and in 1846 was patrolling the Rio Grande. From Oregon, where he was discharged a year later, he had traveled to the California gold fields as one of the very first but, although he saw many others strike it rich, Pete was not cut out to be a miner, but a *ranchero*.

In 1853 he rode over to Tucson, just previous to the Gadsden Purchase, and when the United States flag was raised he said, along with many others, "I guess I'll stay here," and started his ranch in the Santa Cruz Valley.

The others had stayed, all right, but they were all six feet underground, put there by the Apaches. Pete didn't leave, but fought them all, the warriors of Cochise, Mangas Colorado and Victorio. With the help of thirty Opata Indians that he brought across the line from Sonora, he built a thriving ranch, with an adobe structure sixty feet in length and walls twenty-five inches in thickness, capable of turning cannonballs. He stocked the main room with Sharps rifles and shotguns and fought the Indians whenever they came that way.

This he called *El Potrero*, and the road he traveled with his goods to Tucson was sixty-five miles in length—and the buzzards hovered over its entire length. It came to be known as the "Road of Dead Men," and the Mexicans called it *El Camino de los Muertos*. One army officer said that if all the people killed along that sun-baked stretch were placed side by side like railroad ties they would cover the five miles between *El Potrero* and

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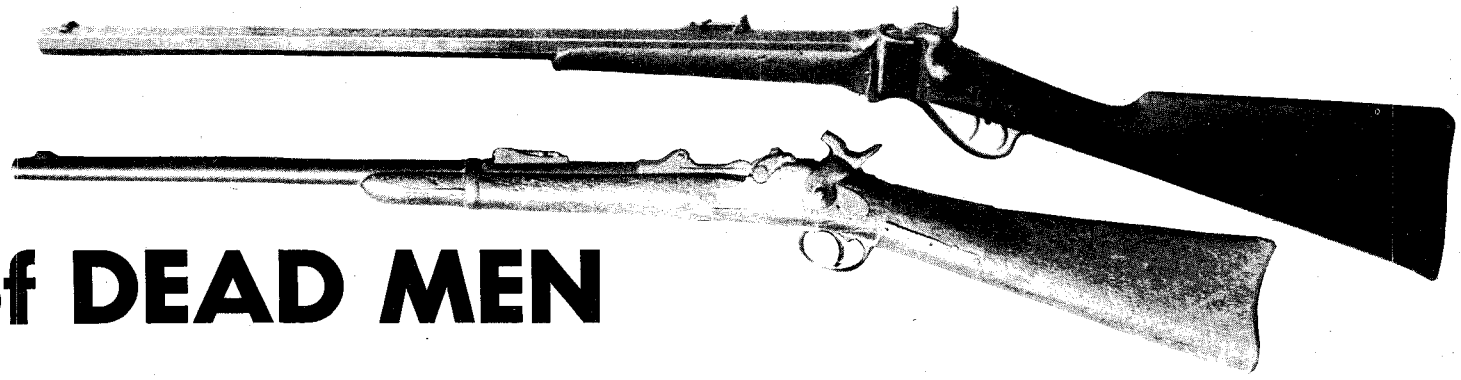

# of DEAD MEN

His son was scalped; his employees killed; his stock driven away or slaughtered; but there he stayed . . . unconquered and unconquerable. There was a saying that enough white and Indian scalps were "lifted" between Pete's ranch and Tucson to make a hair sidewalk a mile long!

Top rifle is Pete's famous "Old Reliable" side hammer .45 Sharps, reputed to have killed more Apaches than any other rifle ever made. Courtesy Tumacacori National Museum. Pete broke the lower gun over the head of an Indian. (Note where the stock was repaired.) This army Springfield carbine, serial number 388, was issued to Custer's Seventh Cavalry before the battle of the Little Big Horn. Photo courtesy the Pete Kitchen Museum, Nogales, Arizona, where the gun is now on display.

the Mexican border. Old Texas Bob Heckle said that enough white and Indian scalps were "lifted" between Pete's ranch and Tucson to make a hair sidewalk a mile long.

Captain Bourke, historian of Crook's Southwest campaigns, said of Pete, "Between Pete Kitchen and the Apaches a ceaseless war was staged. His employees were killed, his stock driven away or slaughtered, but there he stayed, unconquered and unconquerable."

Pete's own religion was simple. "I'll just keep what belongs to me, if I have to kill every Apache between here and New Mexico."

He would not appease, and not being easy to scare, he would not negotiate except with bullets. Inside his house, which had been built as a stronghold, 100 Sharps rifles and shotguns, fully loaded, were in niches built in the walls. Scattered about the grounds were a wagon shop, saddle shop, blacksmith shop and smokehouses for his hams. He had cattle, sheep and horses, but the hogs were his pride, for the Indians had the same antipathy for them as for himself. After each battle the hogs looked like pincushions, so full of arrows were they, and the Opatas went among them, killing and butchering those that were sadly wounded, and cutting the arrows from the others.

Early in his ranching operation Pete had married Rosa Verdugo, a flashing-eyed Mexican *senorita* brought up from Sonora by her brother Francisco, the number two foreman. Manuel Ronquillo had married her sister, thus the three men were brothers-in-law.

The boot hill in front of the house was cosmopolitan in that it held both friends and enemies. There were ranchers, rustlers, horse thieves and even Apaches, the latter having been killed so close up that their comrades were unable to rescue and carry away the bodies. Beside the graveyard Dona Rosa had caused a mortuary to be built, and therein she presided over funerals and prayed for the dead.

When Pete remonstrated because of prayers over enemies she told him, "Even the damned have a right to be prayed over."

There now lay her own little Santiaguito, killed and scalped by those ene-

Famous El Potrero stronghold as it appeared in 1915. Arizona Pioneers Historical Society

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Courtesy Gil Proctor—Pete Kitchen Museum
Nogales, Arizona

Doña Rosa Verdugo Kitchen

mies. The lad had been born in 1859 and christened Santiago, but the Mexicans, to whom he was a pet, had worked his name over to suit themselves.

PETE usually trailed horse thieves alone. In addition to his Apache troubles, he was continually plagued by raids of roving Mexican bandits. Of all the gangs, the Gonzales band of Magdalena across the line in Sonora, was the most troublesome. Pedro Gonzales' men numbered 200 horsemen, and on some occasions attacked, captured and robbed whole towns and villages. When no big operation was underway, the bandits roamed in twos and threes, thus one night the Ortega brothers, Jose and Juan, ran off six of Pete's best horses, leaving a dead Opata sentry behind.

When Don Pedro saddled up to take the trail, Ronquillo was on hand. He cited the fact that there were two thieves, and that they might prove too much for one man. Pete gave him a hard look and said, "I'm aiming to kill one of them, and that will leave one to bring back."

Then, pointing to a stack of 10,000 sun-dried bricks he added, "It's about time you put up those one-room adobes for the Opatas. I'm danged tired of seeing those Injuns crawl into holes in the side of the hill." He grinned to himself as he rode off, for he figured that he would be back before Manuel could get started.

Pete knew he was on no fiction adventure, for even though he was Kitchen he couldn't ride into Magdalena and demand his stock. The outlaws owned the town, and all of its citizens were connected with them either by blood or economics. He banked on the avarice of the Ortegas, knowing they would be loath to turn the horses over to the chief and thus receive only a small pittance for their share of the plunder. The two had laid their lives on the line when stealing the stock, and would feel responsible to no one but themselves when they sold it.

Pete rode the remainder of the day and night, and in the first gray light of dawn came upon the outlaws' camp. Securing his mount out of sight among the rocks, he crawled up to within fifty yards of the sleeping men, discovering that his deduction had been correct. The bandits had built a small corral of brush and rocks, and in addition had picketed the *remuda*. They would hold the stock for sale here, and Magdalena was still some distance away. The horse thieves were tired, and neither stirred while Pete watched, but when the sun's rays struck them, Jose Ortega rolled out of his blankets and began to gather sticks for a fire.

Pete told Ronquillo later, "I didn't want to kill them in their blankets, but now I thought of Rosa and her Scriptures, and felt that this was no time to strain at gnats." He called out "Jose," and when the Mexican turned, leveled the Sharps and fired offhand.

After Juan had scraped out a shallow grave and buried his brother, Pete got out their meager supplies and cooked breakfast. This was "Surprise Number One," for it was well known throughout the country that Kitchen never ate while on the trail. When away from the ranch, he could make out for a week without food or water. He gave Juan a cup of weak coffee, and there was a leaping fear in the Mexican's eyes when he sat down on a rock and said, "We'll take our time getting back to *El Potrero*."

Often the Gonzales gang had raided the Opata village in Sonora, carrying away squaws to be raped and murdered, and Juan knew he would die a horrible death if he were turned over to Pete's ranchhands. He had also killed one of them when he took the horses, and knew that he had two strikes on him.

"Why not hang me here, Don Pedro?" he asked, but Pete pretended not to hear.

The horses were thrown into the little herd, and Pete had Juan saddle a big gray stallion that had been stolen. Then he tied the thief's hands behind his back and helped him mount. Taking no chances, he then ran a line beneath the belly of the stallion and secured both of the Mexican's feet. They rode northward with the animals strung out ahead of them separated by four feet of rope. Both men kept a wary eye out for Apaches, the horse thief hoping against hope that in such case Pete would liberate him and give him his rifle. There was no such luck, and shortly after midnight Pete pulled "Surprise Number Two."

It was a surprise because they were only a couple of miles from *El Potrero*. (This remarkable occurrence was considered so important that generations later a plank sign would be raised at the site proclaiming that "Pete Kitchen Camped Here.")

The stop was made on a tributary of *El Potrero* Creek, and after the horses had been watered and hobbled, Pete took the reins of the stallion and led it beneath a cottonwood tree. Fashioning a noose in the end of a long rope, he dropped it over Juan's head, threw the other end over a horizontal limb and, pulling it almost taut, tied it to the tree trunk. Mexican Juan had been riding along in a hopeless slump, but now he straightened up with his black eyes snapping.

"That's right, Don Pedro," he said. "Hang me here."

"Hanging's too good for you," Pete told him, his cold but friendly eyes twinkling. "This animal won't move an inch until I tell him to. I'm tired. I'll just catch a few winks and we'll mosey along."

WHEN the roosters began to crow at *El Potrero* the boss of the Santa Cruz Valley rode up to the adobe stronghold and dismounted. The early-rising Opatas and Manuel Ronquillo were on hand to greet him, and all noted the dead body of the horse thief draped across the stallion's saddle. Noting their interest, Pete told his foreman, "I had him noosed in the saddle like we always do, but awoke when his horse nuzzled me. I never knew that horse to spook before."

Ronquillo went over to the stallion. The head of Ortega was on the far side of the horse, and naked feet dangled before him. He looked at the stirrups and saw the boots still tied in their places. "I guess he stood up and jumped," he told Pete.

"It could be that," said the latter, "and, by God, I believe it was. He wanted me to hang him. He was afraid of what the Opatas would do to him."

That night the Apaches struck again. They came just after darkness set in, and an Opata lookout in the field below sounded the alarm. He didn't get away, but fired one shot from his Sharps before he died. His mutilated corpse and scalped head floated in the creek the next morning. (There seemed to be no taboo on Apaches attacking by night, as Hollywood was only a wild mustard patch in those days and the fiction writers not yet organized.)

They just slithered in as silently as ghosts, and did not yip once. The braves of Mangas Colorado observed only one rule when attacking *El Potrero*, and that was to swoop down on the hog yard first. The porkers were squealing bloody murder when the besieged opened fire from the rooftop, shooting at flashes from the attackers' guns. The battle lasted only an hour, and then the Indians stole away as softly as they had come, leaving ten dead behind.

The home casualties amounted to three Opatas including the sentry, fifty hogs, ten of which were carried off, and Pete Kitchen. Pete caught an arrow in the rear, which, after having been cut out by Francisco Verdugo, caused dissension among Don Pedro's six little nieces.

"Uncle Don Pedro was running away," tiny Rosita Verdugo explained, but the others denounced her vehemently. At any rate, Pete couldn't sit down for two weeks.

Years later, with life in a quieter stage, Pete expounded on the traits and methods of various Apaches to Castaneda, a neighbor.

"Ol' Mangas," he said, "is the scavenger among Apache chiefs. He told his braves to kill everything they could see that moved. He considered a battle won if only a scalp was taken or a few head of stock run off, even at the expense of a few braves. When he took prisoners alive he buried them in the sand with only their heads sticking up, scalped them, and left them to die in the sun.

"I found a neighbor, Mrs. Johnson, in that condition. We dug her out, but the

(Continued on page 66)

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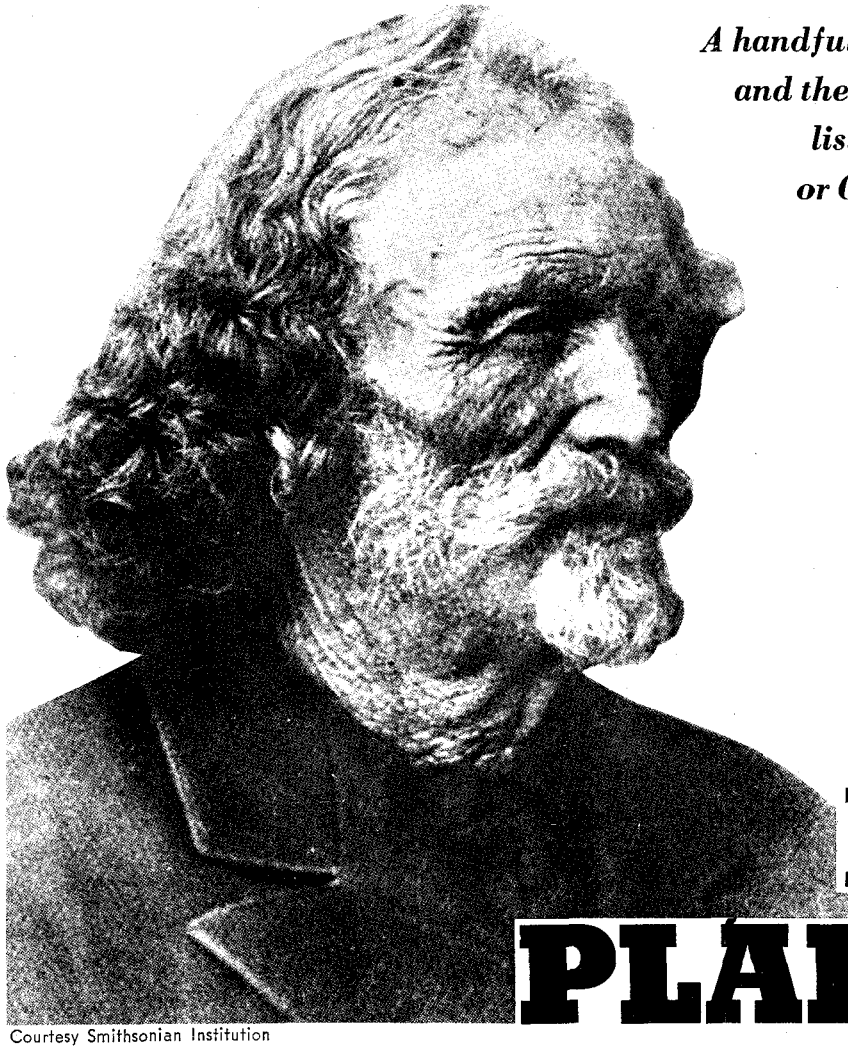

Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

A handful of men truly pioneered the West . . . and the name of Jim Baker could head the list. Not so well known as Bridger or Carson, no frontiersman was in tighter places or had more ability to get out of them!

By HENRY REINHART

FORGOTTEN PLAINSMAN

SCOUTS and frontiersmen who achieved fame in their chosen vocation in the Indian country in early days, possessed courage, coolness, perseverance and great physical endurance. The few white men who visited that almost unknown region rarely stayed longer than the time it took to get safely away. Some of those who remained permanently, built rude dwellings around which they erected stockades for protection to themselves and their animals against attacks by Indians. At these ranches they established trading posts. Nearly all of these "ranchmen" had Indian women for their wives.

It was not uncommon for those who had married Indian women to remain for years among the tribes to which their wives belonged. Of this class was Jim Baker, a man who became noted as a frontiersman and trapper throughout the entire Northwest. Next to Jim Bridger, he was the most intrepid, skillful, and accomplished plainsman in all that region. He was a generous, noble-hearted type who would peril his life for a friend at any time, or divide with him his last morsel of food.

Baker was born about three miles from Belleville, Illinois, then a small settlement within a few miles of St. Louis. He was never quite sure of the year of his birth, but to the best of his belief it was either in 1818 or 1819.

For many years Baker lived and trapped among various Indian nations, and finally wandered into the Snake Tribe and took a Snake woman for his wife. For more than twenty years he lived among these people and lived the life of an Indian. He achieved great influence among the Snakes and was regarded by them as a trusted friend. To them, he was always loyal, taking their part and fighting with them against their enemies.

Baker soon became adept in the ways of the Indians. In almost everything they did, he could outdo them. He could follow a trail of any animal at the speed of a horse. In throwing the lariat he was skillful. His marksmanship with the rifle or pistol was unerring and, as he depended upon them for his subsistence, he was in constant practice. One of his principal pastimes was shooting at a mark with the bow and arrow.

Baker acquired a knowledge of the language of many tribes, and was often employed as an interpreter. He could converse rapidly and perfectly in the sign language and, although the slightest error in making or interpreting a sign might change the entire meaning intended to be conveyed, he rarely made a mistake.

IN THE many years he spent with the Snake Tribe he was engaged in numerous fights with their enemies—the Sioux, Cheyennes and Crows. Yet, strange to say, during his nearly sixty years of life on the frontier he was never wounded, although he had many hairbreadth escapes. In his opinion, the Cheyennes were the best fighters of all Indian tribes, and next to them he ranked the Sioux.

From his early experience in trapping in the numerous streams of that region, from mouth to source, he became familiar with the watercourses, the canyons of the mountains, and the geography of the country; hence, he was much sought after as a guide through this pathless region, and was frequently employed by the Government as scout and guide in campaigns against the hostiles.

He accompanied General (then Captain) Marcy as guide in his famous winter expedition over the Rocky Mountains in 1857-58, from Fort Bridger, Wyoming, to Fort Massachusetts, New Mexico. His orders were to cross the mountains by the most direct route and procure supplies for General Johnston with all possible dispatch. Perhaps in the whole catalogue of hazardous expeditions scattered so thickly through the history of our border warfare, filled as many of them are with appalling tales of privation, hardships and suffering, not one surpasses this.

Captain Marcy left Fort Bridger on the 24th of November, 1857, with a command of forty enlisted men and twenty-five mountaineers, besides packers and guides. Their course lay through an almost trackless wilderness, over lofty and rugged mountains, without a pathway or human habitation to guide or direct. In the very depth of winter, they plowed through miles of deep snows, often reaching to the depth of five feet. Their beasts of burden perished one by one until very few were left; their supplies gave out; their luggage was abandoned; they were driven to subsist upon the

(Continued on page 48)

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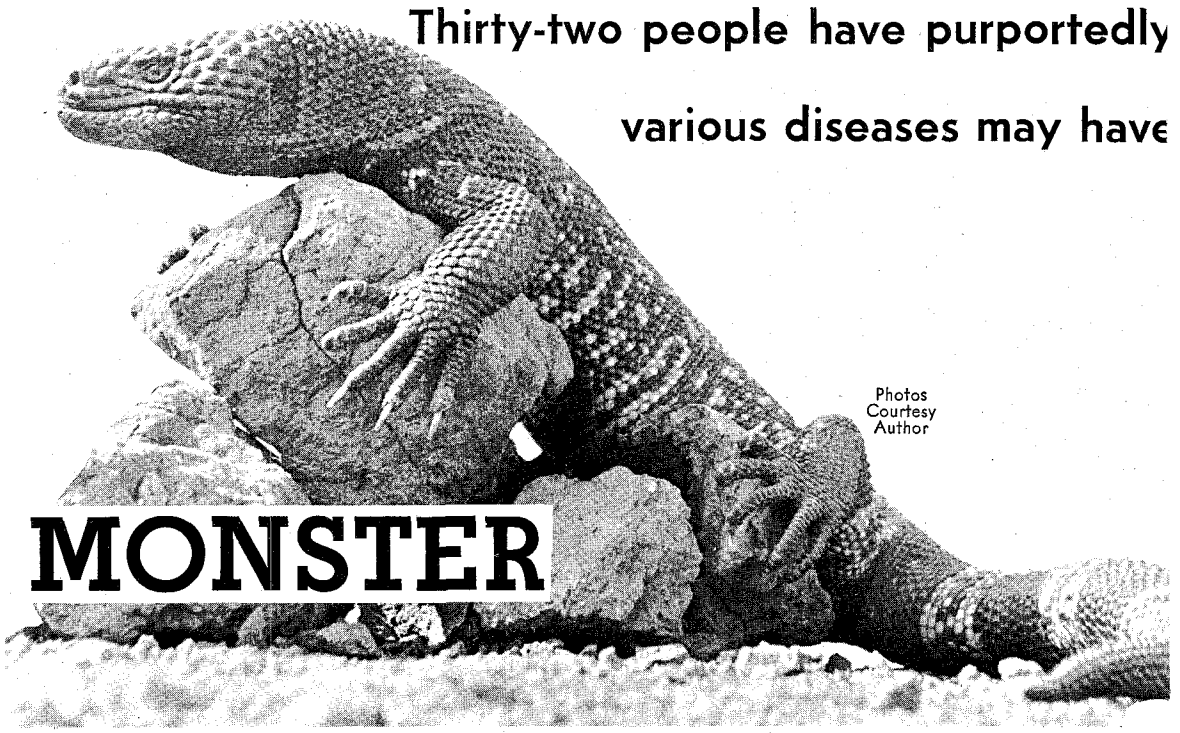
Thirty-two people have purportedly

various diseases may have

CAN THE GILA MONSTER KILL?



Photos Courtesy Author

By WELDON D. WOODSON

"IN CAPTIVITY, the Gila monster becomes docile and even a baby can handle him safely." So I was saying in 1941. To demonstrate my contention, I decided to have a suitable picture made of me with a Gila monster. I took one of my collection from his cage and with my photographer, Keith Boyd, selected for the scene a desert-like plateau near his Los Angeles home.

To reach the desired site, we were forced to climb an embankment. As we did so, I—clutching the lizard's neck just behind his jaws—jostled him about considerably. I posed for the picture by crouching down and placing him (freed) across my bended knees.

As Boyd was about to snap the picture, the reptile turned his head and crawled up my right leg. I did not move, figuring he could come to a halt. But on he came. He neared my belt, opened his mouth wide and bit into what fortunately turned out to be a fold in my trousers. It took some twenty minutes to break his hold by means of a screwdriver, a portion of his teeth breaking, as evidenced by the sound and blood oozing out of the corners of his mouth. An examination showed that the teeth had not penetrated the flesh. Since this scare, I have been leery in championing the Gila monster as a friendly, domesticated pet. Moreover, I launched an earnest search for case histories where persons have been bitten by the Gila monster, *Heloderma suspectum*, or his close relative, the Mexican beaded lizard, *Heloderma horridum*, these two being the only known poisonous lizards in the world.

THE Gila monster thrives in certain parts of New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Nevada and Sonora, Mexico; the larger Mexican beaded lizard, in Mexico. Cloaked in bone-studded skin, both are found in semi-arid, rocky regions near or in the foothills of the mountains, although they are not restricted entirely to these habitats.

Among the differences between the Gila monster and Mexican beaded lizard, the color of the upper surface of the head of the former is black, heavily mottled with pink, whereas the color of that portion of the head of the latter is virtually all black. The maximum length of the Gila monster is short of 22 inches; that of the Mexican beaded lizard, approximately 31 inches.

Their habits and life cycle hold much in common. Courtship between Gila monsters in Arizona is thought to occur late at night, usually during the latter part of July. The eggs are probably laid a few days later in the month, or early in August. This is ordinarily near the peak of the summer rainy season, when adequate heat and moisture are available for incubation.

The female scoops out a cavity in sand, then deposits from four to seven white, leathery-shelled eggs, each averaging 2¾" in length and 1½" in diameter. The young emerge from their nest in September or October, 7-inch-long replicas of their parents.

By the end of the following summer, they approach sexual maturity, with their body length doubled in size. They enter their third season, ready to breed, when fifteen or sixteen inches long.

Gila monsters likely attain a great age. One lived for twenty-five years in a university laboratory, and a number of others have survived in captivity almost equally as long.

A slow-moving creature, he conducts much of his foraging after dark, his rather acute sense of smell playing a more important role than vision in seeking out food. His forked tongue picks up and carries odorous particles to special organs in the roof of his mouth. He feeds extensively on the eggs of turtles and lizards, as well as those of quail and other birds that nest on the ground.

One may feed a caged Gila monster a hen egg once a week, preferably breaking the shell for him. He should also be provided with a container of water for drinking purposes but large enough for him to soak himself, which he will do for hours.

In the spring when rations are abundant, the Gila monster may engorge himself at frequent intervals. He accumulates a food reserve, which he stores in fat deposits that extend from the body cavity into the tail, vastly increasing his circumference. Should it be too hot, too dry, or too cool for him to be above ground, he can retreat to a burrow and draw upon his surplus food. A well-nourished Gila monster could conceivably endure three years of drought.

Both the Gila monster and Mexican beaded lizard have teeth in the upper and lower jaws that are minutely grooved, but poison glands are located only at the base of certain lower ones. The venom is a neurotoxin (nerve poison) similar to that found in the cobra.

THE important thing is—just how potent is the poison? Can it cause serious injury to persons? Is is capable of bringing about death?

To answer these queries, I have for more than two decades compiled information concerning victims of the bite of the Gila monster and Mexican beaded lizard. My search took me to medical journals, scientific reports, popular magazines, old newspaper files and books, a total of more than 800 references. In addition, by correspondence and in person, I have buttonholed any likely candidate with, "Have you been bitten by a Gila monster?"

My quest has yielded 183 case histories; of these, 32 purportedly died as a result of the venom.

Even so, the statement often has been made that the Gila monster cannot kill. Those who proclaim that, argue that there were contributing causes for the fatalities—perhaps the victims were chronic alcoholics or had various diseases.

Let us see for ourselves whether we

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lied of its venom—yet alcohol or

een contributing factors

should brand the Gila monster and Mexican beaded lizard as killers or as creatures innocent of capital offense. For this, we shall cull from my file of thirty-two deaths an even ten, which include all the outstanding ones and some never before published, together with heretofore undisclosed details concerning the reported cases.

In 1888, Henry Crécy Yarrow told of a case described by S. P. Guiberson, a physician and also a notary public of Ventura County, California. Guiberson provided the following affidavit:

"G. J. Hayes, a miner in from the Frazer mine, says that in 1878, or '80, in Tip-Top Mining Camp, Arizona, he saw a Gila monster bite a man by the name of Johnny Bostick, who at the time was under the influence of liquor. Then he took hold of the *Heloderma* and shoved his finger at it, and the reptile seized his finger, and its jaws had to be pried open before he could disengage his finger. The *Heloderma* was 22 inches long and lay on the card table.

"It was also seen by a man named Lou Smith, and a lot of Italian miners. Immediately Mr. John Bostick drank large quantities of liquor, and from the effects of the bite one side was paralyzed, and he died in about three months, April 19, 1878."

Another eyewitness, R. C. Carleton, made an affidavit before Guiberson in regard to the same individual. His differed in that he stated that the bite occurred in 1883, not 1878 or '80; the wound may have been in a thumb or, in agreement with the above, a finger; and to disengage the lizard's hold, the "boys" cut off its head instead of prying apart its jaws as Hayes reported.

ANOTHER widely discussed case was that of Colonel Yearger (also spelled "Yeager," "Yaeger" and "Yager"), whose death was reported in the *Cochise Record* for May 2, 1884. George A. Treadwell, a mining engineer of Arizona, in a letter to the *Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London,* 1888, quoted verbatim the original newspaper account and supplied these extracts from it:

"Sunday evening Dr. Matthews (Dr. H. M. Matthews, coroner of Tombstone, Arizona) was summoned by telegram to Fairbanks (a railway station near Tombstone), to attend Colonel Yearger, who was reported seriously ill. Owing to a delay in the telegram the doctor did not reach the patient until several hours after his death, which had been very sudden.

"It appears that Yearger had been fooling with a Gila monster, and in attempting to open the creature's mouth, was bitten on the right thumb. Instantly the poison took effect, and although every convenient remedy was applied, he lived but a few hours. An inquest was subsequently held, and a verdict returned in accordance with the above facts.

"As this is the third or fourth death which has occurred in the Territory from bites of this reptile, it should set at rest, at once and forever, the theory so prevalent that their bite is not poisonous."

Further details came from Dr. George E. Goodfellow, celebrated doctor of early-day Tombstone and later a prominent San Francisco surgeon. He wrote a letter about the case to Frank K. Ainsworth, whose brother, Dr. F. V. Ainsworth, passed the account on to Yarrow, who made it public. Goodfellow's letter went:

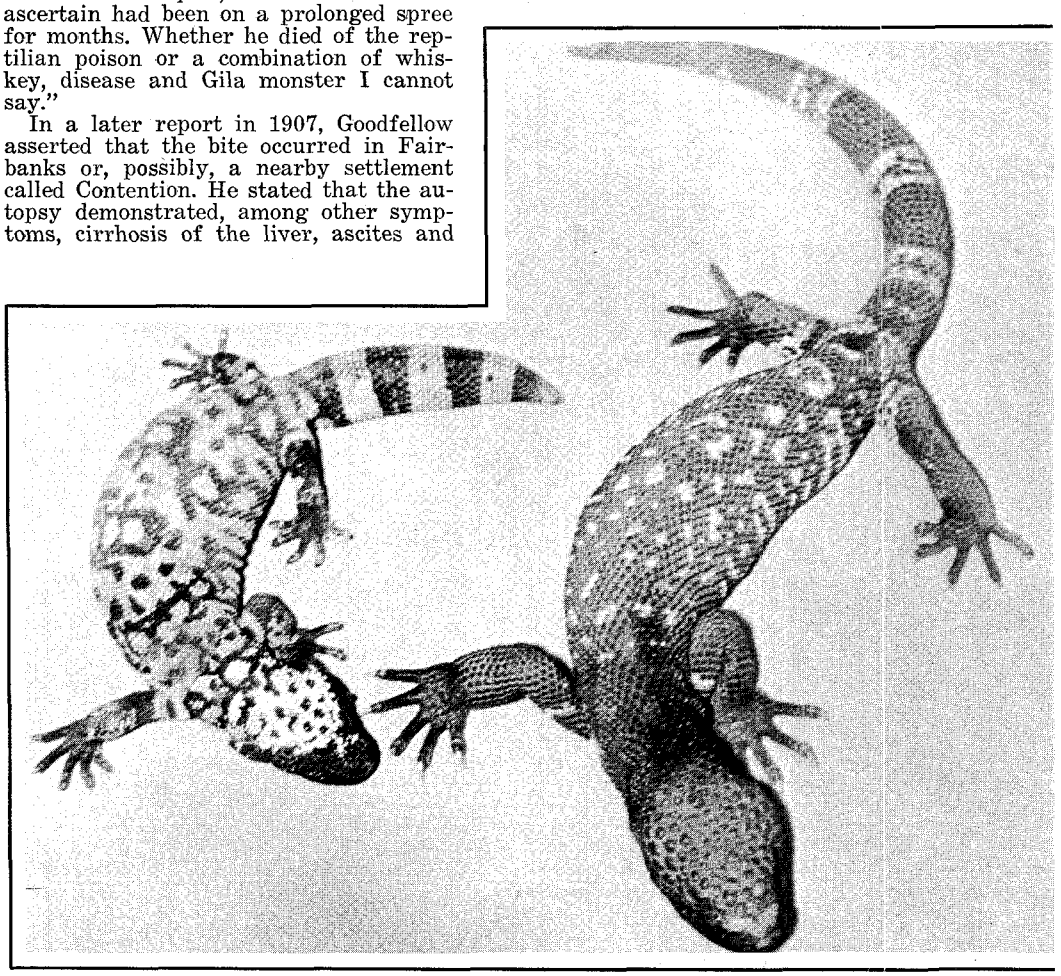
"The Fairbanks case was as follows: Yeager, about 55 years of age, was in May, 1885, in Fairbanks, Arizona Territory, bitten by a Gila monster. He, to prove the innocuousness of the beast, put his left thumb and forefinger into its mouth, and he was bitten.

"He was immediately loaded to the guards with whiskey—it happened in a saloon—and he seemed all right, save for a slight numbness and swelling in the hand and arm. He sat down in a chair in the saloon, talked with those around for an hour. The crowd thinning out, he seemed to drop asleep. In about an hour more, the saloon keeper spoke to him, but not making a reply, he was taken hold of and found to be dead.

"I was sent for, but before I could leave received a second message announcing his death. He was a man addicted to the use of liquor, and so far as I can ascertain had been on a prolonged spree for months. Whether he died of the reptilian poison or a combination of whiskey, disease and Gila monster I cannot say."

In a later report in 1907, Goodfellow asserted that the bite occurred in Fairbanks or, possibly, a nearby settlement called Contention. He stated that the autopsy demonstrated, among other symptoms, cirrhosis of the liver, ascites and

Author Woodson is shown above holding a Mexican beaded lizard, giving a good idea as to its over-all size. A Gila monster and a Mexican beaded lizard are photographed together (below) showing comparative sizes. The Gila monster is on the left.



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Close-up of a Gila monster in an angry mood.

fatty heart. The victim's history evidenced the cause of his death to be "acute alcoholic poisoning grafted on chronic alcoholism."

For still additional comment, George A. Brennan in 1924 reported that he had in his school museum a stuffed Gila monster whose bite killed a man. His uncle, Judge Alexander Freeman, a resident for many years of Tombstone, had sent it to him and given its history.

Brennan related that it had been tied to a stake in front of a hotel in Tombstone, not Fairbanks or Contention as the others specified. Mentioning the "Colonel" by name, he said he poked his finger at the reptile. "It made a sudden spring at him, seized him by the finger, and began to chew. It was finally pried off and killed. The Colonel died inside of half an hour."

Goodfellow in his letter to Frank Ainsworth, dated July 23, 1887, wrote of another case: "About four years ago on the lower San Pedro (a river in southeastern Arizona) I was informed that a man had been bitten in the foot while in the field and died within three hours. I could neither prove nor disprove the case." Such an incident might conceivably occur if the man were without shoes, as a native of the region might have been in 1883.

A LURID story of a bite first appeared in the *Philadelphia Times*, June 22, 1893, presumably written by the *Times* correspondent at Florence, Arizona. It read:

"Richard M. Farthingay, a tourist from Minneapolis, returned here last evening with the remains of Arthur James, who had accompanied him on the journey, and who had died the day before from the bite of a Gila monster.

"The story as related by Mr. Farthingay, who seems to be utterly prostrated by the horror of the occurrence, is indeed a terrible one. It appears that following a blacktailed deer, the two hunters found themselves near a small water course emptying itself into the Gila, and at last struck camp for the night on this creek. The weather proving rainy, they sought shelter in a little cavern formed by a heap of rocks, taking the precaution to close its entrance with coals from their campfire, for fear of rattlesnakes, but not observing the foe within.

"Just at daylight Mr. Farthingay was awakened by something that had just slidden over his prostrate body and fallen to the floor of the cavern. Opening his eyes he saw the reptile-like shape and snake head of one of these venomous creatures. It was traveling rapidly, and before Mr. Farthingay could reach his gun, had encountered the sleeping form of Mr. James, whose breast it attempted to climb.

"Disturbed by the touch of the animal, the unfortunate man, without opening his eyes, threw up one hand to dislodge whatever it was, and catching it by the tail would have thrown it from him, but the deadly teeth of the monster fixed immediately in his naked wrist, and though Mr. Farthingay hastened at once to his friend's relief and endeavored to pull it off, it held on like the grim death it was.

"Then, through fearing to strike the man instead of the reptile, he seized his gun and fired the contents into the creature's body. The monster let go its grip on Mr. James and made an effort to reach this new antagonist, but a second volley tore its head from its body.

"Mr. Farthingay now turned his attention to his friend, and found that he had fainted. On being restored to consciousness Mr. James complained greatly of his wrist, which he said felt as if on fire, and which almost immediately began to swell.

"Immoderate thirst now set up and fever ensued, so becoming very much alarmed about his companion, Mr. Farthingay proposed setting off at once to town to procure medical attention for the wound, but Mr. James, fearing to die alone, implored his friend not to leave him.

"In answer to his prayer, the other agreed to await the course of the trouble, and fetching water from the creek bathed the wounded arm, but in less than half an hour the entire member was swollen to nearly three times its natural size, and from some slight discoloration assumed a deep purplish hue, nearly black, in splotches about the large blood vessels.

"Delirium now set in, and while anxious to summon assistance, Mr. Farthingay was forced to remain to restrain the now raving, shrieking man, who again and again attempted to throttle his companion when the latter endeavored to keep him from running out of the cavern to the creek.

"At last, worried out, Mr. Farthingay was flung aside by the frantic sufferer, who broke out of his grasp and ran to the stream howling. The other followed as rapidly as possible, but only arrived in time to see Mr. James struggle down the shelving bank, then totter forward and fall.

"When he reached him it was to find life entirely extinct, James lying with his head in the water and his own teeth fixed in the swollen, gangrened arm. After exhausting such restoratives as he had with him, Farthingay dragged the body back to the cavern, when he set off to seek assistance.

"A few miles farther on he came across an old Mexican who, living near the river in an adobe hut, was also the fortunate and opulent possessor of a donkey and cart. With these latter the two men returned to the cavern and discovering a female monster with six newly-born young ones, killed the entire lot. The mother, though shot nearly to pieces, made an assault on the hunter, but his heavy hunting boots prevented her from biting him.

"The old Mexican who accompanied Farthingay and his friend's rapidly decaying body to town declared that James was the fourth man who has been killed by these deadly creatures on the river this spring. There is no known antidote for their poison."

A BITE that took place about this time was told to me by Virgil W. Owen, venerable reptile collector. He said that in 1897 a traveling drummer for "snakeine," a purported cure for poisonous snake bite, induced a merchant across from the Bird Cage Theatre in Tombstone to stock his shelves with $100 of it. As part of his sales talk, he would tease a rattlesnake to bite him. Then he would apply the liquid. No ill effects apparently resulted from the demonstration.

Following his campaign in Tombstone, he went on to Tucson or Phoenix—Owen was not certain—where someone suggested that he coax a Gila monster to bite him. He did this, allegedly dying within twelve hours.

Owen believed that the man was immune to rattlesnake venom, but lacked immunity for *Heloderma* poison. As for snakeine, he vouched that it was nothing more than sodium carbonate.

What seems to be another version of this came to me from Silas P. Wright, an old-time prospector. When a boy of twelve in 1892, he witnessed the bite that occurred in Prescott, Arizona, not in 1897 nor in Tucson or Phoenix as Owens had it.

According to Wright, two young

(Continued on page 60)

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TRAILING the HORSE THIEVES

By RUSSELL C. PRUNTY

The handsome stranger complimented Mother's cooking, charmed sister Carrie with his manners and musical talents —but Dad would only say, "That organ player is no damned good!"

Courtesy Author

The author, his mother and father, photographed at a line cabin when the elder Prunty was eighty-one years of age.

OUR RANCH in Nevada was one of the first a rider crossed traveling the thirty miles or more from Elko or North Fork. There were no hotels, and cowboys looking for strays stopped there for meals or overnight. Mother had a long table accommodating eight to fifteen, and one more guest seemed to make no difference to her. She really lived up to the word hospitality. Grandma and Grandpa Prunty, as they were known to folks all around, were loved and respected by all the riders.

The cowboys, in turn, brought news of neighborhood happenings. They often drove in our strays or told us where they had seen an OZ animal, so we were always glad to see them and enjoyed their talk.

In October of 1909, three riders appeared about sundown on three tired horses branded with the Winecup brand and asked if they could stay overnight. The spokesman, a handsome, friendly fellow, introduced himself as Ollie Smith. He said they were riders from the Winecup looking for strays. He complimented Mother on her bounteous meal, and said her biscuits rivaled those made by his own mother.

Seeing the old organ in the corner, he asked permission to play it, and proved he could really play. My sister Carrie was charmed by his manners, and we all joined in singing hymns. Ollie had a good baritone voice which evidently had had some training. The two other fellows sat very silently, answering when spoken to, but evidently embarrassed by any attention given them by the family. After a very enjoyable evening Ollie bowed and thanked us all for giving a lonely cowboy such a glimpse of home life.

The next morning, Ollie thanked us all again and especially Father, who had been strangely silent the evening before.

Father answered his compliments by saying, "Young man, you evidently have had education, but I always have suspicions that a man who wastes his time learning the fiddle or the organ can't be good for honest work."

Ollie seemed amused and had his usual polite and ready answer but when they left, Mother rebuked Father for his rudeness, saying the man really had good manners and Father was just jealous of the compliments to his womenfolk. Father replied that Ollie tried too hard to be friendly, and that, though he seemed to be a good horseman from the way he sat in his saddle, our visitors had ridden their horses too hard and there must be something wrong.

THE NEXT morning Father said to me, "Son, it is time to put some of the cattle on the winter range, so bring in the saddle horses." We had about twenty head that were all geldings. Geldings love a colt so we always kept a mare with a colt in the bunch. The mare wore a bell. They ranged about five miles from home.

I thought I could bring them all back in about two hours. Among the bunch was a beautiful Palomino with some Morgan blood that I called my own. He carried himself proudly and I had roped several wild horses with him. I called him Old Pal.

When I reached our horses I saw Pal was missing and two more of the best ropers were gone. I searched for them for two or three hours but there was no trace.

At last near a clump of quaking aspen, I saw buzzards circling low and I pushed through the brush with fear in my heart. There lay a dead horse but he was a Winecup animal. "He must have broken his leg," I whispered to myself.

I loved a good horse and some accident like this seemed to me as sad as the death of a man. But when I examined him there was no sign of injury and then to my horror, I saw two more horses, shot through their heads. Bewildered by such slaughter, I abandoned the search and rode home as fast as possible.

Father was looking for me and reproached me for fooling around when there was so much work to do. When I told my story, and said I could not find the three horses of ours, he said, "I know where your horses are. That damned organ player has them!"

A neighbor rode up just then and when father told him about the three drifters, he said two men had stayed at his place, night before last, and said they were riders for the Winecup.

Father thought a minute and then declared, "That's just too many riders from an outfit that is a hundred miles away. They must be working together and that organ player, I'm sure, is up to no good. I'm going to ride after them and get our horses back."

ABOUT TWENTY miles west of us lived a family of half-breeds who had been suspected of horse stealing many times but had never been caught at it. One of them, about twenty-five years old, was a really marvelous man with a rope and an excellent horseman. His name was Cougar Bill. He knew the country and where all the horses were.

It later developed that five riders went from Charleston to Cougar Bill's the same day they left our place. They were driving 200 horses toward Idaho and the Diamond A desert.

It was cloudy and warm as Father and I rode toward Gold Creek. During the first fifteen miles we saw several bunches of horses, and some of them were ours so Father began to think he was unduly alarmed. Then it began to snow and I wanted to go back home, but no such luck. *(Continued on page 56)*

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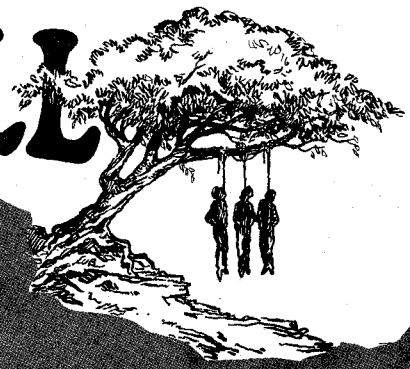
HANGMAN'S HILL



"He's took, and it don't seem to make no difference."

HANGMAN'S HILL was some distance from Rapid City at one time. Now the town has completely encircled the area. For years there were no buildings on the hill, but houses are beginning to appear higher and nearer the rock. Rapid City has almost forgotten what happened there.

Children and the young in heart have always climbed over the huge sandstone rock that marks the hill, run over its broad top, picnicked under the trees. Some twenty years ago, the city fathers built Dinosaur Park above Hangman's Rock with life-size models of million-years-ago dinosaurs perched here and there. A scenic highway called Skyline Drive was stretched over the crest, too. In 1948 one could still identify Hangman's Hill by a historic marker placed on the rock, but now even that is gone.

Perhaps South Dakotans would do well to remember the name, Hangman's Hill, as part of its past. The name has a tang, and a humility. The story of its christening chronicles an act of violence that should not have happened—but it did.

The day of June 20, 1877, was hot and dusty. A boy, sixteen or eighteen years of age, trudged along the road toward Rapid City with the sun blazing on his head. His feet were tired and his clothes dirty. He was thirsty, weary. It had been a long journey from his home in Minnesota, but ahead of him lay the gateway to the Black Hills—Deadwood, Lead, gold and adventure.

He planned to rest in Rapid City for a couple of days, then head for the higher ground. He had had help part of the way. Rides were offered him by freighting trains, but these last miles he had had to walk.

There was the faint shuffle of horses behind him, and he turned to see a couple of riders leading two horses and stirring a cloud of dust as they moved. The boy stood for a moment to watch them, then continued up the road. He could see the town in the distance. He would be there soon.

Quickly the men pulled to a stop beside the boy, and their mounts snorted in restive frustration. One of the men was red-headed, tall, lank and lean, sitting astride his pony with a carelessness that made him seem part of the horse. The other was stockier, chunkier, but he had a broad grin on his face and his big hat was creased in two sharply pointed rolls toward the front of his face. The men glanced at the boy indifferently, and the stocky one drawled, "Hi."

"Hello," the boy managed.

"Goin' to Rapid?"

"Yep."

"You look kinda tuckered."

"Guess I can manage."

The stocky one grinned at that and the red head reined his horse as it whirled restlessly.

"Look here, kid, my name's Doc Allen. This here's Red Curry. You want to ride for a while on one of these horses?"

The boy looked enviously at the mounts and appraised the roan with practiced eyes. His feet hurt—he hesitated no longer but nodded toward the roan. "How about that one?"

Red Curry nodded. The boy swung on the bare back of the horse, lithe and easy, and the group moved forward.

"Got business in Rapid?" Doc asked.

"Nope." Then the boy thought that perhaps he should volunteer as much information as had his companions, and he added, "Name's James Hall."

"Hall," Doc repeated slowly. "Kid Hall. Can't say as the name is familiar."

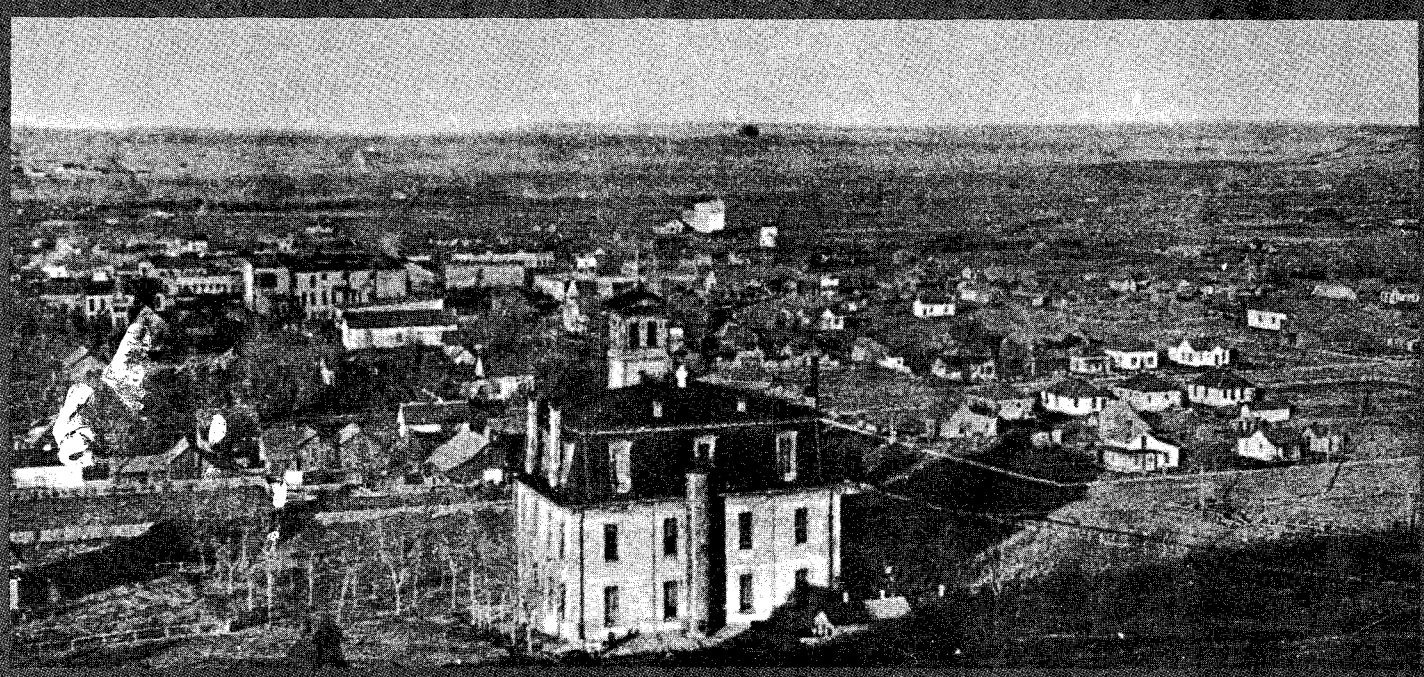
"Don't suppose it is. I come from Minnesota. Just got this far."

"Yeah?" The men seemed to think about that, then Doc said, "Got no place to sleep tonight?"

"I'll manage."

"Better turn in with us, kid." Red Curry had slouched in his saddle and was watching the two as they talked,

Bird's-eye view of Rapid City, South Dakota—date unknown.



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Photos Courtesy Author

By MILDRED FIELDER

saying nothing himself. Then he added to Doc's invitation, "Sure, why not?"

Again the boy hesitated. They were nearing Rapid City. He knew nobody there. He knew nothing of the town. He would be as safe with these men as any other, and he prided himself that he knew how to take care of himself.

"Okay," he said.

They rode in silence for a while, then Red lifted his crop and pointed to a clump of trees. "How about that place, Doc?"

"Looks all right to me."

"Aren't we going into Rapid?" Kid Hall asked.

Doc's glance was surly. "Can't stable these horses on Main Street. We'll have to camp out here for the night, I guess."

The boy urged his horse toward the trees with the others. There was a small creek running beside the grove, water for animals and men. Once the thirsty horses had drunk their fill, they were content to graze in the heavy grass under the trees, and the three men threw themselves on the ground to rest, too. Tired with riding, they were soon asleep.

THAT MUCH of the story is hearsay. For the rest of the incidents involved, we have newspaper stories to augment the memories of those who were there.

North of town two men were herding cattle. Some reports say they were David Marble and Howard Worth, others say David Markel and Charles Hunt. Marble or Markel are so similar that the reference must be to the same man. Howard Worth's name is on the jury impaneled for the coroner's inquest, but it might have been he as well as Hunt who was herding cattle. Nevertheless, the two men saw a band of five horseback riders coming toward them in the distance. The gold rush into Deadwood was barely a year old, and hard feelings still existed between the whites and Indians over possession of the territory. It was not uncommon for Indians to attack white men alone or in groups.

Seeing the riders, the two ranchers left their cattle and headed for Rapid City to spread the alarm.

"Indians out there," they told the townspeople. "We saw them riding toward town."

The news spread lightning swift, and preparations were made for an attack. Women and children were gathered into the cabins while the men got their guns and ammunition ready. Someone suggested that the best defense was attack. Sheriff Frank Moulton assumed leadership. He organized a party of the best shots to surround the Indians, while others were detailed to stay in town to guard against a surprise attack.

The improvised army rode silently with the ranchers, the sheriff leading the way. Out of town, they could see horses moving in some trees at a distance and the Indian fighters turned in that direction. When they drew nearer, the group separated and surrounded the grove. At the sheriff's signal they charged into the trees. The noise of the pounding of the horses' hoofs and the crackling of the branches breaking under them was sudden and frightening. The horses in the brush raised their heads, whinnied shrilly, and tried to break loose. Doc Allen, Red Curry and Kid Hall jumped to their feet from their blankets, instinctively back to back for protection.

"What do you want?" Doc asked.

The riders looked about them in sudden contempt. They knew A. J. Allen and Louis Curry.

"What're you doing with these horses, Red?" someone yelled, and another voice echoed, "Yeah, since when did you get a bunch like this, Doc?"

The Hall boy saw Red's fists clinch, and when Doc spoke, his voice was tense. "What's it to you?"

The rattle of a vehicle sounded on the trail as Doc spoke. The Sidney & Black Hills stage lurched into view, its driver swaying atop the high seat. The coach came to a halt and Sheriff Moulton gave a brief gesture of welcome with his hand. "Ed Cook. How are you, Ed?"

Cook grinned and flicked his eyes over the three captives. "What's the matter?"

He glanced, then, beyond the men to the horses that were tethered, trembly and alert. "Say, two of them's my horses! How'd they get here?"

The silence was grim.

Sheriff Moulton asked gravely, "You sure, Ed?"

"Damn right, I'm sure! They were taken from the barn in Crook City last night. Those two there." He pointed with an accusing forefinger at the roan and a gray.

"You steal them?" Ed demanded of Doc.

"Stage horses look like any other kind of horses in the dark. How come your outfit don't keep them stabled a little better?" Doc made the mistake of saying.

A growl came from somebody in the posse, "They're horse thieves!"

"Bring 'em into town!"

It was the era when a horse thief was just about the lowest form of criminal. A man with a horse could get along fine on the western frontier, but take his horse from him and he was nearly helpless.

The Rapid City men jumped off their horses and began tying the arms of the three.

Red Curry grumbled, "Leave that kid alone. He ain't with us."

"Yeah?" The word was a mockery. "Where is he then?"

"Leave him alone," Red repeated.

THE BOY was frightened, but he tried not to show it. He knew none of

The Deadwood Stage—1887

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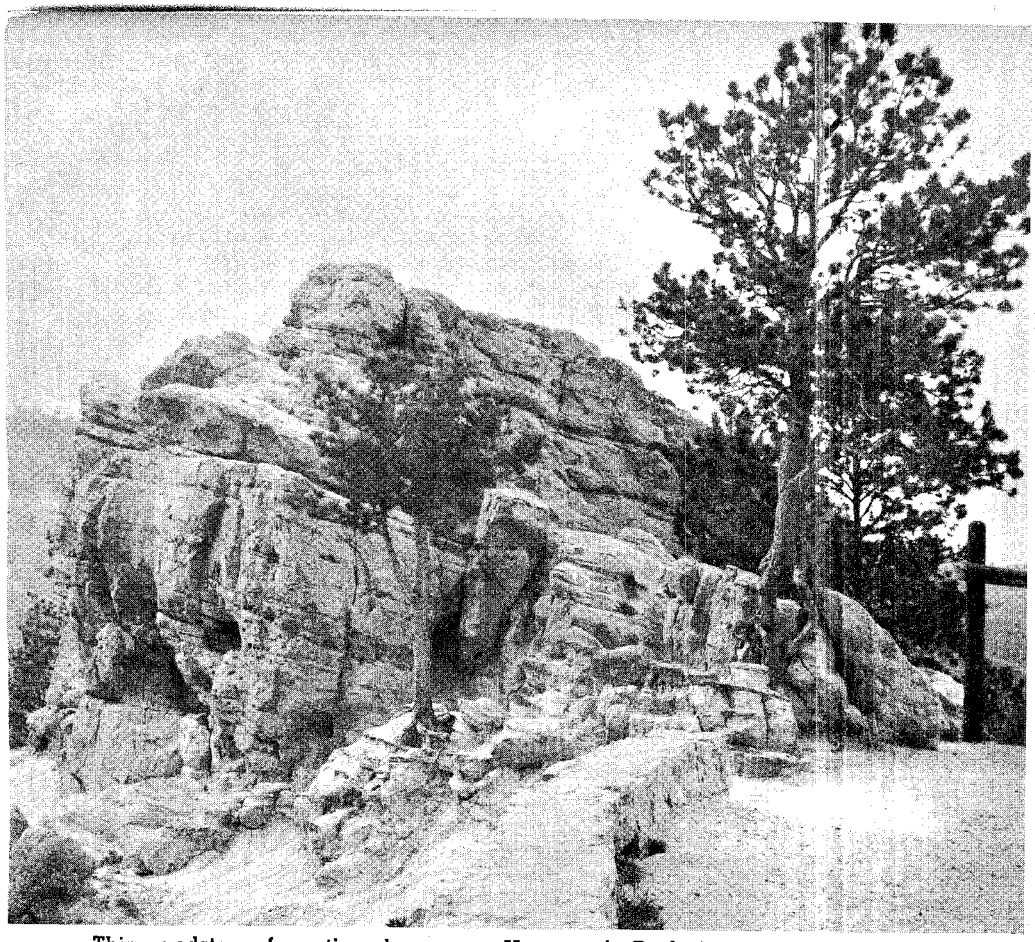

This sandstone formation, known as Hangman's Rock, is near the spot where the horse thieves were hanged in 1877.

them. His word was worthless until he proved himself. Without resistance he allowed his arms to be tied to his sides with the others. The three were escorted into town.

"Where'll we take them? There's no jail."

It was a good question. The sheriff said, "The granary will be okay. It's built pretty solid."

They rode toward the warehouse of Breman and Nicholson.

"Get Burleigh," someone ordered. Bob Burleigh was the justice of the peace. He was hurrying down the street, halfway there, before they sent for him. Around the corner of the warehouse an old man shuffled, too, and stopped with the others.

"What's the trouble here?" Burleigh asked.

"Horse thieves." The word was spat into the air. "We caught them with the goods out there in the canyon. Bud's got the horses now. We brought them into town."

Horse thieves! The name had a nasty flavor. Red Curry and Doc Allen were known as disreputable characters, anyway, and they could see that feeling was against them.

"Guilty?" Burleigh asked them.

"That's right," Doc said, and Red nodded but added loudly, "We might be guilty, but this kid's not."

Eyes were turned toward James Hall, and someone laughed but it didn't sound funny.

"Guilty?" Burleigh was asking the boy.

"No, sir." The kid sat quietly, his arms tied, his eyes pleading. "No, sir, I'm not a horse thief."

Momentarily his eyes slid in swift accusation toward his companions. He should have known, and he hadn't.

The short laugh sounded again. Doc said, "Red's right, y'r honor, this is Kid Hall from Minnesota and we never saw him till today. We picked him up down the road. He was walking into town."

"Let him go," Red said. "He doesn't belong with us."

"He doesn't?" The question was unbelieving, sneering.

The sheriff locked them in the granary.

"Frank Richardson, you take charge of guarding them inside," Sheriff Moulton ordered, and named a couple of other men to help Frank.

"Billy Smith, you're a deputy. You stand on guard outside on the street."

"What's the matter, Sheriff?" One of the men in the posse drawled. "Don't you trust us?"

Moulton said nothing.

"They oughta be strung up! What are we waiting for, anyway?"

"They're entitled to a trial. I'll take them to Deadwood tomorrow for trial and they'll get what they're entitled to."

"Well, boys," Burleigh said, "the sheriff's right. We'll lock 'em up for now and give 'em a trial in the next term of circuit court. All right, boys?"

There was muttering among them. The men of the posse were mad, but the sheriff and Burleigh gradually quieted them and after a while they began to drift away.

Hall's arms were untied, as were the arms of Red and Doc, and the three looked at each other in the growing darkness of the cabin.

"Too bad you got took, too, Kid," Red said, but Doc growled, "Ah, he ain't no better'n us, I guess."

"Makes no difference now," Red said softly. "He's took, and it don't seem to make no difference."

The boy stood by the one window, struggling to control his fears. He didn't want to die. He didn't want to start his life in the Black Hills as a horse thief, either, but what chance did he have? He had been taken with men who admitted their guilt; nobody would believe that he hadn't known them for what they were. The sun was down. The shadows were growing darker and blacker.

IN THE dark outside the saloon, about the middle of the night, a handful of men talked earnestly among themselves. On the edge of the group old man Wright listened. One harangued the others in low tense whispers until they moved toward the warehouse where the accused were imprisoned. Out of the shadows, others joined them and their number grew to fifteen or twenty.

They approached Deputy Sheriff Billy Smith.

"Open the door, Billy!"

"No," Smith said.

"Give us that key, Billy, if you know what's good for you."

Smith stood in front of the door. "By what authority do you make this demand, boys?"

"By authority of the people of this city," someone laughed.

Four of the men seized Billy's arms while others searched his pockets for the key. Half a dozen others went into the building. The three guards gave up their guns to the mob without a word, and someone said, "All right, you guys. Doc. Red. Kid. Get up and put on your boots."

"Smith said, "What are you going to do with the prisoners?"

"We intend to see what a little rope will do." It was too dark to see who made the statement.

Smith said, "Are you going to hang all of them?"

A rough laugh. "If we should not find the man with black whiskers guilty, and should turn him loose, we will see that you get him again."

Old man Wright stepped out of the shadows.

"Let the boy go," he said quietly.

"Why?"

"Let him go. He's innocent."

A snort of derision was his answer. The three were shoved on horses. In the darkness the group of men headed toward the hill south of town with the big sandstone rock at its summit.

Old man Wright tagged along. The boy was quiet, but his quietness was desperation. He wanted to yell, but he was afraid. The posse stopped beside a tall pine near the looming sandstone rock.

James Hall heard old man Wright's voice again. "The boy is innocent! Let the boy go!" Wright was pleading, and then came the voices of his companions, Red Curry and Doc Allen.

Red said, "He didn't have anything to do with the horses. He just came into town and we let him sleep with us. Let him go!"

Doc Allen said, "He's not one of us. Let him live!"

The kid heard the mumble of the men, angry, impatient, and someone slipped a clothesline rope over his head.

Red was speaking again, "Do what you want to us, but spare that boy. He's innocent."

Gruff voices were arguing in the night and no one could know surely who was speaking, and who was not.

"If we turned him loose, what then?"

"Anyway, there's no proof that he's innocent."

"Red and Doc say he is, don't they?"

"Ah, hell, Red and Doc would say anything. Maybe they got some reason why they don't want the kid to hang."

"Come on. Come on. We can't stand here all night. What'll we do with the kid?" *(Continued on page 51)*

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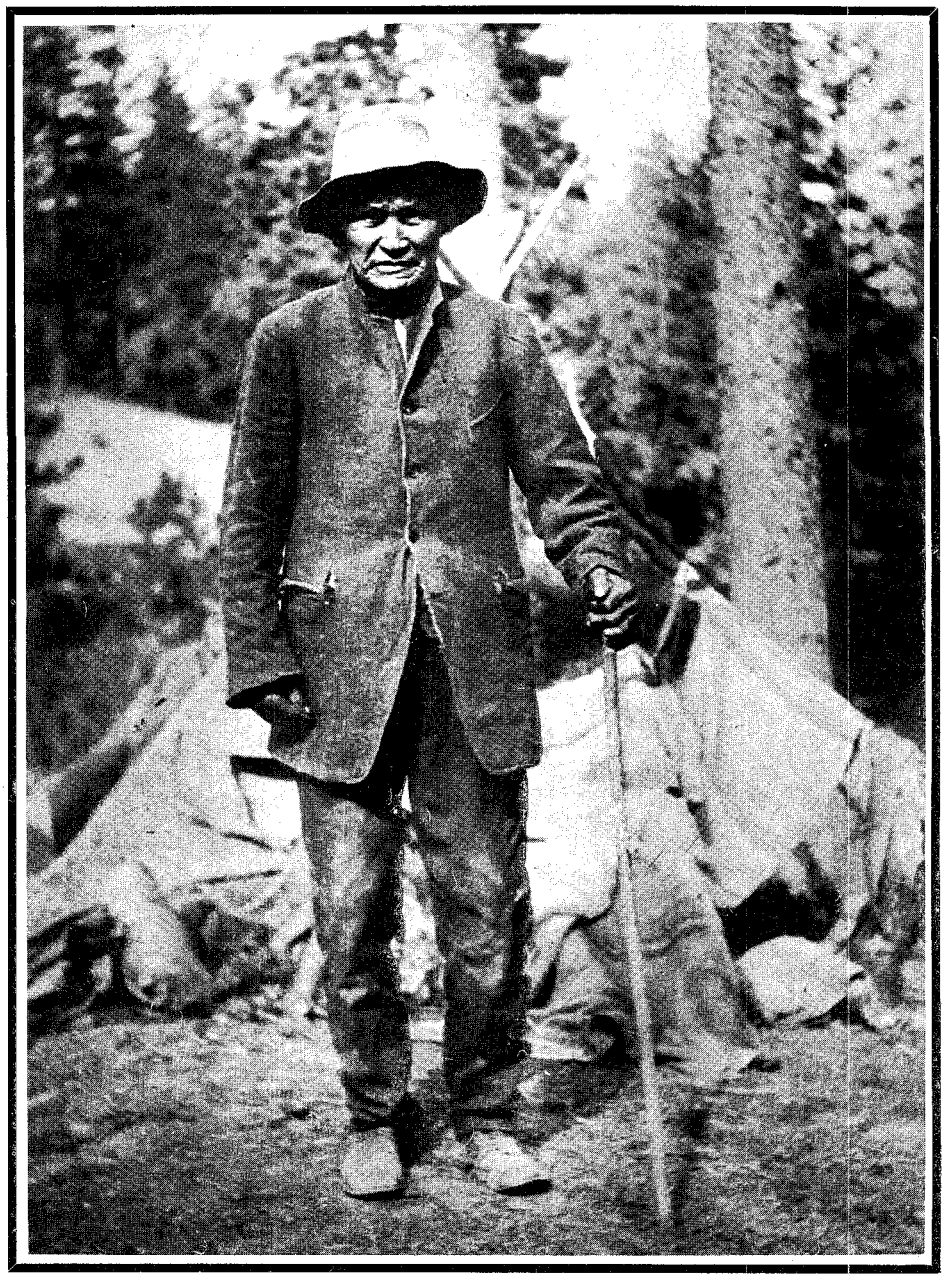
Indians and whites alike remember, love, and honor the

DIPLOMAT of the Spokanes

By MARY PEASE LASHBROOK



East Washington Historical Society

"Curly Jim"

THE best remembered member of the Spokane Indian tribe is Sen-nes, who, because of his wavy hair was better known as "Curly Jim." He was born about 1842 on the banks of the Spokane River near the Upper Falls, right in the heart of what is now Spokane, Washington. His face and the faces of Chief Joseph and Spokane Garry look down from two large murals in the city's largest bank.

Chief Joseph was the great leader of the Nez Percé tribe who finally surrendered to the United States army after a fierce running fight of 1,500 miles. Garry, who was educated in Fort Garry, now Winnepeg, Canada, came to the Spokane tribe in 1830 as a teacher and missionary. He taught the first school in the Spokane country and there read the Bible to the old and young.

Many residents of the Inland Empire still remember Curly Jim, for he lived until January 19, 1917. Although he was not of a chief's family, he became Spokane's special character and was pointed out to tourists and visitors. He loved to pose and was photographed by hundreds of people. Leading citizens of the city spoiled him.

As a youth, Curly Jim fished and swam in the Spokane River and dexterously manned his canoe in the rapids. He was a splendid specimen of the Indian warrior—tall, erect and sinewy. Some historians said that he fought the whites in the defeat of Colonel Steptoe near Rosalia, Washington, and in the following campaign when General Wright defeated the Indians in the battle of Four Lakes and the battle of Spokane Plains. But he later became the white settlers' friend.

DURING the Nez Percé War some of that tribe came to stir up the young bucks among the Spokanes. They camped on the prairie not far from James Glover's trading post. Mr. Glover, who was called the "Father of Spokane," watched them dance from dark until daylight. About twenty settlers, men, women and children, took refuge on Big Island, now called Havermale Island.

Mr. Glover called Jim and a few other Indians and told them that Uncle Sam's soldiers were near and that they must make sure that the Nez Percé left before noon. They took the message to the Nez Percé who soon disappeared.

Curly Jim's tribe in the Indian language was known as the Sina-To-To-Oulish. He regarded Spokane as his "Illehe"—his land, his place. When General Howard and Governor Ferris urged Jim to take an allotment of land on the Coeur d'Alene Reservation he refused, preferring to stay in Spokane. From his teepee in Indian Canyon (now part of the Indian Canyon golf course and the Finch Arboretum), he walked to town and visited with his friends among the businessmen.

Curly Jim loved flowers and his favorite was the red rose. He stopped at a florist's shop almost every day and the owner always pinned a rose on his coat.

My family came from Missouri to Spokane in 1904. We lived in Peaceful Valley, a suburb, for a few months until we moved to a farm seven miles from town. The trail the Indians traveled was in front of our house and all day they passed by on their way from camp, a quarter of a mile beyond us, to town and back. We children had never seen Indians before and were completely terrified of them and their cross-looking dogs. Stories about their scalping white people were still fresh in our minds.

Curly Jim was very friendly. He liked to take flowers to any one who was ill and came to visit my mother a few times during and after an illness. If my four-year-old sister and I happened to be outside and saw him coming to the house, we would hide until he left. He called my sister "Skookum papoose" and told her he was going to take her to his wigwam. We believed him and made sure that he didn't have a chance to do it.

Spokane old-timers respected Curly Jim for his honesty. In a horse trade his word was always taken as being good as gold. At one time Spokane factories manufactured cigars with his picture on them and his name was used for

(Continued on page 46)

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The Yocum Silver

The Yocum boys manufactued their own money—but there was a good reason why the Government let them alone!

THERE are many stories regarding the "Yocum Dollar." Residents of Stone and Taney Counties in Southwest Missouri can recall their pioneer parents' "talk" about the days when the Yocum Dollar was a common medium of exchange and the worth or value of this coin was never questioned by the hill folks.

The source of the coins was not a mystery. All the pioneers knew that the Yocum brothers made these dollars. The big question was, "Where did the silver come from?" The Yocums did not attempt to conceal the fact that they were making the money, but they didn't reveal the location of the mine to anyone—not even to their own families.

How was it possible to keep the location of the mine a secret? How did they locate the silver in the first place? There is no lack of theories about the Yocum Silver Mine.

DeSoto and his men were supposed to have mined it back in 1540. Later they were driven from the country by Indians, but only after they had covered the mouth of the mine. The Spaniards had forced some of the tribe to work for them, and one source of information indicates that rather than there being an actual silver mine, the Indians had stolen silver from DeSoto or Coronado and hidden it in the cave.

Nearly 275 years later, around 1814, a hunting party of Choctaws was riding along the valley during a violent thunderstorm when they noticed that a large volume of water pouring down the valley seemed to disappear into the ground at the side of a hill. A few weeks later several of the tribe set up camp near this same spot. Being curious, they spent some time removing large stones and flat rocks until they discovered the opening.

Along the walls of the cave they found silver. For a time they mined the precious metal, making ornaments to trade for supplies. One day they were attacked by a band of Mexican treasure hunters traveling through the country. The Indians sealed the cave, hiding it from detection before fleeing west. Shortly after leaving, the Choctaws were stricken with a disease called "Black Rot." Most of the members perished, but a few survivors returned home.

JIM YOCUM arrived in this area about 1800, and he became friendly with the Indians and took an Indian girl for his wife. For about ten years he lived with them at the juncture of James and White Rivers. Corn was the chief food of the red people at this time. The Indian women knew many ways to cook the corn, but Yocum observed that most often the corn was boiled with meat or fish and served on wooden plates made from tree bark. Sometimes several different Indians would eat from the same plate. Corn was also ground and made into bread. The Indian girls spent long hours grinding the kernels between stones. While Yocum was with the Indians, he learned how to strike flint to make a fire. He borrowed another idea from the Indians, that of cutting a hole in the middle of a blanket and slipping it over his head as a substitute for an overcoat.

A few years after Jim returned home, the War of 1812 started. Many settlers in what is now Missouri were greatly troubled by Indian attacks during that time, so it was several years later before Jim encouraged his two younger brothers to return with him to the Ozarks.

It was about 1818 that the three Yoachum brothers (the name was later shortened to Yocum) came to this country on horseback. Jim found his wife and renewed his friendship with the Indians. He and his two brothers lived at the mouth of James River with them for several months.

The Indians were at that time living simply and peacefully in a land of plenty. While the Yocums were with them they camped along the bluffs and under overhanging cliffs. These Indians told stories of a silver cave and told how they had found the lost mine. As proof of their statements, some of them had knives and spearheads made of silver.

The Indians offered to sell the information to the brothers, since all the tribes were about to be moved to Oklahoma by the Government. A deal was made, according to living descendants of the original Yocums.

Blankets, soap and two horses were given in exchange for revealing the mine location. The Indians were very interested in the soap as they had observed the Yocums washing their hands with it. Their dirty hands would be white when they finished, and some of the Indians thought that this was the reason these white men had lighter skin than their own.

On the day that the Indians had agreed to show the Yocum brothers the mine, they arose early. The brothers, with nine or ten Indian braves, left camp shortly after eating the morning meal. Finally they reached the summit of the hill where the Indians called a halt to their traveling. From that height they looked down into a narrow valley that appeared very much like many they had already seen. Not a living thing was in sight except for a herd of deer which was sighted as they approached the hidden mine.

THE THREE brothers built their first cabin home directly across the valley from the mine entrance so one of them could guard its approach at all times. Later, they concluded that in order to keep the location a secret, they would build a cabin directly in front of the opening and then fix a secret entrance from the house to the mine.

James and Solomon Yocum returned to Illinois (or Ohio) to get their families, while Jim and his Indian wife remained at the mine. On the return trip they crossed the Mississippi River and headed their ox wagons south toward the Springfield settlement (the present location of Springfield, Missouri).

At that time this was the last outpost on the frontier and consisted of a trading post and two or three houses. Leaving Springfield behind, they headed southwest into the James-White River country, cutting their way through a virgin forest to make the trail passable for their wagons. Parts of this route later became known as the "Wilderness Trail."

The Yocums were the first settlers in

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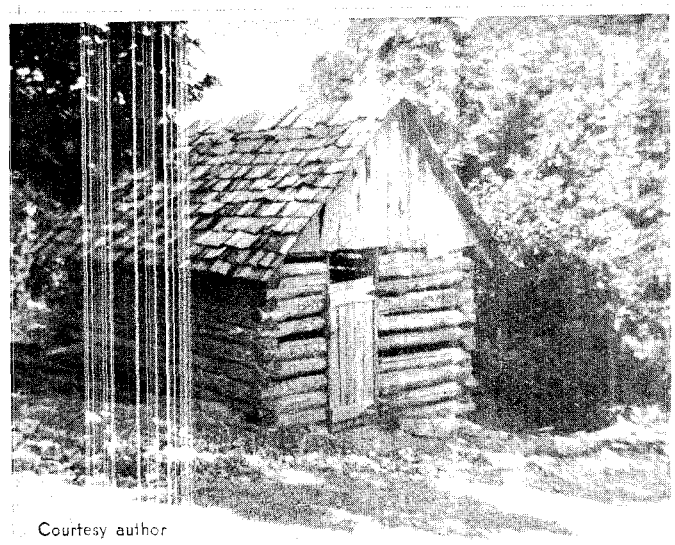
By ARTIE AYRES

DOLLAR



Courtesy author

This old structure might be the first cabin built by the Yocums.

what is now Stone County. Shortly after they returned with their families, they built a third cabin. Pioneers all built their houses much alike, on what has been called the "p" plan. A house was one-p, two-p, three-p or four-p. One-p meant one "pen," the name for a one-room log house; two-p meant two pens, or a two-room log house; three-p meant two pens and a passage. Some people called this passage a "dog-walk." Some called it a breeze-way, and it was breezy —especially in winter. The four-p houses were the finest of all—two pens, a passage and a porch. All three of the Yocum houses were one-p plans, but they did have lofts so that there was room for part of the family to sleep there. This loft was reached by a small ladder.

All their furniture was homemade. Beds had only one leg because the poles that formed the sides of the bed were placed in with the wall when the house was built. A long pole was put in one wall, and a shorter pole was put in the other. The ends of the poles rested on the one leg of the bed so the bed was built up into a corner. Boards were laid across the poles, or ropes were woven together to support a mattress made of straw or corn shucks. On top of the mattress was a feather bed, so it really was as snug and warm as could be.

The three Yocum brothers decided that Jim would live in the cabin which was directly in front of the mine. Since his Indian wife spoke very little English it would be easy for them to keep its location a secret.

This decision proved to be wise. For more than one hundred years now, fortune hunters, prospectors and hill folks have unsuccessfully "scoured" these hills looking for the lost silver mine. There are several "diggin's" hereabouts bearing testimony to the Yocums' shrewdness.

As a further means of fooling anyone who might be curious, the three of them would make occasional overnight trips on horseback south into the rough river country. They would return home the following day with a deer, turkey, or other small game and, it was assumed, with silver also. At first, almost completely isolated from civilization, their social and commercial life was largely with friendly Indians and scattered hunters, trappers and fur traders.

Wild game was abundant, with turkey, deer, and bear all valuable for food. Bear oil was also very important to the Yocums. They used it for making candles, for oiling wagon wheels, for soaking the cloth patches they used in their rifles, for cooking and for making their hair shine. It sold for about a dollar a gallon.

The forests supplied wild plums, persimmons, strawberries, huckleberries, walnuts and hickory nuts. They raised their own corn. The few supplies which these people bought from the outside world, came from the trading post in Springfield.

The silver was very easy to mine; sometimes the oldest brother would carry on the operations alone. But more often James and Solomon worked the mine while Jim stayed in the cabin on guard.

THERE were no laws in the country and, as time passed, more settlers came into the area. Money was scarce and the Yocums decided to make their own. Descendants of the Yocum pioneers claim to have seen the molds in which the coins were made. The coins were the same size as the Government dollar, but no attempt was made at imitation. The Yocum coin had two words stamped on it, "Yocum Dollar."

About 1833, a family named Ruth settled where Reed's Spring now stands. Ruth was inclined to be quarrelsome and, upon meeting one of the younger Yocum brothers southwest of Reed's Spring near the present Yocum Pond, started an argument about an unbranded yearling calf which he said belonged to him.

The settlers had a few head of cattle which grazed in what open space was then available. There was an abundance of wild bluestem grass growing belly high to a horse in these clearings.

A fight developed between Yocum and Ruth, with the agreement that the winner would get the yearling; following a muddy tussle, in and out of the water, Yocum won. After that, Ruth called the pond, as well as the yearling, "Yocum's." A few years later, Ruth's cabin burned and he moved on, but the name Yocum has stayed with the pond. It is a landmark today in these parts.

About twenty-five years later, a man named Reed came up from Texas, and when he saw the spring of crystal-clear water pouring from the earth, he looked no farther. Reed built a sturdy cabin of oak logs, and corrals to hold the saddle stock of the cattlemen, and hunted out the best grazing land around the valley so the cattle would regain weight they had lost on the long drive from the south.

The life of the Yocum women was sad and lonely, a life full of hardships. One day a clock peddler came by. James and Solomon told him that they did not need a clock, but their wives pleaded with them and they purchased one with Yocum Silver Dollars. On this, and a few other occasions, the Yocum Dollar got into circulation outside the Ozarks area, but it was considered a novelty by the new owners. *(Continued on page 64)*

Southwest corner of the square in Springfield, Missouri, believed to have been photographed around the mid-1800s.

State Historical Society of Missouri

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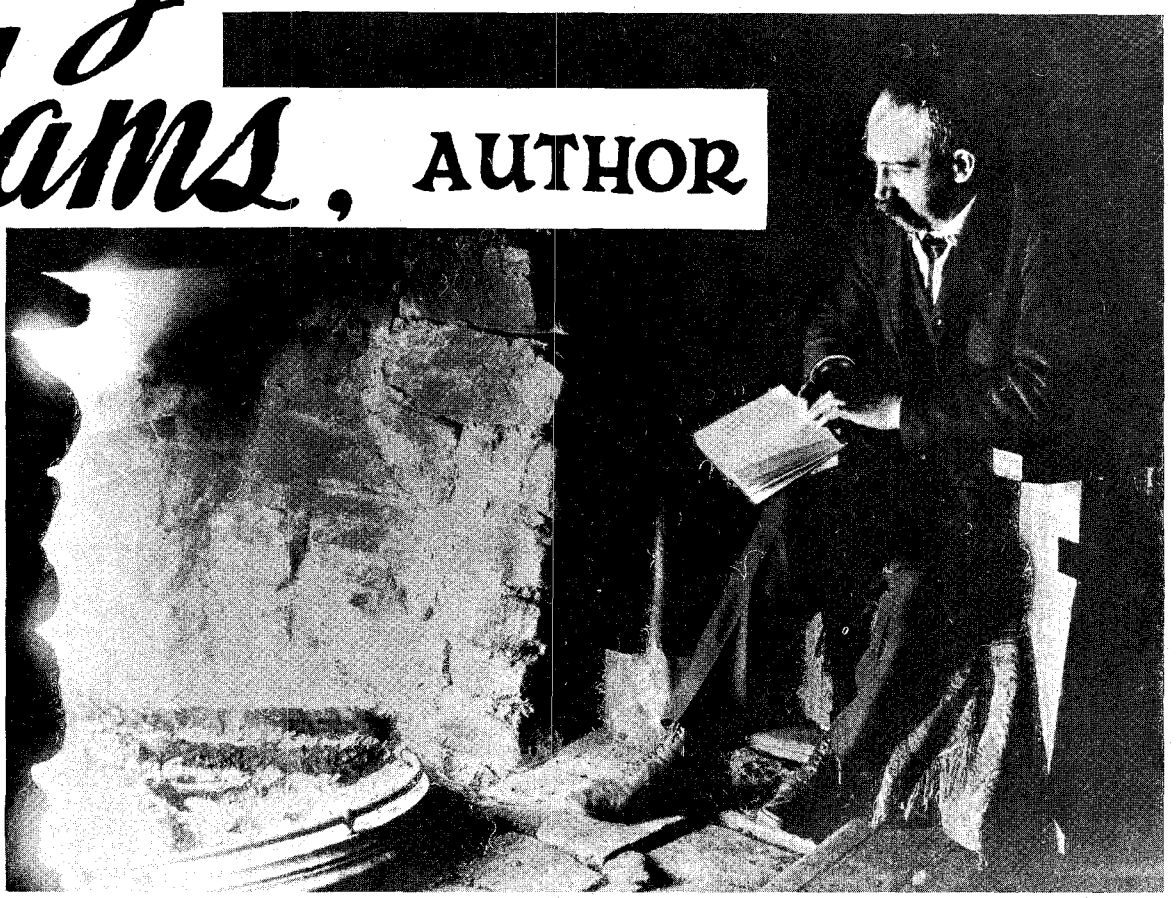
Andy Adams, AUTHOR

By A. L. SCHAFER



THE big, raw-boned man from Texas was amused. From time to time he pulled at the ends of his handlebar mustache as he watched the play; then he roared with laughter as an actor rushed onto the stage shouting "Yippee, I'm a cowboy!" and firing two six-shooters at the ceiling. The play was "The Texas Steer"; the date, sometime in 1902; the place, Denver, Colorado.

When the performance ended, probably only Andy Adams felt both amused and angered by the unrealistic portrayal of the "West."

Adams was an Indiana-born farm boy who, at fifteen years of age, had left the marshy lake and forest country between the headwaters of the Tippecanoe and Wabash Rivers and headed west. He had come to know the cattle country better than most.

As he rode the train back to Colorado Springs, and later in his room in the St. James Hotel, Adams pondered the play. He recalled reading the tales concocted by Ned Buntline, the exploits of *Young Wild West*, of Buffalo Bill Cody, and Owen Wister's *Virginian*. Wister's book had just been published and by the end of its first year had already been reprinted fifteen times.

"A cowboy without cattle," thought Adams, "is like a lord without land or a master without slaves. And Wister's novel doesn't have a scene in the book where cowboys are working cows."

Adams decided that someone should write a true word-picture of the cattle country. But, he told himself, I am forty-three years old, lack education and, more than that, have never tried to tell a story on paper.

His first conclusion was to "let Emerson Hough do it," but soon the "vagabond," as he called himself, began to make notes from his memory of horse and cattle drives from Texas to Montana. In his small hotel room, Adams methodically put pen to paper each day and began a new career.

First titled *The Log of a Cow Herd*, the book was to become the first of eight published works. Numerous novels, plays and short stories about the Old West were never published and some of the manuscripts have become lost. All were written in Colorado Springs.

ANDY ADAMS was born on May 3, 1859, six miles north of Columbia City, Indiana, the youngest of three sons of Andrew and Elizabeth Elliott Adams. Of Scotch-Irish descent, Andy was outranked on the livestock farm by a father and two brothers and so the churning and dishwashing usually fell to him. He hated it intensely. He finished the sixth grade, taught by a schoolteacher cousin, J. W. Adams, who later wrote that he had a hard time keeping Andy at his schoolbooks.

In 1874, young Adams was in Arkansas, working as a millhand in the sawmills of the timbered Ozark hills. He rode into San Antonio in 1880, when that southern Texas city was a town of 30,000 Mexicans and cowboys. There he learned to speak Spanish fluently.

In 1882, he drove his first horse herd from Texas to Caldwell and Dodge City, Kansas. For six more years he drove horse herds along the trails to the north, then, in 1889, he went with one of the last big herds of cows to Caldwell.

The years of the huge cattle drives, which had begun twenty-five years before, were ending. Barb wire (or "Bob Ware" as Texans called it) had come to the West in 1875 and the "hoemen" and "nesters" with their fences had forced the herds into narrow, dry and dusty trails where there was little, if any, grass or water. Railroads had tapped the cattle-producing market at its source.

Andy Adams had made and saved $10,000 by 1890 and had decided to become a merchant. He invested the entire amount in a feed and grain business in Rockport, Texas. Andy put up the money and his partner contributed the business experience. Two years later he was broke.

Then word of a gold strike at Cripple Creek, Colorado, spread across the West and Andy headed for it. He had no success in the gold fields in the Rockies, so he headed west for Goldfield, Nevada. But the gold ore which made other men rich evaded the pick or washed through the

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If greatness is measured by public applause or accumulated wealth, he might be considered a failure—yet experts rate him one of the finest writers in the Western field

Photos Courtesy State Historical Society of Colorado

sluicebox of Andy Adams and, two years later, in 1894, he moved again, this time to Colorado Springs.

"I spent the best forty years of my life trying to get rich and came out in debt," Andy wrote.

He took a room in the St. James Hotel and became a stockbroker. He "batched it," as he had done all of his adult life. He met the young women of the resort city but never became engaged to any of them and never married, although he was handsome and more than six feet tall and broad-shouldered. Adams was rugged, but quiet; he talked little and then in a low melodious voice. He always wore a wide-brimmed Texas hat.

WHEN, in 1902, he saw the play, "The Texas Steer," and decided to write about his own experiences in the cattle country, Andy Adams was beginning his fifth career.

"Inviting me to occupy a pulpit or accept the presidency of a college would have seemed quite as possible," Andy wrote. "However, the itch and the material blended, and without chart or compass the book came."

His first work was brought to the attention of Emerson Hough, who had authored *The Story of the Cowboy*, and Hough advised Adams to submit some manuscripts to Houghton, Mifflin & Company. *The Log of a Cow Herd* was retitled *The Log of a Cowboy* and was published in 1903. The New York *Times* devoted a page to its review. The first printing had a respectable sale of about 11,000 copies, but was somewhat less than a "best-seller."

Log of a Cowboy is Andy Adams's best book. It is a biography of a trail-herd in 1882, from Brownsville, in the southernmost tip of Texas, to the Blackfoot Indian Agency in northern Montana. Douglas Branch in *The Cowboy and His Interpreters* states that *The Log of a Cowboy* is "the finest piece of literature that the cattle country has produced," and compares it with Twain's *Life on the Mississippi* and Melville's *Moby Dick*.

But the public's taste had already been set by Ned Buntline, by *Young Wild West*, Owen Wister and the dime-novel cowboys who today are still in demand. These fictional cowboys out-ride, outshoot and out-fight the villains, all the while remaining "straight as an arrow, fair and ruddy as a Viking, with long, flowing golden hair," with high foreheads, violet blue eyes, aquiline nose, generous manly mouth and even white teeth like rows of lustrous pearls.

Andy Adams' cowboys were not of this type. They worked "cows," ate sourdough bread and drank bitter coffee, rode herd in mud, heat, snow and dust, slept on the ground "a thousand nights under the stars, the herd asleep," and sang:

Our cook he is a very dirty man,
Sail away for the Rio Grande,
He cooks the food as dirty as he can,
Sail away for the Rio Grande.

They told stories and most of them drank. They sometimes roped bears for fun, and "rolled their own" from a Bull Durham tobacco sack, and talked about "gittin' back to Texas, away from cold Montana."

"I did not get my impressions of the West from a Pullman car window, but from the hurricane deck of a Texas horse," wrote Andy Adams.

And he would not fake the "bad men, gun play and heavy dialect" or the love interest which was demanded of the paperbound "westerns."

"If I could 'fake' the West, I could be a successful writer," he admitted.

FOLLOWING publication of *Log of a Cowboy*, Andy Adams ran unsuccessfully for sheriff of El Paso County in 1904, and twice again, but was never elected.

His nephew, Andrew T. Adams of Denver, says, "I think he was trying to ride in on the coat-tails of Governor Billy Adams. At least, he never denied that he and the governor were related. Of course, they weren't!"

In 1904, *A Texas Matchmaker*, his only book which does not deal with the cattle trail, was published. It tells of life on a Texas ranch in the early days. The following year saw the publication of *The Outlet* and in 1906, Houghton, Mifflin brought out a book of short stories entitled *Cattle Brands*.

Reed Anthony, Cowman, followed in 1907 and then, in 1911, came his only juvenile work, *Wells Brothers, the Young Cattle Kings*.

None of these attained the sale that *Log of a Cowboy* had enjoyed, but Adams continued to write.

Other authors who were authorities on the West continued to call attention to Adams' work. Harry Sinclair Drago, himself a novelist and winner of the 1960 Buffalo Award of the Westerners and the Kansas Centennial Book Award, writes that Adams' books have "the vitality, saltiness, and flavor of reality possible only in a writer who knows what he is writing about."

Branch attributes the realism of Emerson Hough's *North of 36*, published in 1923, to the fact that Hough "knew the novels of Andy Adams." Indeed, Adams may have worked personally with Hough in the production of some of the latter's stories, since they became well acquainted.

Charlie Russell, the cowboy painter, praised his books. So, too, did Will James. And Adams, in turn, considered

(Continued on page 67)

Andy Adams, the author, is shown below with his nephew, Andy Adams, and his father, also named Andy Adams.

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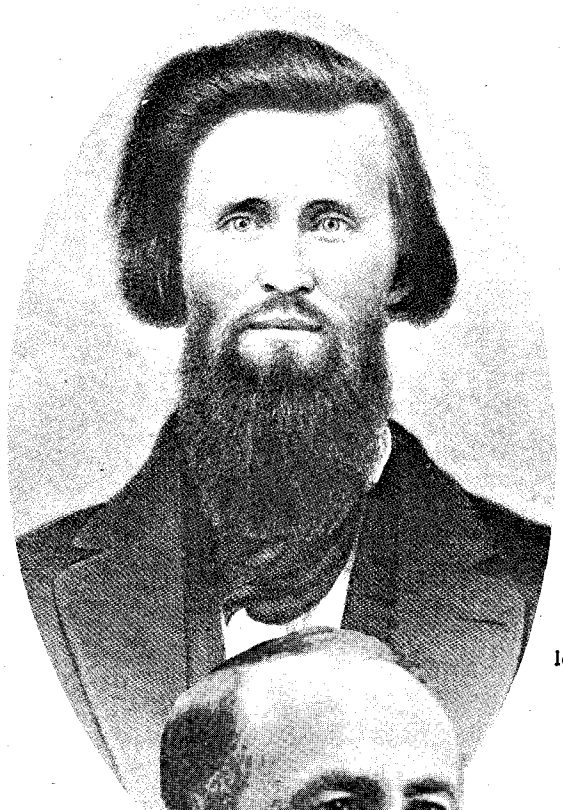
DEATH IN THE Yellowstone



James Stuart
leader of the expedition

Montana State
Historical Society

By BOB WRIGHT

Chased by Crows from the Big Horn to the Sweetwater, these gold seekers passed up one of the territory's richest discoveries

Samuel T. Hauser
(a book saved his life)

Eastern Montana College Library

WITH ALL the gold underfoot in 1862-63 around Bannack, a boom camp slated to become Montana's first Territorial capital in 1864, rumors of even richer deposits in the Yellowstone River country persisted.

Some of the Bannack boys couldn't resist.

"Hell," one of them grinned during a bar-side conference, "let's take a look. We'll stake out a town down there while we're at it."

The "look" cost them three dead, several wounded and a race into what is now the State of Wyoming to save the lives and scalps of the rest.

It was the Yellowstone Expedition, captained by Granville Stuart's thirty-one-year-old brother, James. Fourteen other veterans of the Northwest's roaring gold camps made up its membership.

One of them, Samuel T. Hauser, would live to help create Yellowstone National Park—a job accomplished by Montanans—and to become a territorial governor.

Another of the expedition had just a few months of life left after the trek to the Yellowstone Country. Then he, handsome, affable George Ives, road agent, would go on his last expedition—a short walk to the gallows.

Stuart, most experienced goldseeker of the lot, had ten more years to live after his look at the Yellowstone. Then he, an employe at Montana's Fort Peck Indian Agency, would die at his desk of a liver ailment.

Stuart was a tall, dark-bearded Virginian, who in 1858 had come from California's gold fields to prospect with his brother, Granville, in what is now southwestern Montana. He led his expedition out of Bannack in early April, 1863.

Four days later, on April 13, two of the group—Henry T. Geery and Richard McCafferty—wandered out of camp along a creek's fork. They came back with news.

"Looks like a pretty good show of gold here," they told Stuart.

The three went into a huddle and decided to keep the news to themselves. It might delay the expedition if word got out. The whole outfit could prospect the fork on the way back from the Yellowstone. They pushed on, expecting to be joined by Henry Edgar's and William Fairweather's group.

The Edgar-Fairweather party was following Stuart's trail until Crow Indians turned them back on the Upper Yellowstone.

Stuart's trail followed that mapped by Lewis and Clark. Jim didn't think much of the explorers' way of getting to the Yellowstone Country. At the mouth of Shields River, he noted in his journal, "If we had left the notes and maps of their route at home and followed the Indian trail, we would have saved four days' travel in coming here."

ON APRIL 28, the expedition camped with thirty Crow Indians. Stuart wrote, "The Indians wandered about camp all night like evil spirits . . . Every few minutes somebody would have to rush from his tent and capture something which Indians would steal from under the tents, in spite of the guard, and this, too, when it was bright moonlight."

At dawn as Stuart's men began to pack up, the Crows tried to force a trade of horses and equipment. Jim leveled his Sharp's rifle at the chief.

"It time," he told his men. "Get set to shoot if they don't return our belongings."

The Crow chief stared at pipe-smoking Jim. He looked at the expedition's fifteen aimed rifles and waved a hand. The whites got back their property and went on down the north bank of the Yellowstone. Hauser noted in his memorandum book that Crows prowled their camp every night.

Prospecting as they traveled, the expedition camped opposite the mouth of the Big Horn River, on May 5. Crossing the stream, they laid out the townsite of Big Horn City under the direction of Hauser, thirty-year-old civil engineer. They reserved town lots and acreages for each member of the expedition.

Then they started up the west side of the Big Horn, still stowing their goods in their tents each night because of the camp-following Crows. "World beaters," Stuart called them.

One night—cloudy, moonless and threatening rain—Stuart, disturbed by Indian sign noted during the day, took first guard duty with George Smith. The horses were restless and he went to them.

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Montana State Historical Society

Bannack, Montana, was only a camp when the party set out from there on its ill-fated expedition.

Hauser lay in his blankets and wondered about Cyrus Watkins. All day Watkins had talked to him of a cooing dove. "I keep hearing the sound," Watkins said. "It's haunting me. Makes me think of when I was a boy back home in the States."

"Strange," Hauser mused as he pulled his blankets closer. "Watkins is such a hell-for-leather frontiersman."

But Watkins' nostalgia was catching and Hauser couldn't shake the mood. He began to think of his Kentucky home. Restlessly, he moved away from his sleeping tentmates, Drewer Underwood, James N. York and McCafferty.

Stuart, still with the horses, heard sharp, metallic clicking sounds—Crow Indians cocking rifles.

"Lie low!" Stuart shouted as Indian guns blasted the camp. A hail of arrows followed.

Three horses fell dead around Stuart. Hauser was slammed back in his blankets. Underwood yelled he was "shot through and through."

Hauser thought he had been, but the memorandum book in his shirt pocket had stopped the force of a bullet. The lead flattened against a rib.

"Pull down the tents!" Stuart ordered.

York dropped the two pale targets. They were bristling with arrows. Groans of the dying, curses and gasps of the wounded, rose above the Indian gunfire, the whine of arrows and whoops of the hostiles.

Stuart whispered to men who crawled to his barricade of dead horses, "Don't shoot until your guns are jammed on the red devils' bellies. Gun flashes would draw more arrows, shots. Stay down. We'll give them a lively rattle at daylight, if they want to fight then."

At daylight, the Crows withdrew. But Jim Stuart had walked through their lines that night to get water from the river for the wounded.

"My God, Jim," Hauser said, "why didn't you keep down? You could have crawled. Should have."

Stuart gave a harsh laugh. "I wasn't born to be killed by Indians."

Hauser thought about that as he picked up four dozen arrows within a few yards of where he'd been wrapped in his blankets.

Watkins, shot through the temple, dragged himself on elbows and knees, blubbering about cooing doves. Ephriam Bostwick writhed in helpless agony. Five balls had pierced his body. Underwood had six holes from bullets in his arms and chest. Hauser, Ives and Henry A. Bell were wounded. Geery had an arrow wound in his shoulder. Five horses were dead. Six others had arrows stuck in their hides.

STUART, a good medic, patched up the wounded who might survive. "Let's have some coffee," he said. "Then we'll decide what to do."

Crow warriors looked on from a mountainside out of gunshot range.

Watkins died. Stuart went to Bostwick.

"Don't waste time on me, Jim." Bostwick's whitened lips twisted. His pain-squinted eyes turned on a revolver in his hand. "You boys get going. I'll make a good Injun or two before I go under."

Stuart looked at Bell. Either of his two wounds could prove fatal.

"We can't go back up the Yellowstone through the whole Crow Nation," Stuart said, his eyes narrowing on the lurking Indians. "We might get south through the edge of Sioux country. Some of us, maybe. We could hit the Emigrant Trail at South Pass."

The expedition members began to discard sacks of flour and everything disposable except six days' rations.

Stuart and the able men rode from camp and signalled the Crows to come out and fight. They declined. The expedition packed and saddled up.

Bell said he thought he could ride. "Put me on a horse."

A shot rang out. Bostwick had blown out his brains.

Slowly Stuart and his men rode southward, watched and followed by the Crows. They made a rest camp early in the day in a deep gorge. Bell seemed stronger.

Indians were sighted on high points around the camp and pickets were thrown out. Geery grabbed the muzzle of his rifle, yanked it toward himself from under a blanket. The hammer caught on the material, pulled back, then dropped on the cap. The bullet discharged through Geery's left breast.

He braced himself on the weapon, looked at the men around him. They were as pale as his own bloodless face. He pulled a revolver as they eased him to a sitting position.

"Foolish," Geery muttered. "My fault. You can't stay here. Got to move tonight. Bury me in my coat. I—" He pointed the revolver at his chest.

"Don't do it." Stuart grabbed his hand. "We agreed to stick with a man as long as there was hope."

Geery attempted a weak grin. "Not much hope. I'll just live long enough to get you all trapped and killed right here." Muscles of his face jerked in pain spasms. "Tell the men the truth, Jim. Tell my friends where it happened and why—if any of you get out." His voice trailed off.

"Don't worry. We're sticking."

Geery looked up at the expedition captain, then down at the gun in his hand. He lifted it and pulled the trigger. The cap exploded but the gun misfired.

"Funny," he whispered. "It never did that before."

(Continued on page 55)

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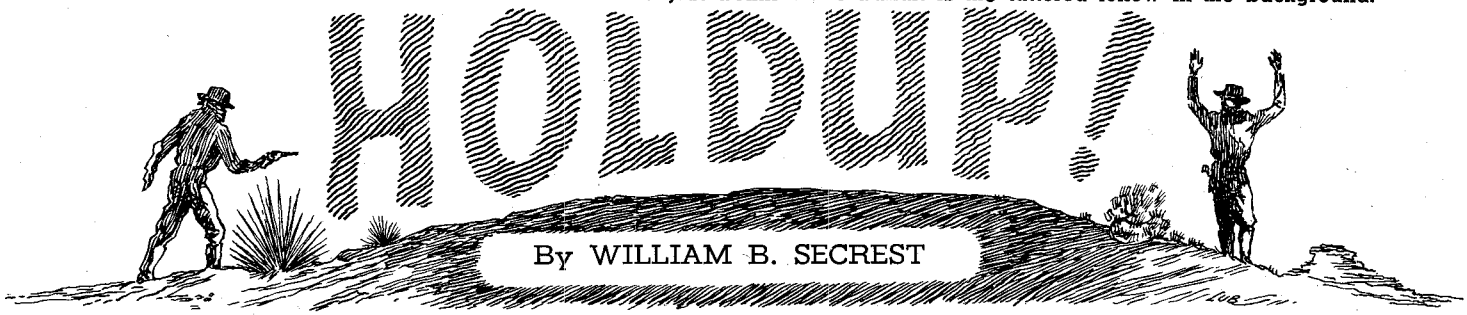
Photos Courtesy George Veith

The holdup on the road to Yosemite—August 15, 1905. The women and Farnsworth are in the stage. The two blacksmiths stand with hands behind their backs with Maelzen visible just behind. The bandit is the tattered fellow in the background.



By WILLIAM B. SECREST

AUTHOR'S NOTE: There have been any number of posed stagecoach holdup photos published, either re-creating an actual robbery or else showing how such an event would take place. Over a period of years I have established the authenticity of this particular photograph beyond any shadow of a doubt, and it is entirely possible that this is the only photograph of its kind in existence.

Discovering the exact date of this event was the first big problem, but once this had been established, I was able to gradually fit together the whole unique story. I first knew that the photo was genuine when I found the contemporary newspaper stories of the holdup. Although photo-engraving was still a comparatively new art in 1905, the photo was published a few days after the robbery in the *Fresno Morning Republican*, together with Anton Veith's account of the event.

After this it was just a matter of time, until I could piece together the complete story. The Fresno paper gave the holdup good coverage, and I was able to get a wealth of material from this source. A trip to Raymond served to verify certain details of the story as did the location of a published interview with Walter Farnsworth, the driver of the stage.

My real piece of luck was in locating George Veith, son of Anton Veith, the man who had taken the photo. Much valuable information was obtained in an interview with Mr. Veith, and it was quite a thrill when he showed me his father's old album containing the original print of the holdup, plus other views taken on the trip. Mr. Veith was extremely generous in lending me this treasured album, so that copy negatives could be made. Without his sincere help and encouragement this story could not have been told.

ANTON VEITH leaned back in his seat and tried to doze, as the breeze from the rocking stagecoach provided some relief from the dust and the warm weather. It was early afternoon, and he was glad to be at the higher elevation, as he well knew that the stifling heat of the valley behind him would now be setting in. The date was August 15, 1905, and the stage had left the sprawling farm community of Fresno, California, early that morning.

His trip to Yosemite was to be the culmination of Veith's agricultural tour of the western United States, and he eagerly looked forward to seeing this great natural wonder. Besides being the Austrian Consul at Milwaukee, Veith was the editor of an agricultural newspaper. He looked down at his feet to make sure that his camera was well covered and protected from the dust. A great many photos had been taken on

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California was full of surprises—but whoever heard of a highwayman posing for a picture as he robbed the stage, and then waving goodbye to his victims as they rode off in the sunset!

his trip, and he wanted to make sure he could get some good views of Yosemite.

The driver of the coach, Walter Farnsworth, glanced back at his passengers after a particularly rough bump, to make sure they were all still there. With six women in the group, there was no telling what might happen in an open coach on this rutted road. Mrs. Agnes Wilkinson was busy adjusting her large hat and telling her two young daughters to hang on tightly.

All of the women looked uncomfortable in their voluminous linen dusters. Mrs. Anna Taurer of Vienna, Austria, was hanging desperately onto the arm of her guide, a Mr. Maelzen, while Ethel and Anna Fullerton, two sisters from Boston, clutched each other frantically. Veith, Maelzen and the two blacksmiths that they had picked up at Raymond, smiled knowingly to themselves at the discomfort of the ladies. The four men were used to such traveling and had long ago become accustomed to it.

Nick Vogus, one of the blacksmiths, glanced over at Veith, and struck up a conversation. By way of seeing the effect on the women, he mentioned that there had been some holdups in this area and that the brushy, rough terrain provided excellent cover for highwaymen.

"What would you do if we were held up?" rejoined Veith.

Frank Baccigalupi, the other blacksmith, spoke right up as he fumbled for a match to light his cigar. "I don't know about Nick, but I got only one life and can always make more money. Me, I'd give up real quiet like."

"Of course it would depend on the circumstances," continued Veith, "but a bullet doesn't always hit you, and if I had a fortune at stake, I think I would take a chance."

The two blacksmiths looked at each other as if to say, "Get a load of the foreign dude trying to impress the ladies!" They couldn't know of Veith's European army training and his skill with weapons.

THE ROAD smoothed out a bit and Veith, lulled by the rocking rhythm of the stage and the drowsiness induced by the noon meal at Raymond, leaned back once again to doze. As he gradually drifted off to sleep, he thought how nice it would be if he could wake up and be in Yosemite. Automatically he hunched to the right as the coach pulled around a turn in the road through a grizzled patch of manzanita bushes.

"Get down!"

When the coach had stopped, Veith hadn't wanted to open his eyes. He was too groggy, and he was afraid that they had come to a steep grade where the passengers would have to get out and walk. But when the strange voice had shouted its command, he sat up and quickly looked around.

The coach had stopped in a small clearing, and walking around the side of the vehicle was a figure dressed in a battered felt hat and a linen duster. Veith sat up even straighter when he noted the mask and the pistol pointed carelessly in his direction. The outlaw had a comic opera appearance in his tattered clothes, and his mask seemed to have been torn from the back of his duster. There was a rifle slung over his shoulder and, curiously, he had a glove wrapped around the pistol he was holding.

Veith surmised later that possibly he was trying to disguise the make of the weapon. It was just as well that no one thought that it might also be a silencing device.

"You got a gun?" the robber called up to Farnsworth.

"No," returned the driver, "if I had one, I would have used it before."

"You and the women keep your seats an' you men get down here and line up," commanded the outlaw, after first ascertaining from Farnsworth that there was no express or mail box aboard.

The men did as they were told, Veith standing next to Maelzen, with the two blacksmiths on the guide's right. The outlaw faced them away from the coach off the road, but in front of the stage enough so that he could keep an eye on them while searching the women. As the robber walked toward the stage, Veith turned to Maelzen and asked in a lowered voice if he would help him jump the bandit. Maelzen had no sooner answered "No!" than the outlaw spun around and demanded to know what they were talking about. Veith merely shrugged his shoulders and didn't answer.

The masked man then decided that he had better search the men first, and he started with Veith. Poking his pistol in the Austrian's neck, he searched with his left hand, taking everything out of Veith's pockets and throwing away anything of no value. He took $40, but returned a roll of checks and notes upon being reminded that they would do him no good. Unnoticed by the robber, the roll contained an additional $40.

He also took Veith's watch, but was told that it was an heirloom and could easily be traced. Without a word the outlaw returned it. From Maelzen the robber took $30 but somehow missed another $30 that the guide had on him. The two blacksmiths were not robbed.

The bandit now turned toward the stage and the women. Veith took this opportunity to try and sneak a closer look at the masked man, but he was caught in the act.

"What are you looking at me for?" the outlaw demanded.

"Because," returned Veith calmly, "I want to see you."

WITH A shrug, the bandit proceeded to rob the women. Mrs. Wilkinson had taken advantage of the time the outlaw had spent robbing the men, and had hidden her money under the driver's seat, keeping only two dollars with which to pacify him. As he took the money, the outlaw caught Ethel Fullerton trying to hide hers and her sister's money in their camera. *(Continued on page 53)*

Anton George Veith (above) was the daring passenger who photographed the bandit. Below, a portion of the article appearing in the "Fresno Morning Republican" on August 20, 1905. Courtesy William B. Secrest Collection.

NO WORD OF BANDIT

SHERIFF JONES AND POSSE NOT HEARD FROM.

How the Lone Highwayman Got Little Booty and Was Kodaked by Austrian Consul.

No report had been received up to midnight at the sheriff's office at Madera of the movements of Sheriff Jones and posse of five. These men started early Wednesday morning to get on the track of the lone highwayman that held up the Yosemite stage. The robber had sixteen hours start of his pursuers, but for a way at least left a very easily followed track, along which the posse took up the pursuit. The fleeing man was on horseback, evidently having the animal hidden in theb rush near where the robbery was committed.

The story of the robbery is given as follows: When the stage driven by Walter Farnsworth had on Tuesday afternoon reached a point about three

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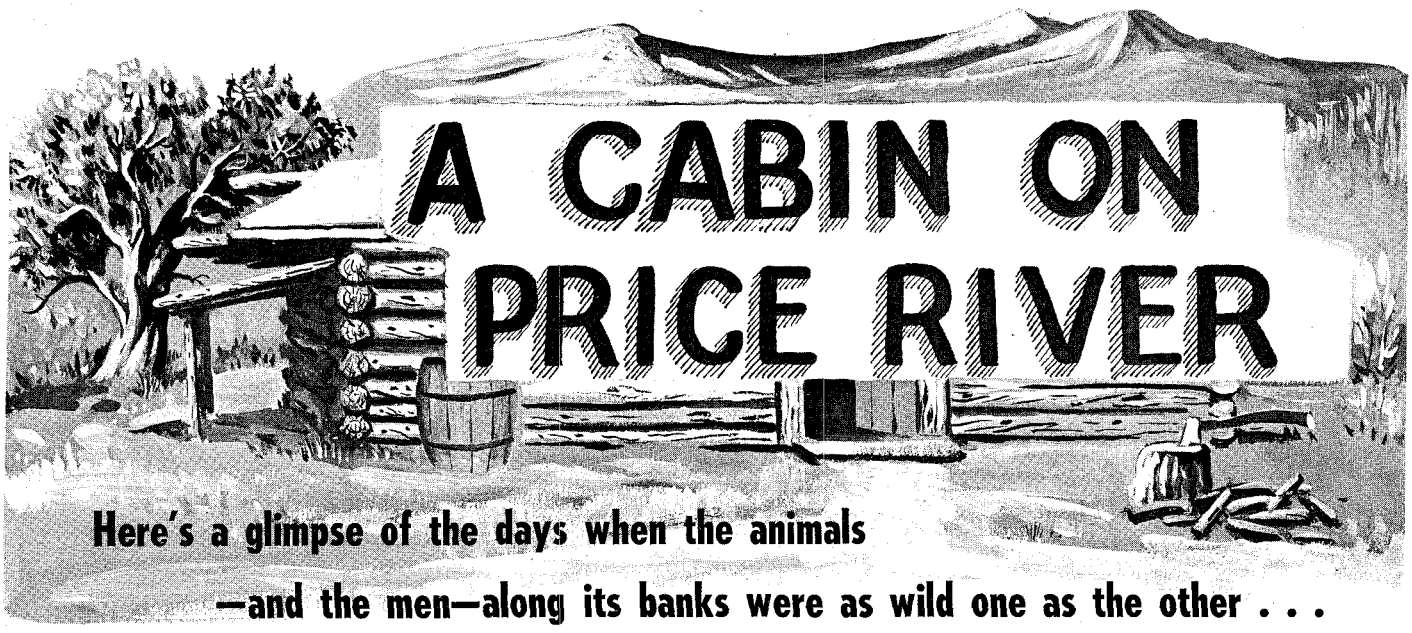

A CABIN ON PRICE RIVER

Here's a glimpse of the days when the animals —and the men—along its banks were as wild one as the other . . .

AT THE end of the Spanish American War, in the fall of 1898, my father returned to Salt Lake City from Jefferson Barracks at St. Louis, Missouri, where he had been recruiting and training pack trains for the Army. He was suffering with malaria.

After he had recovered somewhat, he went down to Emery County, Utah, to look for a sulphur deposit which an Army Packer had told him of, and which was described as being near Price River, somewhere between Mounds and Lower Crossing. Father put in a couple of weeks searching for the deposit but did not find it until one day, when the wind changed, he caught the odor of sulphur and was able to locate the source.

In those days sulphur did not have the many uses that it has now and Father was unable to interest sufficient capital in the venture to get it into production. But while looking for the sulphur he found several outcrops of silver lead ore which he located, and on which we did quite a little work in the next few years.

In the summer of 1899 he took me down there with him. After a train ride of several hours we landed at the little settlement of Lower Crossing, a station on the Rio Grande Western Railroad. It was called Lower Crossing because it was the last of several times that the railroad crossed Price River. The name was later changed from the descriptive Lower Crossing to nondescript "Woodside" by order of the Post Office Department.

At that time Lower Crossing consisted of a railroad station, section house and a water tank. Nearby was a farm owned by three Swiss brothers, Louie, Felix and Bert Pressit. Over on the riverbank was the only commercial establishment in the settlement, operated by a character known as Poker Pete. In one room of a two-room cabin, Pete lived; in the other room he kept a small stock of overalls, flour, coffee, tobacco and salt, and a large stock of very poor whiskey and beer. Prominent in this room was a card table, and Pete's aim in life was to get some wandering sheepherder drunk so that he could skin him out of his winter's wages in a poker game. After some success in this line, Pete would get the idea that he was a real gambler and needed a wider field for his skill. But he always came back. Broke.

The section hands were all Chinese—the old-fashioned variety who wore their hair in long queues down their backs, long shirts outside their baggy pants and heelless slippers. They spoke no English.

A few small cattle outfits came in to Lower Crossing for mail and freight, both of which were handled at the station. Among these were the Range Valley Cattle Company from over on Range Creek, of which Johnnie Downard was foreman, and a small spread over on Green River owned by big good-natured Tom Dilly. Tom's place could be reached by a pack trail that went down Price River Canyon where it cut through the Book Cliffs and then went off to the northeast, then down to Green River.

In later years I have read some uncomplimentary things about Tom Dilly, but when I knew him I always found him to be a pleasant, likeable fellow. Several times when we happened to be in the settlement at the same time, we got up dances and had a lot of fun. The dances were held in an abandoned log cabin schoolhouse on the other side of the river. Candles furnished the illumination and also the "slickum" for the dance floor. Music came from Felix Pressit's concertina and Tom Dilly's mouth organ. Most of the dancers came from farms farther up the river, some from twenty miles away, but we had a good time in our simple way. One dance was held in cold weather, when the mothers thought it was too cold to leave the babies in the wagons—so they took them over to Poker Pete's and parked them in Pete's bed with Pete installed as baby sitter!

These dances were fine while they lasted, but the next day it was back to the mines for another couple of months of hard work. Louie Pressit would hook up his team, fill the barrels with water and haul us out to the claims. On one of these trips Louie told me what he knew about Tom Dilly.

IT SEEMS that back in the '90s Tom dropped off a freight train over at Thompson Springs, a station east of Greenriver Station and the shipping point for the Webster City Cattle Com-

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Illustrated by Al M. Napoletano

By HARVEY HARDY

pany. Tom got a job with them, and for a time did very well. But one day he got in a row with the foreman of the outfit that resulted in a fight. Tom was a young, husky six-footer so the fight resulted in a good threshing for the foreman and the end of Tom's employment by the Webster City Cattle Company.

Tom came up to Lower Crossing and eventually took up his ranch on Green River. Tom was a good cattleman, handy with a rope, and soon began to accumulate a herd of cattle. Branding mavericks was not considered unfashionable in those days. Tom never told anyone where he came from, but Louie said that those who claimed to know said that he came from Texas because he wore a certain style of hat and used a certain saddle rig. I don't remember whether it was center fire or double rig.

Louie told me one thing that might indicate that Tom's past might not have been entirely peaceful. He said that when Tom slept in the common bunk room at Pressit's, where we all slept when in town, he always drove a nail in the wall above his head and on this he hung his gun and belt, in plain sight and out of his reach, but he always took another gun down under the blankets with him. Tom might have been like the man who, denying that he had been run out of Texas, said, "Run me out of Texas? No, Sir! Why, when I left Texas they followed me for over 300 miles trying to get me to go back!"

IN 1899 when we arrived at Father's mining claims I got my first introduction to hard work. All work was done by hand. The drilling of holes for blasting the rock was done either single hand (that is, with the driller turning the drill with one hand and striking the head of the drill with a four-pound hammer held in the other hand), or double hand with one turning the drill with both hands while another man struck the head of the drill with an eight-pound hammer. The mucking or shoveling of the broken rock was, of course, done by hand as was the hoisting of the rock from the shaft with a hand windlass. The hand windlass is not supposed to be used for depths greater than fifty feet, but we had no alternative. There was no water closer than Price River, fifteen miles away, so a steam hoist was out of the question and no one had ever heard of a gasoline hoist. So we went ahead sinking one shaft to a depth of 225 feet and several others to lesser depths. For real, hard, slugging, tiresome work I think that I would back the hand windlass on a deep hole against any other form of human endeavor.

Looking back on our work in Emery County, with the benefit of wider geological experience, I can see that our timing was bad. The silver lead ore that we did find was in the remnants of a limestone bed which was mostly eroded away. The ore occurred where the limestone was cut by a fissure that ran through the country. The fissures persisted below the limestone but the ore did not. We sank several shafts on the fissures but found very little ore in the sandstone below the lime. If we had been there a few thousand years sooner, we probably would have had some large deposits.

On the other hand, we were there a little too soon for our own good. Just about that time a book entitled *Geology Applied to Mining* was published. It was written by the eminent geologist, J. E. Spurr, and contained a chapter on "The Influence of Wall Rock on Vein Filling." If we had known the truths contained in that chapter we would have been saved from a lot of hard and useless work in trying to find the continuation of the ore body in the sandstone, below the lime.

While we were working down in Emory County, our living conditions were quite primitive. Our only contact with the outside world was an occasional trip to Lower Crossing to get mail and supplies. Where horses were the only method of transportation, other than walking, a fellow was out of luck if he didn't know how to harness a team, shoe a horse, and prescribe for an ailing one. And speaking of horses, if you haven't had to contend with a balky horse you haven't reached the summit in frustration. Years later I heard of a way to move a balky horse. A fellow said that if you would run a straw through the stem of a pipe and get it well coated with nicotine and shove it in the back of a balky horse's mouth, the said balky horse would at once get the idea of going some place else.

But in the end you often had to depend on walking. One day down in the shaft I got something in my eye. I rubbed the eye and thought that I had gotten rid of the object. But that night when I laid down and closed my eyes I knew different. I got up and got the boys to look in my eye with magnifying glasses but they could find nothing.

I put hot cloths on my eye and managed to get to sleep. The next day it felt all right and I worked as usual. That night when I closed my eyes it was worse than ever. I got up, dressed, and walked the fifteen miles down to Lower Crossing to catch a train that went through there at 4 A.M. and would take me to Price, in Carbon County, where the nearest doctor was located.

When Dr. Fisk arrived at his office that morning, I was sitting on the doorstep waiting for him. The doctor put cocaine in my eye and after he had examined it said that there was a piece of quartz imbedded in the pupil and it was starting to fester. With more cocaine, he dug the quartz out and said that I would be all right but that it would be painful for awhile as the quartz had raked the eyelid whenever I closed my eyes. I caught the next train back to Lower Crossing, arriving there late in the afternoon, walked back up to the mine, and was at work the next morning.

EMERY COUNTY was a large county with a small population and that mostly concentrated in the Castle Dale area about sixty miles west of Lower Crossing and a few along the railroad where it cut through the northeast corner of the county. There was a large area of desolate country to the south of the San Rafael Swell with no known fixed habitation in it, but somewhere in its depths was located the notorious Robbers Roost. Local officers were so ineffective there that the Governor of the State of Utah seriously considered calling out the National Guard to try to do away with the hideout.

All of this wide open, uninhabited country made for a good deal of lawlessness and Louie Pressit, who worked for us when farm work was slack, had many tales of characters that operated in this area. Not long before this, Butch Cassidy and his gang had held up the railroad paymaster at Castle Gate, escaped with a good haul, and started south through our country on their way to the Roost, where the law did not seem to bother them. *(Continued on page 40)*

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Buckskin Jim and his WATER FIGHTS

THE OLD RIVER MAN WAS IN AND OUT OF A COURTROOM MANY TIMES—BUT ONCE HE WEAKENED, TOOK THE LAW INTO HIS OWN HANDS, AND RUINED HIS LIFE

By DORIS WHITHORN

Photos Courtesy Bill Whithorn

Buckskin Jim and wife, Harriet—1902

WATER has long been a battleground in western history, but seldom has it assumed the role it played in the life of "Buckskin Jim" Cutler on the Upper Yellowstone. In his fight with water he lost his holdings, a wife and part of a family, his reputation and finally his life.

When the name Cutler is mentioned around the Gardiner area in Montana, there will always be someone to say, "Oh, yes—Jim Cutler—old Buckskin Jim—tough old codger—temper like a rattlesnake—killed a guy once—shot him in cold blood—and then drowned, goin' down the river on a raft." The commentator thinks he has covered the field, but memories are short and remembrances sometimes unkind. There is more to his story; and though his descendants have moved away, his name lives on. There is Cutler Hill and Cutler Lake in Park County, Montana.

Robert E. Cutler was born on June 1, 1860, in Genesee County, New York, the only son among the six children of a Methodist preacher. When he was ten, the family moved to Kansas. There he exchanged his school books for a trail behind an ox-drawn plough. At sixteen he struck out for himself with a job on the railroad which led him westward.

On leaving home, he had imagined, kid-like, that everyone in the West to which he was heading wore buckskins. Accordingly, he spent all his money on a flashy buckskin jacket. It so nearly broke him that he *had* to wear it, for he could afford no other expenditure. Wear it he did—with the name it brought him long outwearing the garment.

After guiding, hunting and prospecting a bit around the settlement near Cooke City, he found work as roustabout with the crew assigned to survey the Montana-Wyoming line through the National Park. They started from Cooke in 1879 working westward, their first mile of work being recorded as finished on September 2 of that year. They finished the line within the Park that fall.

The following year a treaty was affected with the Crows giving over to white settlement the territory north of and adjacent to the Park, but it was two years before surveys could be made and actual residence established in the area. By then Cutler had found the place he wanted and filed a placer claim upon it. He chose the area where the Gardner River flowed into the Yellowstone, a part of the townsite of Gardiner now. (The river and the town are spelled correctly and differently.)

IN 1882 there was much conjecture about the possible route of the Northern Pacific Railroad through the southern part of Montana. It reached Livingston in December, 1882, and it was expected that the following spring the road would be built to the edge of the Yellowstone National Park. Cutler's claim was at their tentative route terminus, and he began to sell leaseholds on a part of his property. The railway company sent their purchasing agent, Ed Stone, into the area to buy the squatter's rights to property known as the McCartney Ranch, which embraced Buckskin Jim's land. Stone classed it as a desert claim. Cutler would not release his rights.

While the railroad was fast building its line up the valley, the Ed Stone-Buckskin Jim claims found their way to the courts for settlement. If the land could be declared to come under the classification of desert claim, Stone would win.

During the litigation, the Park Branch reached Cinnabar—three miles short of Gardiner—and although the N. P. had done more work on the grade and track-laying, they stopped there. Two railway cars placed at Cinnabar became the terminus of the Park Branch, and on September 1, 1883, the first Yellowstone Park-bound passengers were unloaded. Two and a half months later, the *Livingston Enterprise* recounted, "Buckskin Jim admits he has lost his claim."

By that time the track-laying was done and the terminus established at Cinnabar. It was nineteen years before the N. P. built the other three miles of track to the disputed area. Cutler's claim had been responsible for holding up the railroad building for those years. But he had lost his fight—his first water fight at the confluence of the Yellowstone and Gardner Rivers.

Although Yellowstone Park was established in 1872, the confines and regu-

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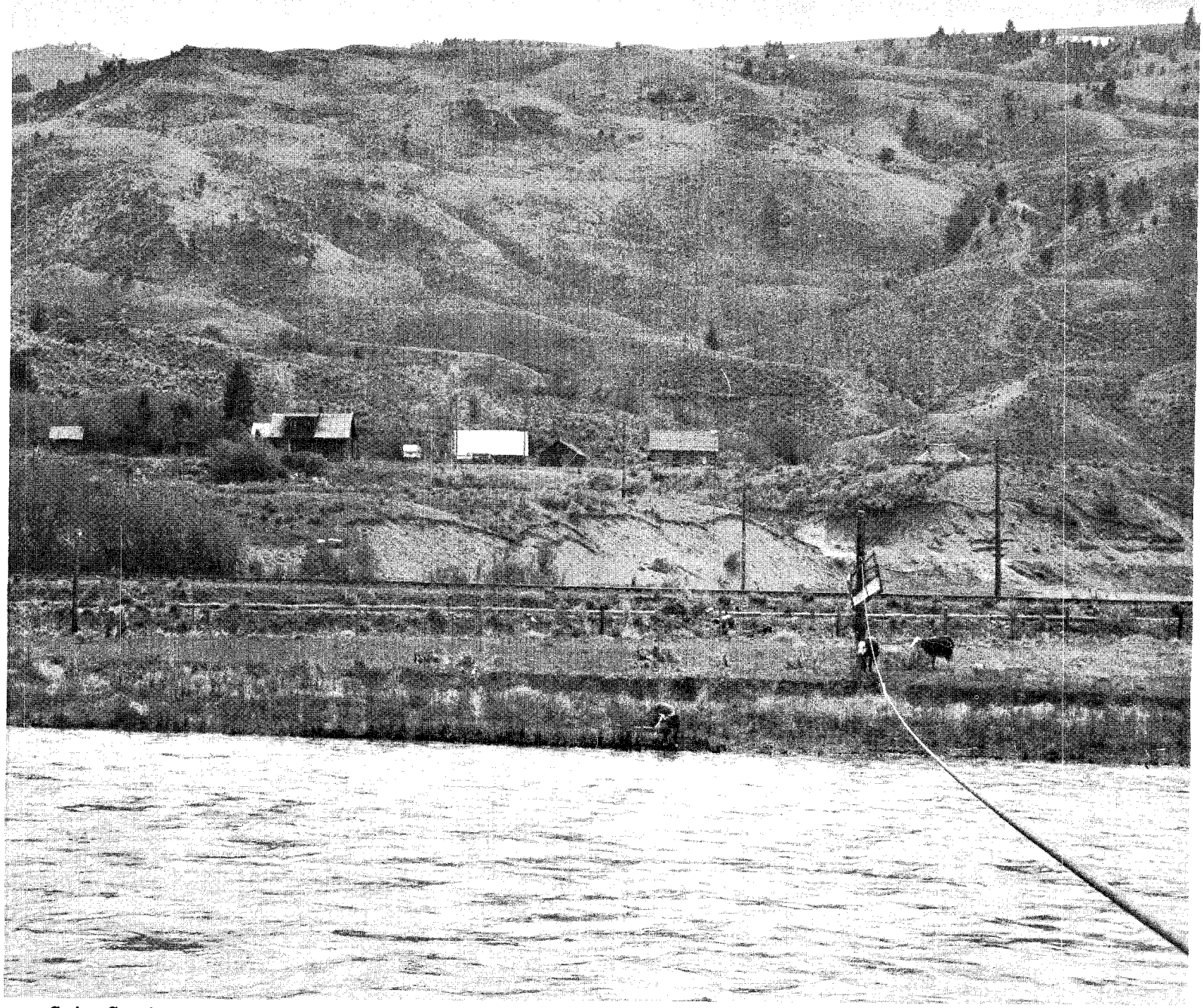

Cutler Crossing is marked by the cable still stretching across the Yellowstone River. A remnant of the cable car clings to it. Harriet has lived at the foot of Cutler Hill (left) since 1912.

lations were sometimes doubtful. During the early part of the '80s a number of people claimed homesteads within the Park boundaries. Buckskin Jim found one there, too, on Rose Creek near the present site of the Buffalo Ranch. He and his partner, George Jackson, built a cabin and started to till their acres. Other people did the same. Tate and Scott had a ranch near that of Jackson and Cutler. Roseborough filed on a site near where Soda Butte Creek flows into the Lamar; Baronett found two desirable spots—one between Gardiner and Mammoth, the other near Tower Falls. John Yancey chose a spot in Pleasant Valley near Tower Falls where he established a stop-over on the route between Mammoth and Cooke and in 1884 added a hotel to provide accommodations for travelers.

Superintendent Carpenter decreed that the "unauthorized settlers" be evicted and gave the authority to use force, if necessary. The *Livingston Enterprise* for December 10, 1884, tells how the officials visited the ranch of Tate and Scott, "burned their buildings and their winter supply of bread and butter, and confiscated a load of provisions en route for their ranch. They called on Jackson and Cutler next. Buckskin Jim resented the procedure and drew a gun to shoot, but was prevented by his partner and afterwards arrested, put in irons and taken to Uintah County, Wyoming, to await legal action."

Others fared better. Yancey, with the friendship and political influence of Senator George Vest, was allowed to stay during his lifetime. He had not filed a claim; he was only a "squatter."

In Cutler's trial in April, 1885, however, he was accorded much consideration and some of the officials even volunteered to find bail for him. The Bozeman *Avant Courier* quoted him as "having come out a little ahead," and feeling "pardonably jubilant." Even so, he had lost his fight on Rose Creek in the Yellowstone National Park.

DURING the next ten-year period Cutler took some profitable mining claims at Cooke, made a visit to his old home in Kansas where he met and married Eva M. Lupher, started raising a family, sold his claims and bought a ranch thirteen miles below Gardiner on the Yellowstone River. He bought a mountainous section, described by him as "scarcely fit for cultivation," and took a claim to a quarter of Government land to prove up on.

For a period he lived the substantial life of the homesteading rancher with sagebrush to be grubbed from his acres and school problems to be solved for his children. Then he made the news again with another fight. This time it was one within the family. It ended in a court trial in February, 1902, with a divorce from his wife and his receiving custody of the five oldest of the six children. But the words were hard and hurtful, and things were said that it was alleged "no newspaper would care to print."

From the time that Mrs. Cutler had left the ranch in June, 1901, Buckskin Jim had had Miss Harriet Ball in his home caring for the needs of the family.

(Continued on page 69)

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Oklahoma Historical Society

The author attended school in a building much like the one above at Sod Center.

I GOT my first job in 1888 when I was seven years old. My folks had moved to Greeley County in Nebraska and our neighbor hired me to herd his cattle for five cents a day. As it turned out, my period of employment was brief. I decided to combine fishing with herding and the fishing got most of my attention. When the cattle got into a green wheat field, I got fired.

I remember the blizzard that year. Stock froze to death standing up. Snow was piled up to the roof of the houses and we couldn't go out for three days. My folks lost cattle, too.

Things went along pretty well, however, until we picked our corn. Dad would take two rows and I would pick one. We would do two loads a day. It was piled on the ground in long rows 200 yards long, then shelled and hauled to town. At twenty cents a bushel, the farmers didn't make much.

In 1890, Dad decided he would go to Oklahoma and take a homestead. We had two heavy wagons. I drove one and Mother drove the other, while Dad herded the cattle. We were eight weeks on the road.

We could not buy hay for the stock. We stopped at all the farms but the people wouldn't sell any. Then two men came along; they told us to come up to the house and camp for the night. My folks were afraid of them as there was so much robbing and killing going on. We slept in the wagon and Dad sat up all night with a shotgun and Mother with a hatchet. When morning came, it was cold and the wind was blowing. The men invited us in for breakfast. Mother cooked the meal. We found out that they were nice people and they treated us fine. Dad said he felt ashamed to suspect them that way.

For awhile on the road Dad worked for a coal company in a strip pit. They went down about twelve to fifteen feet and got a five-foot vein of coal. My job was to pump water out of the pit with a horse pump. I got twenty-five cents a day. Sometimes they sent me to get a pick sharpened; they said I would go faster than the men in the pit, and all said they could depend on me. We stayed on the job until August 3, 1893, then we packed up and started for the opening of the Cherokee Strip.

My sister and I got in our big covered wagon, Dad and Mother in the other wagon, and we were on our way. In Missouri the road was so rough Dad put some chickens in the feed box behind the wagon and they bounced out. A hillbilly grabbed them and wouldn't let us have them; she said they were hers. When Dad came up we got our chickens back but she cursed us as far as we could hear her.

WE JOURNEYED on to Arkansas City, where the race started for homesteads. Thousands of people stood in line to register. They would lean on one another and sleep and their wives would feed them standing up. When they got in line for the race there were wagons, buggies and riders all waiting for the same time to start. A U. S. Marshal stood by to give the signal.

Someone said "Go" and the marshal tried to stop them, but one man was deaf and didn't stop, so the marshal shot him. We heard that his wife got the claim where he was shot and killed. The night before the race, someone cut the hamstrings of nice horses to keep them out of the race. Dad camped on a creek and did not make the run. We had heavy wagons and could not keep out of the way of the others.

The next day we started out for Kingfisher, Oklahoma, across the burned prairie. There was no grass for the horses, so Dad tried to feed them flour. When it stuck to their mouths, we had to make bread of it. I remember we had no water for two days. A homesteader we happened to meet dug a hole in the creek bottom with a spoon and we dipped up a tubful with a tin cup. There were five head of horses to water. In crossing the prairie we got as black as the prairie itself.

Dad went up in the strip about thirty miles from Kingfisher and took a homestead. My uncle and he hauled logs from the hills and built us a house. It was just one room but it was the first house in that neighborhood. There was no work for anyone. Dad and I went to the hills and cut cedar logs and made up posts. We would leave early in the morning and get back about one in the night, then Dad would trade them for groceries at three and a half cents apiece. For two years we lived that way. Rabbit, deer and prairie chickens helped out on the eats.

Dad would go up into Kansas and work during harvest. That would give us some money for the next year. Finally, we got to raising wheat and other crops and got by that way.

Outlaws began to steal horses and cattle. There were two, in particular, by the name of Dick Yeager and Ike Black.

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MAKING DO

By GORDON VANCE

A graphic account of the days when boyhood could end at seven—and how to "get by" had to be figured out one day at a time

Black had a homestead five miles west of us. We went to the store and asked for groceries on credit. Mr. Bauers said he couldn't sell on credit. Black threatened then to steal them and he did.

After he got in with Dick Yeager, they were chased all over Oklahoma. The posse had them surrounded in a cave for a week, thinking they would starve them out, but Yeager and Black got away somehow. They were on the run all summer. Once at a farmhouse they asked the woman if she would fix them some supper. She was getting some water when her husband came out to the well. When the outlaws came out after their meal, Black was shot in the temple, and Yeager in the hip but Yeager got away. He rode his horse to death and came by our place and stole my horse and went on to Enid. There they captured him in a cornfield; blood poisoning had developed from his wound and he soon died. Yeager's real name was Wyatt Ellsworth.

Some of the U. S. Marshals were so crooked they would steal a man's horses. The people whose horses were stolen would complain to the Marshal who stole them, and he would go out and "look for himself," and come back and tell the farmer he could not find any trace of the thief. I was with a bunch of U. S. Marshals one day and passed a farmhouse where there were some chickens in the yard. Someone said he would sure like some chicken for supper and the Marshal picked up his gun and shot the chicken. A dead squirrel was lying on the ground and when the woman of the house came out, the Marshal put the chicken behind him and held up the squirrel for her to see. We had chicken that night that the Marshal had killed.

I attended school in a house built of sod. It was sixty feet long and thirty feet wide. We had benches to sit on but no desks to write on. Our slates had to be held in our laps. We had three months of school—all the district could afford. Mrs. Deen taught our school; their homestead was next to ours and she was paid $20 a month for teaching fifty-five pupils.

THERE was a family next to our homestead on the north by the name of Clark. There were eight kids in the family and four of us. We were together most of the time. Tragedy struck right after we had an Indian scare.

A white man was hunting on Indian land. An Indian shot the man's dog and the man shot the Indian, who in turn shot the white man. The Indians got on a rampage and we thought they were coming our way. One of the Clark boys loaded a gun, and did not unload it. A while later the two boys were home alone one day.

One said, "Let's play deer."

The other boy said, "You run and I'll shoot." And he shot his brother.

They buried him on the corner of their homestead. The younger boy did not get over it for a long time.

WHEN I was nineteen years old, my folks started raising wheat. We hauled the wheat to Enid about thirty-nine miles east of us. We would get twenty-five cents a bushel. My uncle had a homestead a half mile from our place. A bunch of us boys would gather together there and play cards. We played partners and the one that got beat would have to rustle some chickens to put on a feed.

The Clark boy and I got stuck. So we went to a bachelor's place and got four hens and cooked them. This man was playing cards with us. He was laughing about us getting them and we were laughing about him eating his own hens. I saw him the next day. He told me someone had stolen his chickens. I told him, "You darned fool, you helped eat them!" He was a good sport and took it in fun.

I got a job herding cattle. There were 400 head, all wild as the devil. As long as you were on the horse you were all right but if you were afoot they would take after you or stampede. They were Texas Longhorns and I got thirty-five cents a day to herd them. I had to ride all day to keep them out of the homesteaders' corn patches but it was fun.

The man I herded for was a bachelor. He could not read or write. He had a girl friend and I would write his letters to her, and read hers to him. He had gone away from home when he was ten years old and had punched cattle all his life.

In the fall of 1901 my uncle and I took a covered wagon and drove to Herman, Nebraska. We would stop and pick corn and get a few dollars and move on. We got to my Grandfather Kessler's that winter, then went on to my uncle's place. It was cold. That was my first trip from home and I got so homesick I almost died. During the blizzards I had to go out and snap corn to feed 100 head of cattle.

I came home in the spring; Dad and I rented some land and put in a big crop. I was going with a little blonde girl and we were going to get married, but it rained so much there was no crop. I decided I couldn't support a wife, so we called it off. She went to Alva, Oklahoma, and I never saw her again.

Another boy and I went to Oklahoma City and worked on a railroad for $1.25 a day and boarded ourselves. We didn't make much so we decided to trade for a cello and bass fiddle.

Andy was a good player. We camped by the road and played. People would gather and get up a dance and we would play for it. We would get $1.50 to $3.00. Some would bring moonshine whiskey and get into a fight, but nobody was hurt. We had lots of fun.

They started a town two miles north. There were three grocery stores, one bank, a lumber yard, one hotel, a drug store, a meat market, a schoolhouse and dance hall. I was the manager of the dances. One night I got in a fight with a fellow. He was going to throw me out of the hall window. I hit him over the head with a chair and knocked him out cold. It almost broke up the dance.

This dance lasted until daylight and I got home in time to get the team ready for the threshing machine. I scooped wheat all day in the bin. I would get one wagon empty, and there was another one ready. I never put in such a day, I almost played out.

I went back in 1946 and there was nothing left of the town; all the buildings were moved away to Fairview, three miles away.

Things went along pretty smooth. Then the Miller Brothers at the 101 Ranch in Oklahoma put on a show. They had bucking horses and races every day. There were thousands of people there.

On Sunday, the boys would gather at our place, ride horses and cattle, and get bucked off in a cactus patch. We would pick stickers out all week, then do it all over again the next Sunday. As we got older, we got some nice horses and buggies. I had a team of ponies, all white with black ears. They were well matched. We would go to literary and spelling bees and box suppers. We used to race on the way home. My team wouldn't let anyone pass them. They would cut across the road ahead of another team to keep it from passing; it was quite exciting at times.

We traded Will Rogers a pony. He wanted it for some kid. Will Rogers would trade horses with anyone that he could around Ardmore. He could handle a rope better than anyone. He would ride a horse, go out to some campers' and trade horses with them.

I farmed my last year in Oklahoma. I broke up forty acres of sod and put in broomcorn. It was a good price, but the buyers would not buy because they couldn't get any cars to ship it in. This was the last straw. I sold my new buggy for $45.00 and took a train for Seattle, Washington. It took seven days and nights.

I had to get a job as I was broke and hungry. This was 1906. I got a job driving a team and hauling lumber around

(Continued on page 46)

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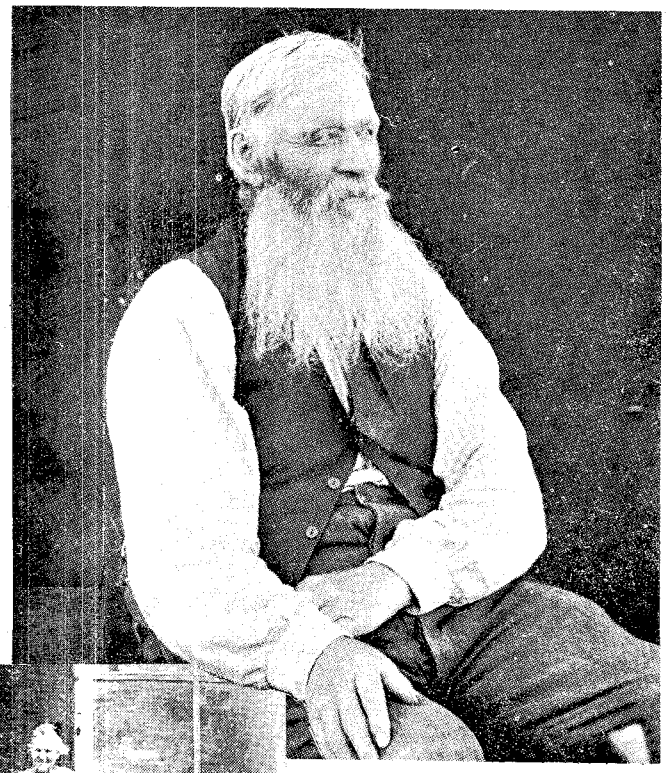
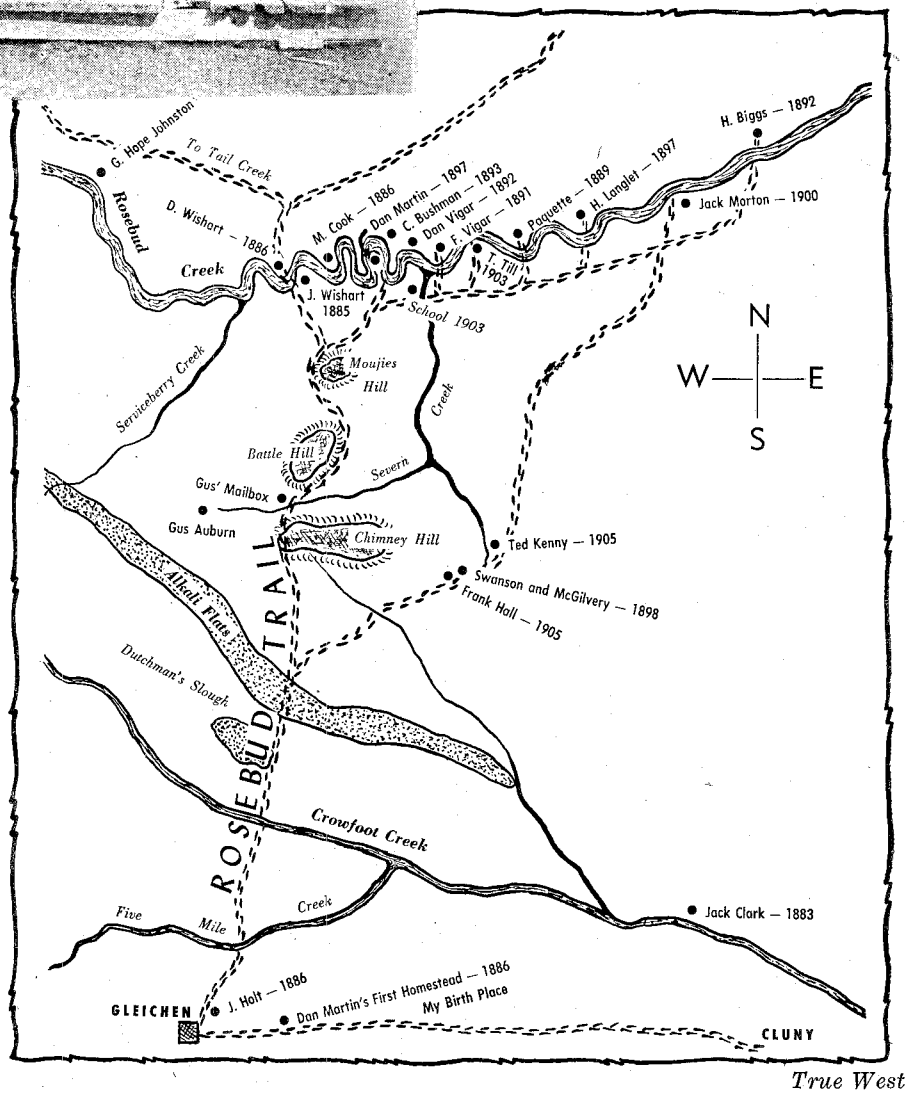


Jim Wishart
first Rosebud settler

Above, Dave Wishart in 1886, with wife Maude and daughter Florence held by Lizzie Tait. Right, Mary Wishart's Redland store.

The area from Gleichen to Rosebud Creek, showing locations of various homesteads.



High Eagle
Historian of the Redbud District

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Wishart of the OXCART BRIGADE

He spent two nights and a day in a snowbank existing on flour and snow; his horse was frozen solid—and Jim was ten long miles from home!

By JOHN J. MARTIN

Photos from
THE ROSEBUD TRAIL by John J. Martin

JAMES (JIM) WISHART was born in the Orkney Islands, off the north coast of Scotland, on August 19, 1830. He came to Canada to the Selkirk Settlement on the Red River with his parents, at the age of five. (The settlement had been established in 1812 by Douglas Selkirk.) Jim's parents, however, soon left for the Black Hills, South Dakota, to seek their fortune in gold.

Others of the settlement also joined the covered wagon caravan, which was never seen again. The Black Hills was dangerous Sioux Indian territory, where Chief Sitting Bull and his warriors held out against the U. S. Army. It was said that white men, posing as Indians, were digging for gold and that they were the ones who disposed of the newcomers. It is not known how many of the Wisharts lost their lives on this ill-fated trip, but Jim and his younger sister had been left in the care of an uncle who reared them, and thus, they became the only survivors of the Wishart family in Canada.

At an early age Jim went to work for the Hudson's Bay Company, driving river boats on the Nelson River from "York Factory" on the west side of Hudson Bay, down the Hayes River to Norway House, and thence to the Red River Settlement, and Fort Gary. The Hudson's Bay trading post at York Factory was headquarters for the Company's fur trade with the Indians. Each year, late in the summer, their boats worked their way through the ice floes with goods to trade for raw furs and pemmican.

Tons of furs and buffalo hides were brought to the post in the York boats, in convoys of five or more, each carrying several tons of cargo, with a crew of five to eight men. Some furs came from Peace River and Great Bear Lake by way of dog team, carts and boats. The furs were piled in a large stockade, baled into big bundles by a wooden press, and tied with rope in readiness for shipment to England. During the long winters at the Bay the men worked in the shops making boats and other things used in the fur trade. For this reason the post was named York Factory.

The Indians used birchbark canoes which often got punctured on jagged rocks; they were repaired with pieces of bark and melted gum. The light canoes had the advantage over the heavy boats, however, when it was necessary to carry them around many of the rapids, some of which were ten miles long. While some of the men carried the boats upside-down over their heads, others carried the cargo on their backs. It was possible to carry nearly 200 pounds at a time, on a short move.

A portage strap around the forehead was used and, bent forward, the men made their way through mud and brush, living at times on pemmican and tea—all this for only $1.00 a twelve-hour day. (Some of the portages were made by using long poles and tow lines.) The mosquitoes were almost unbearable, and men slept out in the open on spruce boughs and fought flies all night.

The cargo for trade with the natives consisted of tea, flour, sugar, pails, kettles, calico, gunshot and powder, knives, hatchets, copper arrowheads, and the famous Hudson's Bay blankets and coats. To make a fair exchange of goods was no easy job. The muzzle-loader cost about ten beaver pelts (we were told sixty years ago that some traders demanded a stack of pelts as high as the gun when standing on end). A beaver skin bought a pound of gunshot or powder, beads, and tobacco, the latter being of poor quality; what it was made of is not known, but it might not have been as poor as the old pigtail stuff, which came to Alberta from the U. S. back in the 1870s and '80s to be traded for buffalo robes. A few drinks of "Trader's Whisky" flattened the best of the natives out and a tin cupful was traded for one robe. However, the Hudson's Bay Company had kegs of good rum which they handed out when a band of Indians, laden with fur to barter, arrived at York Factory.

JIM married Eliza Flett of the Red River Settlement, about the year 1852; ten children were born to the union, four girls and six boys. Jim fought in the Red River rebellion in 1869, and was given land at Portage La Prairie for his services. In 1883 he shipped west to Gleichen, as he thought the No. 14 Siding (not yet named) was the end of the steel; from Gleichen, with oxcart, the family treked over the Rosebud Trail to Red Deer Settlement, all walking beside the carts.

The Mounted Police boarded with the Wishart girls. Jenny, the eldest, told me that they had very few hen eggs to feed them, so to ease the shortage she and Mary donned overalls, waded out in the sloughs, and gathered mud hen eggs. The latter made very good cakes even if the yolks were a bright yellow, and the Police were none the wiser.

Then Jim heard about Montana, the country where the pastures were greener. Times were hard and the prospect of making a living was poor, so in June the family headed south. They went by way of Ghost Pine Lake, where the ghost of an Indian chief stood guard to warn his people against repetition of the mass slaughter by enemy tribes—an assault which had cost his life.

The ox brigade, tired from the long trek on foot, camped on Rosebud Creek for a few days. One morning Jim got up very early to continue the trip to Montana. The rising sun shone down the valley upon thousands of budding wild roses; wild honey bees were gathering nectar. To Jim, the scenery was just beautiful, the best he had seen; turning to Eliza who was building the campfire, he said, "This is too good to leave; here is the promised land; we go no farther!" So they built a house beside the stream where it still stands today, and the Rosebud district received its first white settler.

Jim was an expert axe-man and built many of the log houses in the Rosebud area. From a coulee six miles away he hauled a set of logs, two at a time in his Red River cart, for his first house. High Eagle, an Indian who was his best friend, told him where to find the logs, and what he told Jim about landmarks and other things forms the base of Rosebud history.

In 1883 while traveling the travois trail from Gleichen, Jim thought he would see buffalo, but all that was left were bones, wallows, and rubbing stones. He also claimed to have seen the whisky carts on their way to Tail Creek; the old crossing at Tail Creek was about the only ford on Red Deer River for miles, and was used by the early travelers, perhaps Anthony Henday.

ON January 14, 1887, Jim started for Gleichen to get supplies. He was driving a pair of Indian ponies, Grey and John, hitched to a homemade sleigh. It was clear and cold and the sundogs touched the snow at the horizon. Thirty-five miles of trackless waste covered with a blanket of sparkling snow lay ahead, with not a human living along the trail, which took about eight hours to cover. The next morning Jim said he had to start back home early, in order to get there before dark.

At Vic Beaupre's store he got his mail and supplies and was about to leave when a Blackfoot Indian, Crane Bear, said, "Do not go! A bad storm is on its way, Na-pi (the sun) has turned Natou's Apiskumi (the dogs) out to warm up, a sure sign that Es-Tonea-Pesta, who lives in a big snow teepee in the north, is causing a blizzard to sweep the plains. He is the maker of snowstorms, cold weather, and the biting winds. Beware Jim, do not go!"

Beaupre said, "Indians know more about the weather than we think they do!"

But Jim had faced a lot of storms, and he was clad in a buffalo coat and cap,

(Continued on page 56)

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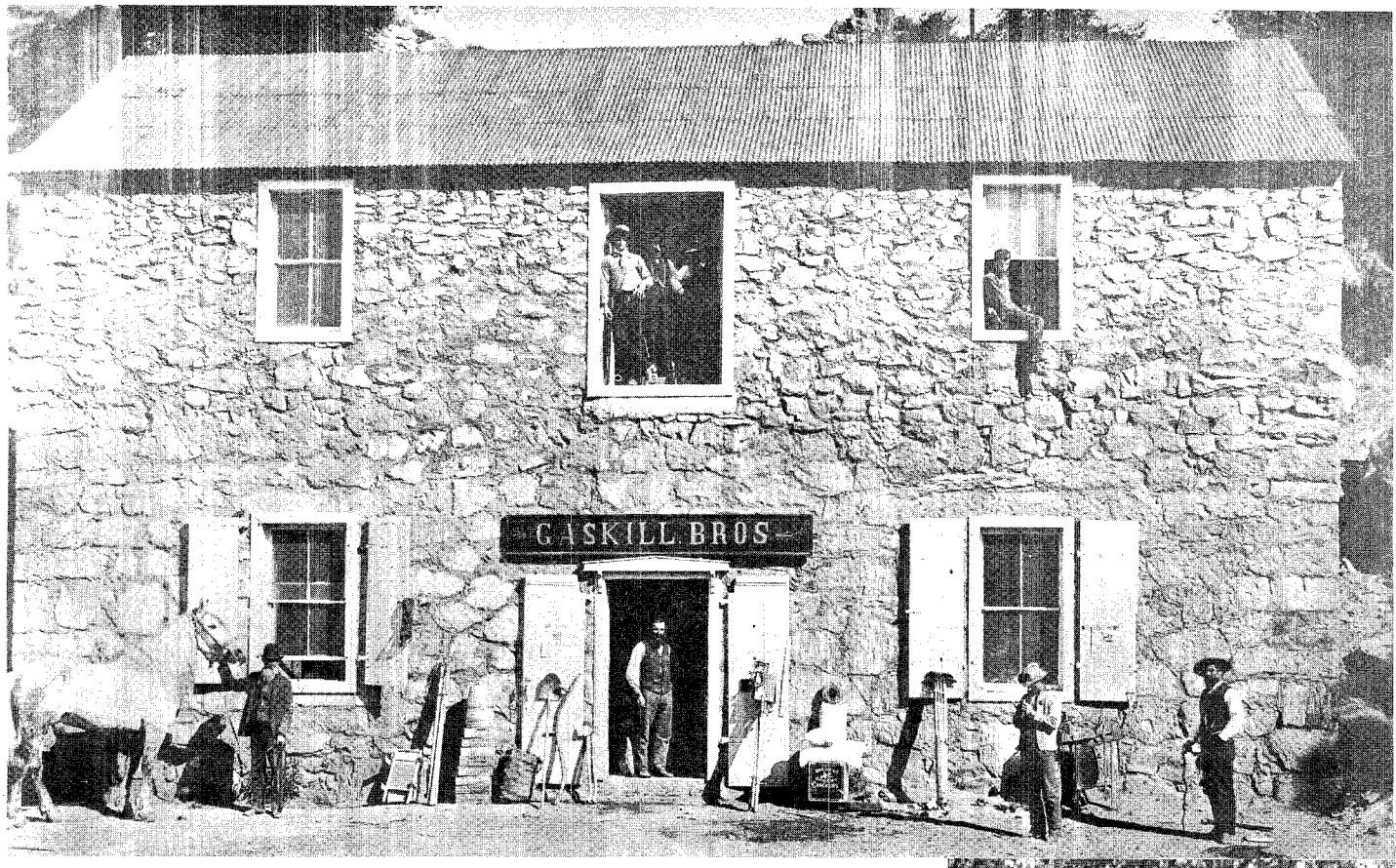

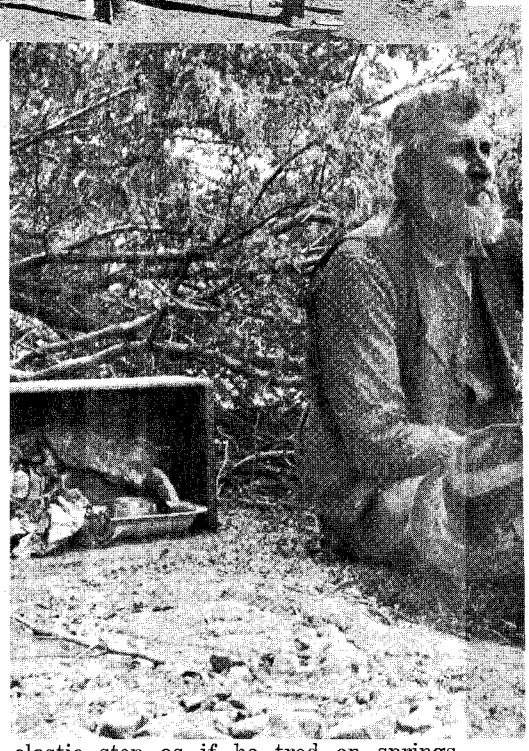

The Gaskill Brothers' Store, above, was a busy and prosperous place. Luman Gaskill, at right, took a bullet in the lung during the gun battle.

Courtesy Historical Collection
Union Title Insurance Company
San Diego, California

GUN BATTLE AT CAMPO

By William Thyrde

THE Gaskill brothers, Silas and Luman, built their general store in San Diego County in southern California like a fortress. There were slits for rifles, iron shutters, a cast iron roof, and walls of stone four feet thick.

On a bright crisp morning, December 4, 1875, the fortress-like store was the scene of one of the deadliest gun battles of the West. Seven desperadoes, led by Cruz Lopez, planned to kill the brothers and loot their prosperous store for supplies. All seven paid with their lives, one being killed on the spot, while six fled to die of their wounds. Even though wounded, both Gaskill brothers survived to live out their lives into old age.

Silas was busy in the blacksmith shop, putting an iron rim on a wagon wheel. Luman was sweeping up the store and chatting with a sheep-shearer. The mounted outlaws rode up. Lopez dismounted and with two of his men strode into the store. Luman stood behind the counter. Lopez pointed to a coil of rope and asked to see it.

As Luman reached for the coil, Lopez drew his six-shooter on the co-owner of the store. Luman ducked under the counter and grabbed his shotgun, with Lopez firing upon him as he did. One bullet pierced his lung. The gun battle was blazing away. Silas grabbed his shotgun and ran into the store to his brother's side. One of the outlaws fired on Silas, sending a bullet through his shoulder; while Silas poured fatal gunfire into his attacker.

A man, known only as "a Frenchman," was coming to the store for his mail when he came upon the gun battle. He fired the shots into Lopez, from which he died later. A telegrapher, Jack Kelly, coming down the road, also joined in the fight. In their flight, the desperadoes abandoned two of their gang and they were later found dead.

The significance of the gun battle was that it wiped out Lopez's plans to organize a gang and begin widespread operations. It was reported that there were a number of badmen ready to join him as soon as he could outfit them.

The Gaskill brothers did not lose a cent in the attempted robbery. Their fortress-like store still stands as a historical site, a memorial to two brothers who met the outlaws and bullet-whipped them.

WHO WAS JOHN DAY?

THIS subject has been given much attention and a large variety of answers. History indicates that he died at least twice, and some records show that he died in four different locations! There is no proof that he left any relations, no record that he ever had a wife or sweetheart, and historians are not certain to which Day family in Virginia he belonged.

Four people named John Day were born in the same county about the time of our John Day, all from different families and we do not know which one of these four came West. The following story is based on known facts. Some of it may be true.

John Day was a hunter from the backwoods of Virginia. He had been in the service of a Mr. Crooks for several years. When he arrived in Oregon, he was 40 years of age, six-feet two-inches high and straight as an Indian, with an elastic step as if he trod on springs. Day was a handsome man with an "open manly countenance." It was his boast that in his younger days nothing could hurt or daunt him, but he had lived too fast and injured his constitution by his excesses. Still he was strong of hand, bold of heart, a prime woodsman, and an almost unerring shot.

John Day was engaged by the Wilson Price Hunt or Overland Party of the Pacific Fur Company (Astorians) as one of the hunters in the fall of 1810. They were to cross the Plains and the Rocky Mountains during 1811 and arrive in Astoria during the winter or early spring of 1812.

John Day's early intemperance evidently incapacitated him for the extreme hardships of this journey. In December,

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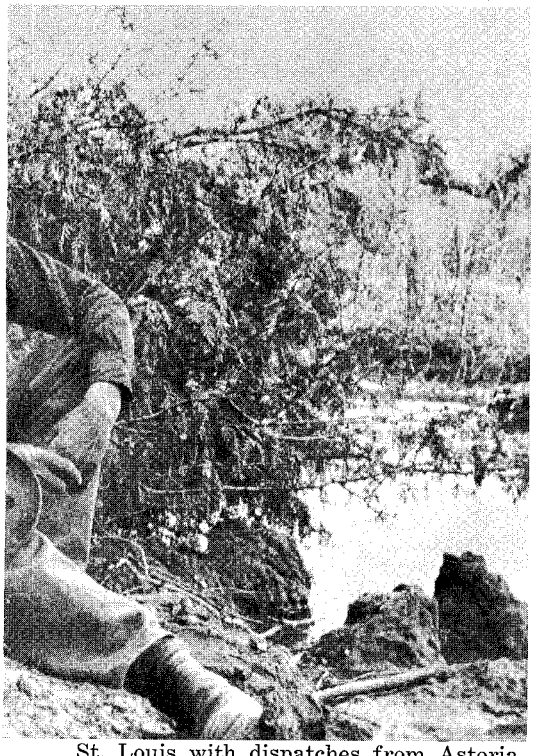
Wild Old Days!

1811, he gave out and his life was saved only by the fact that Ramsay Crooks remained behind with him at an Indian camp near Weiser, Idaho.

The following spring, Crooks and Day made their way across the Blue Mountains to the Columbia River and were attacked by Indians, robbed, and left naked near the mouth of what is now known as the John Day River, thirty miles east of The Dalles. After the attack, the white men started back to the friendly Walla Walla country when they met Robert Stuart's party going to Astoria. They reached their destination in early May. (The river received its name due only to the fact that John Day was attacked there. The city and valley used the river name.)

On the 29th of June of the same year, John Day was assigned to accompany Robert Stuart back across the Plains to



St. Louis with dispatches from Astoria. During the night of July 2, while encamped near Wapato Island, John Day suddenly became deranged and the following morning attempted to commit suicide. He ran away from the party and wandered through the woods until he died. (This was his first recorded death.)

Mr. Irving, on pages 111-112 of Volume Two of *Astoria* stated that at this point he was sent back to Astoria but "his constitution was completely broken by the hardships he had undergone and he died within a year." (This was his second death.)

With this reference by Mr. Irving, John Day's name disappears from the writings of the Pacific Fur Company's and North-West Company's careers upon the Columbia River. We have not found any proof to verify statements that he retired from his associates and died in a hunter's cabin on the banks of the large creek which empties into the Columbia a few miles above Tongue Point. Yet for years it has been mapped and known as John Day Creek. (Death number three.)

John Day's name was not mentioned again until 1814 when a "brigade" of ten canoes containing nearly eighty men left Astoria bound for Athabasca Pass. The names of the party were all listed by Alex Henry in his journal and one entry is "Passenger, Joshua Day." There was no such person among the gentlemen of either company in Astoria, therefore some conclude that Joshua Day and John Day were one and the same person.

Our next record of John Day is contained in the journal of Alex Ross, Hudson's Bay Company, Snake River Country, 1823-24. It reads, "Went up to headwaters of the river. This is the defile where in 1819 died John Day." Day's defile is a mountain valley which heads in the Salmon River Mountains of Central Idaho. (This was death number four and is considered by most people to be the last, and correct.)

John Day left a "Lawful Will and Testament," giving all his property to Donald MacKenzie, and all his ready cash to Miss Rachel MacKenzie.

Even though history does not show it, John Day must have been an outstanding man. Wherever he went, a creek, valley or river was named after him.—*Courtesy Grant County Museum, Canyon City, Oregon.*

DINK AND THE HAT

By Walter Gann

WHILE my pappy was attentive to his work and business, he got some fun out of life as he went along. He liked to joke and play pranks on his friends. If one of the pranks backfired now and then, he enjoyed that, too, and he liked to tell about it. He always said that he, at least, got the first laugh—as in the case of Dink and the hat.

When my mother's brother, Jack, was about twenty years old, he was working for Papa on his ranch in the south end of Coleman County, Texas. He wasn't being paid very much for his work, either. No cowhand in those days got good wages. Thirty dollars a month was tops and not more than one out of ten drew that much.

Boys from the cotton fields in the east working as ranchhands with aspirations of becoming bona fide cowboys were a dime a dozen. The wage scale ranged downward to as low as $15 a month. Professional bronco busters were in a class of their own and they got the highest pay of all. Considering the hazards of their calling, they weren't paid enough—whatever it was.

One day while Papa and Uncle Jack were riding along together, they happened to be crossing a strip of burned prairie. Ashes from the burned grass lay thick upon the ground. Uncle Jack twisted around in his saddle back and forth, stuttered and stammered, and then he came out with it.

"Oll," he said, "I'm not satisfied with the wages you're paying me. I think I'll make a change. Ike Mullin offered me a job breaking horses the other day. I can make two or three times more there than I'm making here."

Ike Mullin ran a horse ranch out across the Colorado in Concho County. His horses had a reputation of being salty and it took a clean sitter to ride them.

"That would be fine—except for one thing," Papa hedged. "You can't ride those Mullin horses."

"Oh yes," Uncle Jack replied confidently. "I can ride 'em all right. Maybe I can ride better than you think I can."

That day Uncle Jack was riding a little cross-bred horse they called Dink. He had the quick action reflexes and devilish traits of his wild mustang mother, and some of the muscular power of his gentler thoroughbred sire. He was a crackerjack cow pony, but sort of skittish and quick on the trigger—as Uncle Jack found out.

"Why, you can't even ride Dink," Papa chided.

"Ha!" Uncle Jack laughed. "Sure, I can ride Dink. If I couldn't ride *him*, I'd take down my sign!"

Papa was wearing a brand new hat. It was a gorgeous, wide-brimmed, silver-colored Stetson. It had a fancy braided chin strap to keep it from blowing away in case a high wind lifted it off his head. It cost $15 which, in those days, would buy a lot of good hats. He was also carrying a long cow whip draped in coils over his saddle horn.

While they were riding along, talking about what Uncle Jack could, or couldn't ride, Papa was tying the cracker-tail of his whip into the chin strap of his hat. When Uncle Jack said he would take down his sign if he couldn't ride Dink, Papa swung his hat down between Dink's front legs.

Dink exploded and took to the air like a sky rocket. He sunfished, crawfished and cut about every kind of a caper that a pitching horse could do. About the third or fourth jump, Uncle Jack joined the eagles.

"He went so high that a bluebird nested in his shirt tail before he hit the ground," Papa said.

Then Dink went running away so fast that stirrups on the saddle, as a feller says, "was flyin' in the breeze." In the stampede, Dink's feet and legs got tangled in the whip and jerked it out of Papa's hand. As he went curving off to catch the flying Dink, he looked back and hollered for Uncle Jack to get his hat and whip.

Papa had to run Dink a mile or more

(Continued on page 50)

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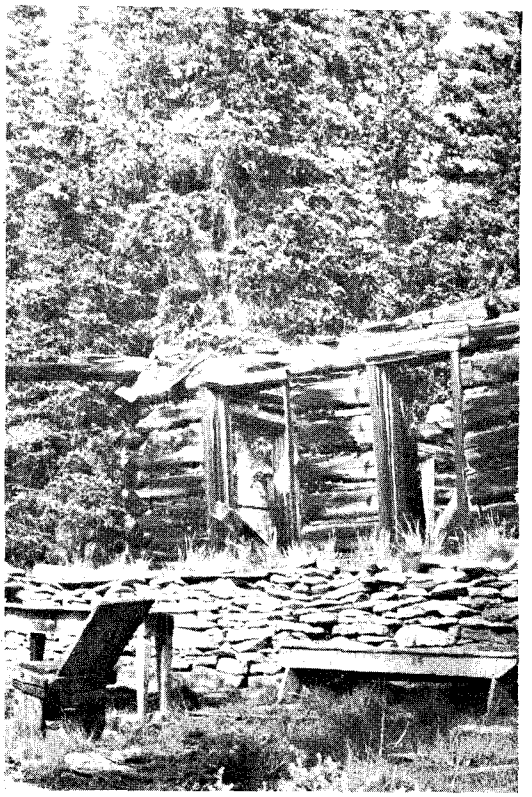
THE TOWN THE GHOSTS FORGOT

By VAUN BENJAMIN

Photos Courtesy Author



Sacramento was the falling star of the gold towns and her ashes are the coldest on the Mosquito Range

IN central Colorado lies a group of mountains with the provocative name of Mosquito Range. Scattered along its slopes are towns whose names have gone down in history. These include Leadville, and across the "hills," Fairplay and Breckenridge.

In the canyons, gullies and valleys are ghost towns and cabins that are but dim reminders of those gold and silver heydays. Again names roll off the tongues of native Coloradoans—names like Leavick, Horseshoe, Dudley, Mosquito, Kokomo, Mullensville and a hundred others.

There is one name, however, that isn't heard—the name of a town that even the ghosts have forgotten. It lies only about seven miles from Fairplay, but even those residents have forgotten it in the ninety years since the town boomed. At least a quarter-million dollars in silver came out of its mines in the first two years of operation. One specimen ran 7,000 ounces to the ton, but the story of this town isn't even told in the ghost town books of Colorado.

Several cabins still stand in the heavy timber on the site of Sacramento, but the old wagon road into the town from Fairplay has vanished after almost a century of disuse. To reach the ruins, you face a stiff and rugged climb up from the Sacramento Creek bottom. The old town looks out over the South Platte Valley from an altitude of 11,250 feet.

The discovery was made by men coming over the Mosquito Range from Leadville. They wanted to prospect the area, since the same geological formations extended through the range into the Fairplay and Alma region. The records show that October 22, 1878, was the day the discovery was made and the claims filed in Fairplay, county seat of Park County.

The original locators and founders of the Sacramento Mining Company were Charles W. Dwelle, a well-known bridge builder from St. Louis, with William M. Tobie, Daniel B. Mullen, Napoleon P. Laduc and Caleb J. Birdzell. The town was named after the company, although there were several other adjoining claims.

The first buildings were erected in early 1879 after the corporation was capitalized for $100,000. This capitalization was later increased to $2 million.

On March 13, 1879, the Fairplay *Flume*, a local newspaper in the area, reported "company is driving the east drift through very fine bodies of mineral. Have very substantial buildings, blacksmith shop and ore houses. The main tunnel is driven north 85 feet. . . . Character of the ore is similar to that of Leadville."

A two-story boarding house was built to house the many workers and miners. At first it was just a log cabin, but later two log wings of one story were added. The second floor has since collapsed, and the stairs now climb up to nowhere. In the front yard of the boarding house ruins there now sits only a handmade rocking chair, table and bench. In the back yard there is still a root cellar or storage house, constructed in the side of a hill.

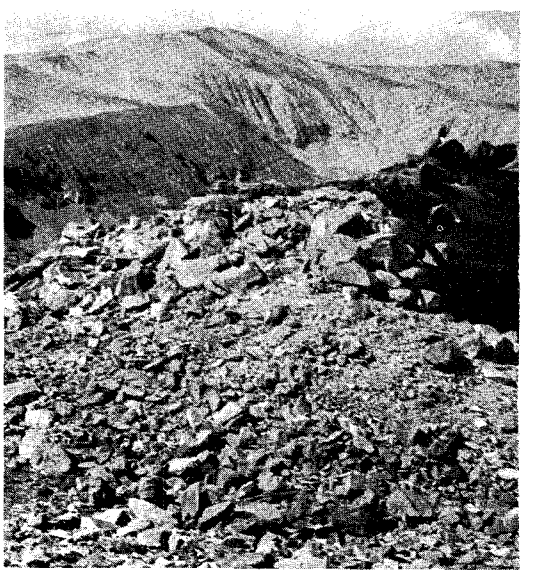
Lying in a straight line across a clearing are the remains of other buildings. One of these was the two-story frame dwelling that was the main office of the Sacramento Company. Upstairs were apartments for its officers. That building is now a pile of weather-worn lumber. A dormer lies on the ground and stares out over the town with its one empty eye.

MINING operations didn't begin in earnest until about July, 1879. In August of that year the local paper again reported, "Five new cabins went up in Sacramento Park last week, making a total of 15 houses." The same story reported a nugget valued at more than $100 being taken from the new tunnel.

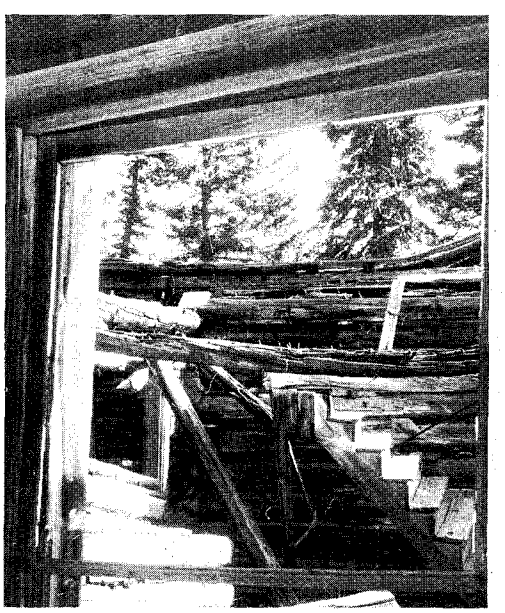
The area immediately around the townsite was rich in silver, but it was in pockets. In February, 1880, the night shift of the Sacramento hit a pocket that averaged 1,500 ounces of silver to the ton. During that one shift the men mined $7,000 in silver. It was a few weeks after this that a well-known mining man, John W. Plummer, was named superintendent.

The town held at least 100 persons at one time, with between 60 and 75 men

(Continued on page 62)



The miner's cabin (above) is in a good state added insulation against the biting winds ab the old boarding house. Two cabins about



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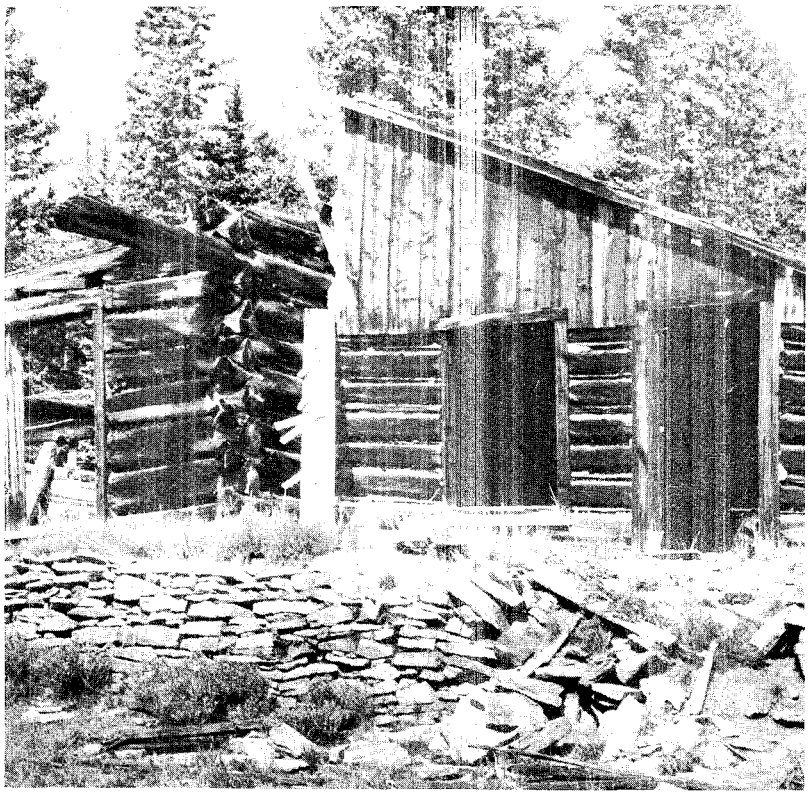
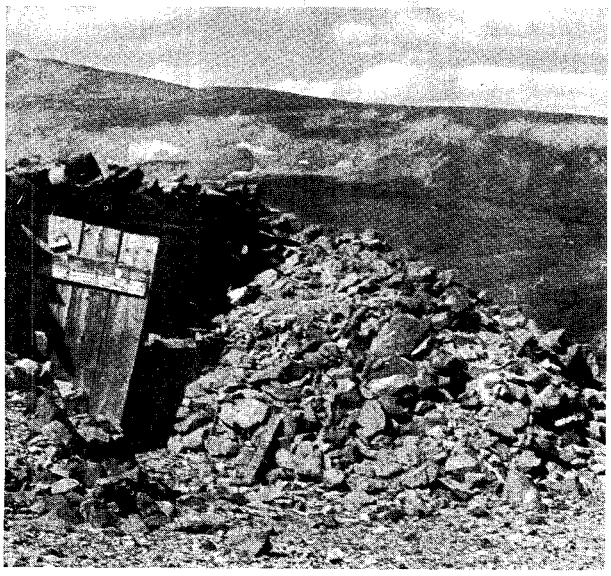


Left, the two-story boarding house built in 1879 is now but a shell. A handmade rocking chair, table and bench stand forlornly in the front yard. A miner's cabin, insulated with rocks (above) overlooks Sacramento from above the timberline. Below, one of the best preserved cabins in Sacramento.



preservation. Notice the rock piled around all walls for the timberline. Below left, stairway to nowhere inside feet from the main street (below right) face South e Valley.

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Chili Bean

This mule wasn't cut out to make a cotton crop. He had a harem waiting down in the Sulphur River Bottoms!

THE WORD "outlaw" has somehow always fascinated me, although I have nothing in common with an outlaw. And I guess about the worst act I ever pulled was taking a few watermelons from the neighbor's patch. This story I am about to tell is about an outlaw—not a badman but a mule, better known in Red River County, Texas, as "Chili Bean."

On Christmas day, 1932, my family and I left Henderson, Texas, in a covered wagon, drawn by two ratty mules, bound for Boxelder, Texas. Dad had lost his job with an oil company and, being unable to find any more work, had decided to move to the country. Grandpa Jones had died leaving a small farm about six miles east of Boxelder, and this was to be our destination. Before leaving Henderson Dad had bought two cows which my brother and I drove on foot behind the wagon.

On January 1, we arrived at our new home, a broke-down old four-room house, with no paint and a big fireplace in one room. Even though I was only twelve years old at that time, it sure didn't look like I expected it to. But with a little fixing up we made out very well until spring. And that's about when Dad decided he needed another mule.

After looking around for awhile he ran into a man by the name of Van Minter, who had a mule for sale. The only catch was the mule was loose in Sulphur River Bottom and the man hadn't seen him for about two years. But Mr. Minter said if Dad wanted to take the chance that the mule was still living he would take $15.00 for him, and Dad could catch him. After asking a few questions about the mule, Dad paid the man off. He had bought him a mule "sight unseen."

Now it seems that this mule came to Texas from Oklahoma with a train load of others of which he was the only one still living at that time. He was twenty some-odd years old, coal black in color, weighed about 800 pounds, and was named Chili Bean. He hadn't been worked in about six years and even before that, a fellow had to be constantly on guard to keep from being kicked, pawed or bit. Most of this information came after Dad had done forked over the fifteen bucks.

It was said that four young men had once taken some extra horses down in Sulphur Bottom to help in catching Chili Bean. Two men would run him until their horses were winded, then the other two men would take up the chase on fresh horses. This chase lasted all day and about sundown that evening, Chili Bean became so winded that the men could ride up behind him and spit a stream of tobacco juice on his hips. But there wasn't a man out of the four that had nerve enough to drop a loop around his neck. They went back home empty-handed.

Up until now we had never heard of Chili Bean. It seemed that everyone in the country knew him and they all had a fantastic story to tell about him. But I later learned to never doubt anything I was told about that mule. Now he belonged to us and it was up to us to catch him.

ON EASTER Sunday Dad, my younger brother and I left home for Sulphur Bottom on foot, for by now we only had one old blue mule at home. Sulphur River was about thirty-five miles south of home so we went prepared to stay four or five days. We carried plenty of rope to handle Chili Bean with if we could manage to get one on him.

That night found us well down in the timber of Sulphur Bottom. We camped at dark, and was up early the next morning looking for that mule. We walked all day without seeing but about a half-dozen cows. And all we'd found was a big horse bell that had "P. H." cut on one side with a file, which we found out later belonged to Pad Harris, a man who lived across the Bottom at a small community called Sugar Hill. Harris had a bunch of mares in Sulphur Bottom, which he was raising colts from.

On our second evening, about dark, we came upon a house built away back in the timber. There was a good-looking barn and corrals. It turned out that a Negro by the name of Wheeler Love lived there. Right then I thought of what I had heard about a month before about Wheeler Love.

It seems that they were having a big picnic somewhere around there. And when the shindig was over, Wheeler had rode up beside his son-in-law and reached over and cut his throat with a razor. The son-in-law made it to the yard gate at the house, dismounted and staggered to the porch where he died. Now there I stood, there on that same porch, and there was a big dark spot on the floor which I took to be bloodstains, whether it was or not.

But Wheeler treated us mighty good. We was getting kinda low on bread so Wheeler's old lady cooked us up a big batch of biscuits to take with us. It was making up a big black cloud in the west, so we camped close to Wheeler's place that night so we could use his barn in case it started raining.

Well, on this trip we walked for five days, and we didn't see hide nor hair of that darn mule. On the morning of the fifth day it started raining, one of them spells when it don't look like it will let up for a week, and we was out of grub. Dad said, "Let's head for home."

Along about the middle of the evening we came upon an old lean-to shed built out of handmade shakes. We was soaking wet and I was so hungry my belly thought my throat was cut. So we built a fire under this old shed. About the time we started drying out a little, my brother Paul took one of them old malarial chills. If you never had one of them chills, you don't know what you have missed. There ain't a blue West Texas norther that can make your bones rattle and your teeth pop like one of them chills can.

Along about then two riders came by and stopped to warm by our fire. It happened they had a half-gallon of moonshine whiskey, so we poured a good slug of it down Paul and then Dad and I helped ourselves to the jar and soon we was all feeling better. We put out the fire and took off in the rain again. We made it to a man's place by the name of Walter Fletcher about one o'clock that night and went on home the following morning.

WE LAID around home for a few days and rested up a little, then Dad and I went back to the Bottom. On this trip we left Paul at home for he was still having chills and fever. We went farther down the river this trip, and on the second morning we saw a few horses on the other side back in the timber a few yards. We thought we could make out a mule in the bunch but wasn't sure.

Now rather than swim the river, we decided to go about a mile downstream to a place known as Hart's Bluff. This place was only a large farm worked by Negroes. Just before going onto the river bridge you had to go through a big corral. We was thinking we might be able to drive the mule and a few of those old mares across the bridge and into the corral.

We made our way up the south side of the river to where we saw the horses and had no trouble determining if Chili Bean was in the bunch. There he was, and there wasn't any mistaking him. Just like we had been told—coal black, about 800 pounds, and a tail so long it touched the ground. His mane hung below the bottom of his neck, and a long foretop hung over his eyes. His head was held high like a spirited race horse.

Just to look at him, a fellow would guess his age at about four years old. Now two things about this mule was very noticeable; one was the fact that almost ever breath he would give a shrill whistle through his nose that could easily be heard a mile, and the other was that he had a small twig hung on the end of his tail, and almost ever step he took, he would kick with one foot or the other. If he wasn't a cocky-looking thing, I never saw the like. But he didn't seem to

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By W. S. JONES

Illustrated by Jim Bruner

be afraid of us, and would let us walk up within a 100 feet of him.

Right about now, something happened that if I hadn't witnessed it with my own eyes, I doubt if anyone would have ever made me believe it. Dad had brought a small sack of salt along just for this occasion. So he took his rope and tied one end to a large sapling. Then, stretching the rope out to an old log, he made a loop on the ground about five feet in diameter. Salt was poured out on the log and we got back ready to jerk the loop up on Chili Bean's front feet when he came up to lick. All the old mares came up and took a few laps at the salt but the mule stayed back until all the mares had moved away. Then he came up, smelled of the rope, and placing his feet at the edge of the loop, he then stretched his neck over and licked salt to his heart's content, and never once put a foot inside the loop.

After this little trick failed we decided to try driving the whole bunch to Hart's Bluff. If we could get them to cross the bridge we had him. Apparently they was used to crossing the bridge for they drove as nice as you please right on down, and started across the bridge, when a Negro that was fishing across the river moved, and that's all it took.

That mule wheeled and went back past us before we knew what was happening. The last we saw of him he was headed on out through the timber, his head held high and to one side, looking just as cocky as he possibly could. Well, that was that. We knew we would never get that to work again.

While we was trying to figger our next move, we decided to build a fire and boil a pot of coffee and eat a few biscuits and salt side. And it was while we was doing this, that a man came up riding a big buggy box. We asked him down for a cup of coffee and while he was having his, Dad told him our business. Seeing that we was afoot, he got a kinda crooked little grin on his face and told us in a polite way that we was stupid.

His name was John Riddle and he lived at Sugar Hill. He was in the horse business with Pad Harris. And then is when we found out who owned that horse bell we had found on our first trip. Riddle said that he and Harris had been intending to shoot that mule for a long time, but had never had a gun when they ran into him. He had been killing their colts as fast as they hit the ground. Riddle said that Chili Bean had been caught ever way that could be imagined, and said that he and Harris had caught him a few times theirselves, and they would catch him again for five dollars.

Now five dollars, to us, looked as big as a bed sheet along about then. But Dad decided it was better to be out another five on him than to lose the fifteen he had already paid. So he agreed to the deal. Riddle got our address and told us to go on home and wait until we heard from him. So once more we hoofed it back empty-handed.

AFTER WE had been back home about a week, we received a card from John Riddle, telling us that he had our mule. So Dad saddled up Blue early the next morning and lit out for Sugar Hill.

When Dad arrived at Riddle's place that afternoon, old Chili Bean was standing in the corral. About the first thing Riddle told him was, "If you got any kids at home, the best thing you can do is kill that mule before you ever take him out of that corral. Because if you don't he will kill one of your kids before you've had him a week." But Dad told him he intended to make a crop with that mule.

Then Dad wanted to know how the mule was caught. Riddle said that a couple of days after seeing us at Hart's Bluff, he and Harris got on their horses, and with a sack of salt and some lariat ropes, left out that morning in search of Chili Bean. Not long after they got in the river bottom they saw the mule and some mares away down through the timber. But the mule and mares hadn't seen them.

I don't remember which one it was now, but I will just say it was Riddle who got off his horse and taking a rope with him went on foot toward the mule, keeping behind the trees and out of sight. Soon he came to a tree about like he was looking for, so very quietly he proceeded to climb the tree to a large limb that stuck straight out at a right angle from the trunk, about fifteen feet above the ground. He then tied one end of the rope to the limb, with a loop all ready.

Harris, seeing he was fixed and ready, went riding right down through the woods as big as you please, rode up under Riddle, dismounted and whistled to the old mares, poured the sack of salt out on the ground, mounted his horse and loped off through the trees. And along now is when things really started happening.

Old Chili Bean, being used to getting his share of the salt when the mares was being salted, came right up to the tree and started licking salt and kicking those

(Continued on page 48)

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A Cabin On Price River

(Continued from page 27)

Many of Louie's tales were about a man that Louie, in his Swiss-French patois, called "Jowak" (Joe Walker). Jowak was a brother-in-law of a well-to-do rancher from farther up the river. One day this rancher's young son and a companion saw some men branding cattle on the father's land. The boys slipped up through the brush to see who it was and were captured by the branders who were Jowak and his partner.

I suppose that Jowak was averse to killing his own nephew so he compromised by tying the two boys to a tree and beating them almost to death with a cartridge belt. Eventually the boys got loose and notified the father who took his men and started on Jowak's trail. The first night the father and his men missed the trail and took a wrong road. That night, probably, Jowak and his partner, expecting pursuit, had sat up all night waiting for the pursuers. The second night, feeling safe, Jowak and his partner went to sleep. It was their last sleep. In the night the father and his men rode up on them and killed them as they lay.

Back in the Eighties an English nobleman came to Utah and established the Big Spring Ranch at a point about thirty-five miles east of Price. Louie worked for Lord Scott Elliott and had many tales of his eccentric actions. Elliott loved to drink whiskey and fight, and seemed to have the money to indulge his hobbies. I guess his Lordship did not fit in very well with his Mormon neighbors for he said to Louie, "Back in England they call me Lord Scott Elliott, but out here they call me a G— D— old S— of a B—." When he left his ranch it was reported that he was going to Tasmania to raise elephants.

ON ONE of our trips to Lower Crossing, probably in 1901 or 1902, we found that Tom Dilly was very much in the news. The local story was that the man who had been foreman of the Webster City Cattle Company when Tom Dilly worked there, had later been elected sheriff of Grand County. One day, soon after we arrived, he had been out on the range with a couple of his deputies and saw a rider duck out of sight in a suspicious manner. The sheriff rode over to see who it was. After the sheriff was out of sight the deputies heard a shot. They rushed over to the sheriff and found him dying, but trying to talk. He mumbled and they thought that he said "Dilly" before he died. The deputies knew of the bad blood between the sheriff and Dilly and they decided the sheriff had been dry-gulched.

The story was that a posse arrived near Dilly's Ranch in the night but decided to wait for daylight before moving in. Just at dawn they saw a man come out of the cabin with an axe, go down to the river, and start to build a raft. They decided that it was Dilly trying to get away so they shot and killed him. They were much chagrined to find that it was not Dilly but a stranger.

They packed the body out to the railroad where it was identified as one Flat Nose Curry. There was some mix-up on his name; some called him Bob and some George. But there was no doubt that he was one of Butch Cassidy's Hole in the Wall Gang from Wyoming, and was wanted for a recent train hold-up on the Union Pacific Railroad. The local story was that a reward of $16,500 had been offered for any member of the gang—$10,000 to be paid by the Union Pacific, $5,000 by Wells, Fargo and $1,500 by the State of Wyoming.

Incidentally, Tom Dilly was with my father at the time the sheriff was supposed to be killed and so had no trouble proving an alibi. Apparently the officers made no attempt to apprehend Dilly after they had killed Curry. That was the story and whether the reward was offered or ever paid we had no means of knowing and were not sufficiently interested to investigate.

To the north of Emery County was Carbon County which, as the name suggests, contained many large deposits of coal. The coal mines at Castle Gate, Schofield, Sunnyside and a number of other locations were owned and operated by the Utah Fuel Company which was understood to be a subsidiary of the Rio Grande Railroad. Consequently the fuel company was an important factor in the life of Carbon County.

About this time some of its officials acquired the old Lord Scott Elliott Ranch and formed a company called the Patmos Head Cattle Company. Looking around for a good cattleman to place in charge of the operation, they decided on Tom Dilly. We understood that Tom put his own cattle into the company and became a part owner in the operation. Tom moved up to the new range and we didn't see much of him around Lower Crossing after that.

In time the traditional trouble between sheepmen and cattlemen over range rights developed. When a sheepman named Chipman grazed his sheep on land where Dilly thought his company had grazing rights, Dilly went to Chipman's camp and killed Chipman and one of his herders in what most people thought was cold-blooded murder. As the shooting occurred in Carbon County, Dilly was arrested and placed in the county jail at Price. While Dilly was a prisoner, Louie Pressit visited him and reported that he found him in good spirits, playing his mouth organ, having a good rest, and not at all worried about the outcome of his trial for murder. Later developments proved that his confidence was well justified.

The Chipmans were a prominent Mormon family from American Fork, Utah. One brother of the murdered man was treasurer of the State of Utah at that time. The Chipman family put up a fight to have Dilly convicted of the murder, but the influence of the fuel company was too strong and after six weeks in jail, Dilly was tried and acquitted and released to return to his duties as manager of the Patmos Head Cattle Company.

The above events occurred while we were still in Emery County and we had more or less first-hand knowledge of them. The last events in the Dilly story took place after we had moved to Nevada and this report is based on hearsay.

The story was that, under Tom Dilly's management, the affairs of the Patmos Head Cattle Company prospered, the cows had twin calves, and eventually the company was ready to ship a trainload of cattle to the eastern market. Dilly went with the cattle, sold them, and with the money returned as far as Denver at which point both Tom and the money disappeared. *Quien sabe?*

TO AN eighteen-year-old boy, still growing and doing lots of hard work, eating was a very important part of life. I suppose that is why I remember so vividly the food that we had in our

(Continued on page 42)

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Indian Jim's drinks were "on the rocks"— nuggets of solid gold!

By
CHARLES WAYNE MATHIS

ROSEBUDS and WHISKEY and WHISTLING SPRINGS

Illustrated by Willard Ballow

THE WAGON creeped along rocky ridges over an almost impassable trail. Bright moonlight gave an eerie quality to the two men sharing a gallon crock of whiskey. Not a word was spoken. Silence was broken only by a creak of the wagon and the gurgle of whiskey down the Indian's throat.

Suddenly the gurgle stopped. He shook the jug and tried to drink again. "Ugh!" he dashed the empty jug on the rocks.

"No more whiskey, no more Jim." He jumped from the wagon and staggered into the night despite pleadings and threats from the white man in the wagon.

Once again, paleface wiles had failed to unlock the secret of one of the most fabulous free gold deposits in the Southwest.

During the Roaring Twenties, Indian Jim, pure blood Apache, worked on a railroad section gang in Clarkwood and Jerome, Arizona. Jerome was in its heyday, its rich copper mine disgorging thousands of tons of high grade ore annually.

Jim would work doggedly for his bread and butter for several weeks, then suddenly disappear from two to four days. After his return to town he would embark on a glorious drunken spree, lasting until his bulging bankroll was reduced to nothing. Sobering up, he would return to work, only to repeat the whole performance several weeks later.

The sudden enrichment of the Indian, seemingly at will, caused much talk and consternation among miners and railroad hands who frequented the same bars as Jim. Soon the talk was overheard by a Mexican named Federico Lamas. Whether it was the drinks or the knowledge he couldn't stand, he suddenly proclaimed to all, the mysterious source of Jim's money.

He related that when Jim wanted whiskey, the Indian would come to him with a pouch of gold nuggets. He, in turn, would take the gold to other towns in the area, sell it, and return the greenbacks to Jim, keeping $100 for his trouble.

Familiar with the white man's ways, he further explained, the Indian did not want it known that he was getting gold in the area; hence the selling arrangement with the Mexican. To prove his point he showed an exceptional nugget the size and shape of a fully formed rosebud and vowed that all the nuggets were between the size of a pencil eraser and the one he had shown. Most of the shipments had brought between $400 and $700.

On examining the nugget, the miners exclaimed at the ripples on it. It looked as if, when it came up from the bowels of the earth in a molten state, it had run through a very porous material and then cooled quickly, still leaving evidence of its earlier molten state.

"Boys," one of them shouted, "this came from a mother lode!" From that moment on, Indian Jim knew no peace.

ONE OF the men remembered that he had seen the Indian twice while prospecting in and around Sycamore Canyon. This canyon ends twelve miles northwest of Clarkwood, Arizona, where it empties into the Verde River, and extends about twenty-five miles north into the high timber country west of Flagstaff. Next to Grand Canyon, it is the most rugged, inaccessible, and picturesque country I have ever seen. The National Forest Service has declared it a Wilderness Area.

At the head of the canyon, springs flow up through volcanic formations and then go underground for twenty-two miles. They well up again forming a crystal clear stream which runs for three miles and empties into the Verde River. Bear, deer, and wild turkey roam through the thick timber. The great white-winged dove nests here and coveys of quail abound.

Giant red sandstone buttes are carved into thousands of shapes, from the figure of the "Great Thinker" to a miniature castle. Hundreds of small canyons coming down from the high country intersect the eroded gullies on the bottom, causing a labyrinth of twisting canyons, caves and bluffs. Lava pipes and upshoots crop up throughout the canyon.

The plentiful game, water, seclusion, and thousands of hiding places made this a favorite hideout for the Apache bands under Geronimo and his sub-chiefs. They used the canyon as late as 1876.

It is thought that Jim was with one of these bands and learned the location of the gold from the elders of the tribe. In 1924, Jim appeared to be at least sixty years old; he would have been a boy of ten or twelve when the Apaches roamed the area.

Many ruses were tried on Jim in a futile effort to find the gold. He was followed repeatedly, but had no trouble losing his pursuers in the trackless terrain. He was seen several times between Black Mountain and Casner Mountain

(Continued on page 69)

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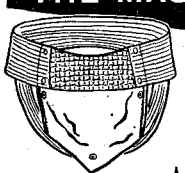

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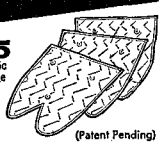

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JACK FELTS: The Pán Press, Tahlequah, Oklahoma
"In the old Cherokee Nation."

camps on the sandstone mesa down under the Red Plateau.

As Poker Pete could not be depended on for anything more elaborate than a sack of flour, we had most of our supplies shipped down from Salt Lake and every time Louie Pressit came out to replenish our water supply he would bring our groceries.

Our bread was made with baking powder and mighty good it was with a little hot bacon grease mixed in the batter. For meat our standbys were ham, bacon and canned corned beef. In the winter we would get a hind quarter of beef and hang it up in a juniper tree close to the camp, and let it freeze. Beef has never since tasted as good as that beef did. Frozen, it was hard to cut off, but thawed out and fried it was tender and juicy. In the spring and fall when the sheep herds went through we always had mutton for a while. The herders were always willing to trade a mutton for a dozen eggs. After the herds had gone there were always strays, and it was just a question as to whether we found them before the coyotes did. Our fruit was all dried, apples, peaches, apricots and raisins. In "air tights" we didn't have the choice that you have today. Ours were milk, corn and tomatoes.

While we were down there they sent us a new kind of condensed milk. I guess they didn't know how to evaporate it for when ours arrived, after a fifteen mile haul over a bumpy road in a wagon, it consisted of lumps of butter fat floating in thin watery liquid. The cows probably were not contented yet.

Camp cooking can be very good but sometimes it is not—which brings me around to Bill Neal and his beaten biscuits. Bill was a tall boy, a couple of years older than I was. Being a Kentuckian, he was thoroughly convinced that Kentucky excelled in all things, especially cooking. My father moved Bill and me over to a claim that he had on Price River. We lived in a log cabin down on the river and walked a couple of miles to the claim to work.

We were set down with a supply of grub and a cooking outfit and left to do the best we could in the way of cooking. We didn't starve to death, but we ate some weird messes before we qualified as camp cooks. Bill was always talking about the beaten biscuits that they made back in Kentucky and one day he announced that he was going to make some. He made them, lots of them, but I think that he must have beaten them too much or perhaps not enough, for they certainly did not live up to the advance billing that Bill had given them. I nibbled on one of them without much effect and Bill didn't do any better. Then we went back to baking powder bread. But the beaten biscuits lingered on.

During this time there was a sort of an oil boom in this Emery County area and Guffey and Galey, big Pennsylvania oil operators, came out and started to drill a test well out west of Greenriver Station. Bill and I had never seen an oil well, so one Sunday, on our day off, we walked over to see this one. It was about twenty miles through the sand but we made it by noon. We were disappointed to find the rig not working, but we had lunch with the crew and then walked back to our camp. Bill lugged his big old 45-70 Winchester rifle all the way over and back though I could never understand why. There was no game in the country larger than a rabbit, though we did see many bands of wild horses. One large bunch that we often saw seemed to be led by an old harness-scarred mule.

My father, not wanting to overlook a bet, had located a number of oil claims in the area around the cabin on Price River where Bill and I had been batching. The oil excitement died out when the Guffey and Galey well proved to be a "duster".

By the end of 1903 all of our work on the lead-silver claims had been disappointing and we reluctantly abandoned all but the oil claims, for which we still had a little hope. Father went to Southern Nevada where the building of a new railroad from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles was due to open up some new mining districts and I was to join him there in January of 1905.

Our oil claims were due to expire on January 1, 1905, and in December the people who were interested in the oil claims with us asked me to go down to Lower Crossing and relocate the claims when they expired at midnight on December 31, as they still had some hope of future developments.

I ARRIVED at Lower Crossing on the 30th of December and made arrangements for a saddle horse to ride out to the claims, some twenty odd miles away, the next day.

I arrived before dark at the claims, or rather the cabin, where Bill and I had batched. All I had brought with me was an axe and some lunch material. I got busy with the axe and cut firewood that I thought would last me through the night and carried it into the cabin and settled down for a long wait. As the elevation was about 5,000 feet and there was fifteen inches of snow on the ground I knew that I was in for a cold time. I had expected to be there just one night and had taken no bedding along, but figured to keep the fire going until next morning to keep the cabin more or less comfortable. Developments proved that I had either overestimated my fuel supply or underestimated the drop in temperature outside.

Long before daylight my wood pile was exhausted and I began to look around for a substitute, as I could not find and cut wood in the snowy darkness outside. Over in one corner of the cabin I found a pack rat's nest and it was a big one. This must have been a most industrious rat for it had collected a pile almost three feet high and except for a few rocks, it was all combustible. It kept me from freezing during the two or three hours that remained before morning. Just at daylight I came to the end of the pack rat's nest and there, right at the bottom were Bill's beaten biscuits. I didn't count them but I am sure they were all there and they didn't look a day older than when Bill pulled them out of the oven. Sure, there were a few teeth marks on them where the rat had experimented before deciding that they were better for building material than food. I always wanted to tell Bill of the ultimate fate of his beaten biscuits but I never saw him again.

That day I worked hard all day but the deep snow in the hills slowed up the work of finding the various monuments and at dark I had not finished and had to go back to Lower Crossing with an exhausted horse. The next day I went back riding a mule for the forty-mile round trip and still did not complete the work. On the third day I went back riding the old horse that I had ridden the first day and it was not in first class condition.

Determined to finish up that day I

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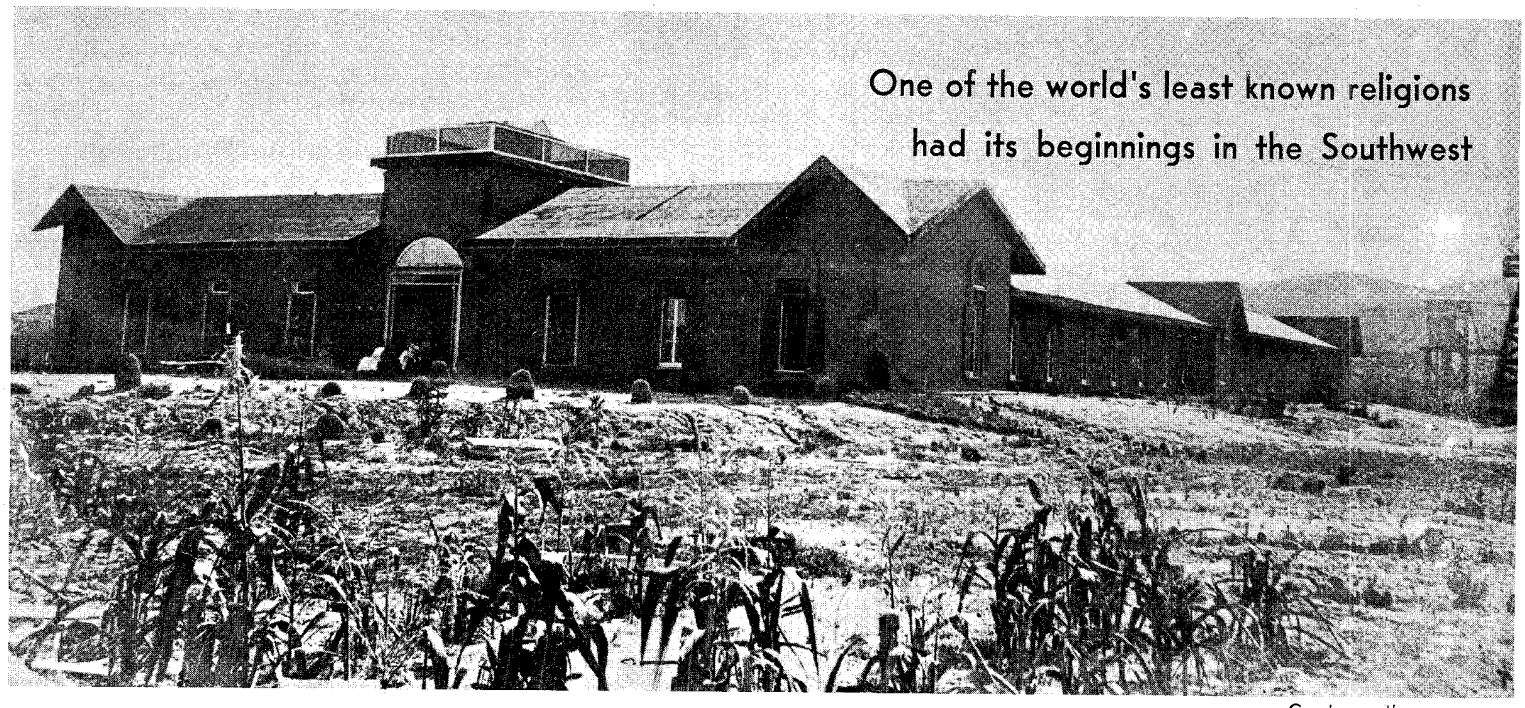

Courtesy author

The first residence building at SHALAM, as it appeared in 1889.

LAND OF Shalam

By MARJORIE WHITE

ONE OF the strangest colonies ever founded in America was the "Land of Shalam," established in 1884 in the Mesilla Valley, a few miles north of Las Cruces, New Mexico, by a group of spiritualists called Faithists.

The colony, according to its promoters, was intended to start a "new world and new civilization" with orphaned infants, raised apart from the evils of mankind, who would serve as progenitors of a better world order. It was incorporated as the "First Church of Tae" in articles filed with the secretary of the New Mexico Territory, December 12, 1885.

Foundling babies of all races were to be brought up on a strict vegetarian diet, taught useful trades and occupations, and given religious training in Faithist principles. Through group living they would learn to be helpful, cooperative, and loving toward one another.

Why was this spot chosen for the location? Nobody knows. The Faithist Bible, *OAHSPE*, outlined plans for the colony to be set up along a river, which was called Shalam. According to reliable sources, Dr. John Newbrough, leader of the colony and founder of the Faithist movement, came to Las Cruces in the summer of 1884. After consulting with brother Masons about available land for the colony, he purchased 1,200 acres in a scenic bend of the historic Rio Grande for $4,500.

In October, 1884, Dr. Newbrough and twenty followers encamped in tents on the land until laborers from the nearby Spanish-American village of Dona Ana could build the structure called the Fraternum, which was to house them all. Meanwhile, receiving homes were set up in New Orleans, Kansas City, Chicago and Philadelphia, where unwanted babies could be left, no questions asked.

The first ten children came to Shalam in 1887 and more came at intervals during the succeeding years. They were cared for first in the Fraternum, then moved in 1890 to a separate two-story brick children's home. All records of previous identity were destroyed and the children were given new names taken from the Faithist Bible—Thouri, Hayah, Whaga, Fiatisi, for example. Each child was deeded a share in the colony.

SHALAM'S physical set-up was elaborate when it was completed around 1891. The largest building was the Fraternum which housed the adults—nurses and teachers for the children. It had forty apartments opening onto a courtyard, lavish with trees and flowers, and was furnished with such luxuries as a library and a steam laundry, operated by a Chinese servant.

In addition to their separate home, the children had a schoolhouse with a bubbling fountain in the courtyard. There was a circular Temple of Tae with a blue star-studded ceiling. This building collapsed mysteriously in 1900.

Surrounding the buildings were acres of vineyards, orchards and gardens, watered by an extensive irrigation system. More than a half-million dollars was dissipated in the project, which lasted until 1907.

Each child had his own nurse and his own teacher—and a private porcelain bathtub! The vegetarian diet was relaxed to permit milk for children under five years of age. All residents of the colony dressed alike in white, sack-like garments and sandals. Hats were taboo. The men wore beards and let their hair grow long.

The children had a gymnasium and plenty of pets—birds, dogs, ponies. Faithist New Year's, December 22, was celebrated like Christmas, with presents of toys ordered from eastern stores.

Ads in Faithist papers and periodicals attracted many converts during the years of the colony's existence. Some were sincere, some fanatic, some mentally defective, others emotionally disturbed. Those who came in good faith were often discouraged by the rigors of ascetic life and the hard work of caring for children and maintaining the farm land.

Several disgruntled colonists instituted suits in the New Mexico Territorial Courts in the 1900s to recover investments which they had made in the project. The Territorial Supreme Court ruled that the litigants were of normal intelligence and went into the deal with their eyes wide open.

Dr. John Newbrough, founder of Shalam, has often been called a charlatan and a mountebank. He was none the less a remarkable man for his time. Born in 1828, near Springfield, Ohio, he was educated in medicine and dentistry, but deserted both professions to follow the gold rush to California in 1849. From there, he went on to Australia, still in quest of gold.

Back in the United States, he practiced dentistry in New York. A wealthy man, he was also charitable. He helped many struggling young dentists, and invented a cheaper substance to make false teeth. The New York Supreme

(Continued on page 64)

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worked until after sundown and it was dark and snowing when I started on the twenty-mile ride back to the railroad. The old horse was pretty well worn out and stuck to a walk, in spite of my efforts. It was dark and stormy and, like my horse, I was pretty tired and I guess that I must have dozed off, for the old horse wandered off the road and eventually stumbled and threw me off. I must have struck my head for, when I came to, I was lying in the snow and just about frozen. The old horse was too tired to move and was still standing there. When I got up I knew that I had to walk to get warm and started out without knowing where I was going as I could see no landmarks. Finally I began to think that I smelled smoke and when I was sure of it, I tried the old plainsman's trick of putting my finger in my mouth and holding it up to see which direction the wind came from. I followed the wind and the smoke smell and eventually heard dogs barking and came to a sheep camp centered around a sheep wagon.

Most people are inclined to vilify and ridicule sheepherders, but after that night, the lowly sheepherder has had a defender in me. Consider what those two herders did for me that night. They were in bed, comfortably asleep, when the barking of their dogs woke them up. They got up, dressed, built up the fire in the wagon, fed and took care of my horse and cooked a meal for me. It was only sourdough biscuits, mutton and coffee but it was just what I needed and the boys made me feel welcome.

The bed in a sheepwagon isn't very wide but the boys said that it would sleep three if we all turned over at the same time. They put me in the center, the warmest spot, and the last thing I remember of that night is one of them saying, "Now if we are gone when you wake up, just help yourself to anything you find and take it easy because both you and your horse are in poor shape."

When I woke up the next day the herders were gone, out on the range with their sheep, and I never saw them again. But I will never forget their kindness to me on that dark and stormy night and anyone who wants to knock sheepherders can always get an argument out of me.

PRICE RIVER, on which we depended for water, was a rather turbulent and erratic little stream. In the summer it would almost dry up unless there had been recent heavy rain in the mountains. In the winter it would freeze over and the water that ran under the ice was such a concentration of alkali that it was pretty hard to take. In the spring when the snow began to melt in the mountains, it got to be quite a large stream and was sometimes dangerous to cross, as Bill and I discovered one night.

We had crossed in the morning without any trouble but in the evening when we tried to cross, the river was much higher and I am sure that I would have been washed away if Bill's long legs had not saved me. The river had a fall of 900 feet in the forty miles between Price and Lower Crossing and traveled quite fast.

I think that the behavior of the river must have been quite different in earlier times. Every grove along the banks bore numerous signs of the former presence of beaver. Those neat, conical-shaped little stumps were everywhere and the beaver dams that those trees went into would have done much to control the flow of the river. But in my time there, the beaver had all been trapped out, and

THE WAY

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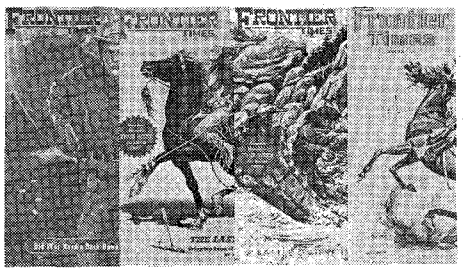

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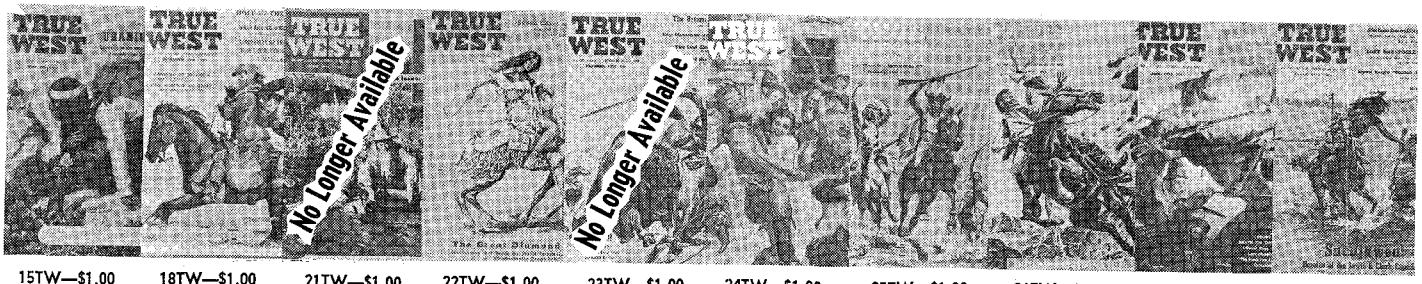

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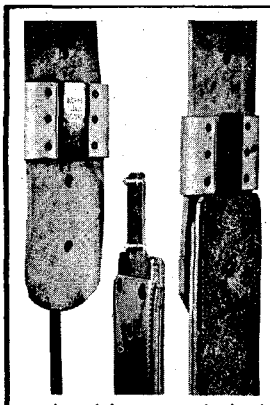

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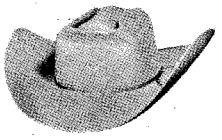

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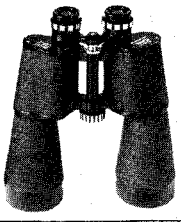

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the freshets went through without any interference from beaver dams.

I had never heard of fish in Price River until one day in the spring, when I was in the settlement, Bert Pressit asked me if I wanted to go fishing. I thought that he was joshing, but when he told me that he was not, I agreed and we started out with two saddle horses and a pack horse.

A few miles up the river we unloaded a seine from the pack horse and, after taking off his clothes, Bert swam out into the river with one end of the seine, while I anchored the other end on the bank. Bert made just one pass with the net and when we landed the catch we had fish enough to load the pack horse. As I remember, the fish were mostly between twenty-five and thirty inches long, rather light in color, and they called them "Colorado River Salmon." As I said, it was spring and the fish were apparently going up the river to spawn. Price River is a tributary of the Colorado by way of the Green River and at that time there were no dams on the Colorado and the fish were unhindered in their travel from the sea to the spawning grounds. Today with the several high dams the fish can no longer make their pilgrimage and most folks along the river have never heard of them, and do not believe me when I tell them about the Colorado River Salmon.

The sheep herds went through our country twice a year. In the spring they were heading for the mountains, stopping at the lambing grounds and shearing pens en route. In the fall they were going to the desert for the milder winter weather. The sheepherders had a pretty rough life. Those that I saw were mostly Mormon boys. Later the Basques took over the situation. They were poorly paid even for those days. They were paid $25 or $30 a month and board (which largely consisted of sourdough bread, mutton and Arbuckle coffee).

Most outfits had a camp mover for two or three bands of sheep and his arrival in the various camps with his burro train was their only contact with the outside world. The sheep wagon which I found on that stormy night in January, 1905, was the first I had ever seen on that range and I was certainly thankful that it was there that time.

I think that the poor pay that the herders received was reflected in the care that they gave their flocks. I have seen fifty sheep lost out of a band of 3,000 and the herders made little attempt to find them. Of course, that was in the spring when the first green grass was showing up and the sheep were hard to handle.

The dogs with the herds were sometimes pretty wonderful. At times I thought that they were smarter than their masters. I remember seeing a band of sheep going down Stove Canyon toward Price River. As the canyon sloped down, the sandstone ledges at the sides slanted slowly up. One small bunch of sheep started up one of these ledges and were thirty or forty feet above the canyon floor before the herder noticed them. The herder called one of his dogs to him, pointed to the bunch of sheep on the ledge, and told the dog to go get them.

The dog ran back up the canyon until he came to the ledge the sheep were on; he followed this ledge up until he came to the sheep. There he seemed to realize that he would only drive the sheep farther away. He stood still for a while shaking his head from side to side as if studying the situation. Then he turned and ran back down the ledge and followed up the canyon until he came to the ledge next above the sheep. He went up this ledge until he reached a point well in advance of the animals. Only then did he come over to the edge of the ledge and begin to bark. This turned the sheep and the dog followed them down to the floor of the canyon and drove them until they rejoined the main herd. If that dog wasn't thinking, I wouldn't know what to call it.

All of the events that I have described occurred some sixty years ago and if errors have crept into my description, you can lay it to my poor memory as I have no diary or other records to refer to.

If anyone contradicts my story of the end of Flat Nose Bob Curry—just ask him the question that Baron Munchhausen, of bygone radio fame, used so often, "Voss you dere, Sharlie?"

Making Do

(Continued from page 31)

Green Lake. Later I went to Kapowsin Lake to log. There was someone hurt every day and one man got killed.

Then I decided to go to Sunnyside, Washington, where I lived for fifty-three years. There I married and raised a family.

In 1917 I bought my own ranch. I raised a lot of potatoes every year and made good money. I built a nine-room house and had plenty of room for my kids. After they grew up, I just didn't want to farm anymore.

Some years back I made a trip to Oklahoma. I hadn't been there since 1922. I saw the old house we lived in on my Grandfather's place. It looked the same but awfully old. At Cleo Springs our homestead had been torn down but the trees I planted as a kid were still standing.

I am now over eighty years old. It's been a long time since I tied a red string on my dinner bucket to keep my schoolmates from getting it mixed up with theirs. It's been a long time since I've tasted frozen persimmons or listened to a cougar scream.

I have fought fire all day to save grass for our stock, have bogged down in quicksand on the Cimarron, have licked typhoid and smallpox with the help of unselfish neighbors.

It was a good time to live—it provided lots of memories. I remember riding one night in a storm. It was so dark the trees would rub together and would light up with sparks. The fence would sparkle, too. I was afraid to touch it—but I did and it didn't hurt me any. And I think, neither have the hardships that were part of growing up in the West. I wouldn't have missed it.

Diplomat Of The Spokanes

(Continued from page 17)

the official title. His picture was also placed on hundreds of calendars. One year a creamery's sculptor reproduced a life-size figure of Curly Jim in butter that was exhibited at the Interstate Fair.

THE LAST few years of his life, Jim ceased to work and sat for hours in the sun on the steps of the Trader's National Bank, now the Spokane and Eastern. A local artist painted a picture of the old warrior sitting there dreaming of powwows and days of the

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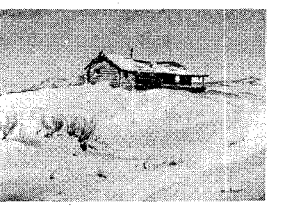
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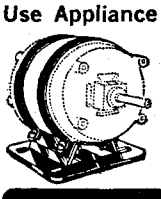
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past. When the weather was stormy he was often seen in John W. Graham's store sitting on a special chair provided by the store manager who was a long-time friend of Jim's. I remember seeing him in the store. To give him a coin was said to bring good luck for the day.

The end of the trail came for Spokane's picturesque Indian January 19, 1917, at a local hospital. Death was caused by pneumonia. On April 24, at the lonely Indian homestead of Leo Abraham near Worley, Idaho, more than 200 Indians gathered to bid farewell to the spirit of Curly Jim. Weeks before, a call had gone out from the little reservation farm in the green hills of Idaho that a memorial gathering and feast, a "squal-shi-yatin" for Jim, would be held. The message was, "Come. We mourn for Sen-nes."

Clans came from the Flathead country, up from the Columbia Valley, from the Pend Oreille country and the mission flats around Tekoa, Washington. They gathered in Leo Abraham's small house and in a tent to listen to the speakers. Papooses squalled and fifty or sixty mongrel hounds fought.

Charles Abraham, Jim's cousin, spoke first. In the Spokane tongue he told of Jim's life, his good character and physical prowess. Chief William Three Mountain, and Charles Smith, head orator of the Calispells from Cusick, also spoke.

Suddenly an eerie chanting by the squaws mingled with the oration. It was the Indian death chant—a studied imitation of the sob of the wind in the pines. It rose and fell, reaching to a high drawn wail, then sinking to a low moan.

After the speeches were finished, lunch was served. Lunch consisted of one-fourth ton of jerked beef, 100 cans of assorted fruit, 100 pies, 200 loaves of bread, Indian boiled salmon and hoe cake.

At a recent count there were 1,336 enrolled members of the Spokane Tribe, with tribal headquarters at Wellpinit, Washington. Over 500 lived on the reservation. Curly Jim loved the city, however, and its citizens can remember yet the tread of his moccasined feet.

Forgotten Plainsman

(Continued from page 9)

carcasses of their dead horses and mules. All of the men became greatly exhausted, and many were frost-bitten.

After a march of fifty-one days, they arrived at Fort Massachusetts. On this hazardous expedition Baker rendered invaluable service, which General Marcy never forgot.

When the gold fever broke out, prospectors and miners swarmed to that country in search of the precious metal. One of these parties met Baker and, knowing his qualifications as a trailer and mountaineer, induced him to join them.

Baker was a man of little or no education but his personal appearance would attract attention anywhere. He was six-feet three-inches tall, straight as an arrow, thin and spare, weighing only 150 pounds. He possessed all the qualities, both mental and physical, of the typical frontiersman. A great admirer of Jim Bridger, the two were often in each other's company, and on more than one occasion were in tight places together.

BAKER was living in 1897. The frosts of seventy-eight winters had whitened his hair, and his locks, once yellowish-red, long and luxuriant, were scraggley and thin. Age had dimmed his eyesight, although he stoutly maintained that he could "sight his rifle and kill a deer." His form was almost as erect as in his youth, and his weather-beaten and seamed face bore evidence of his long and exposed outdoor life.

Baker was urged by the City of Denver to participate in a "Festival of the Mountain and Plain," held in that city, and great efforts were made to induce him to leave his far-off home in Wyoming to attend this festival. Years before, he had trapped and hunted in that vicinity—long before any other white man had been there.

He accepted the invitation, and upon arriving in Denver was escorted to a first-class hotel where every attention was shown him. His vow never again to wear "store clothes" was conveniently forgotten, and Jim appeared in a rough but modern suit, evidently purchased for the occasion at some country store in Wyoming. The tradesman's ticket indicating "Lot" and "Size" was still attached to the coat collar, and there were fashionable creases in his trousers. His feet were clad in moccasins, however, and his step was as noiseless as a cat's.

Jim was ill at ease among the surroundings of modern life. He did not understand electricity and its marvels. He could not comprehend how by pressing an electric button in his room, a waiter immediately appeared at his door, nor could he at first be prevailed upon to enter an elevator, preferring the "exercise," he said, of climbing the stairs. He rarely landed on the right floor, and was always perplexed in finding his room.

He slept on the bed with his clothes and moccasins on, simply pulling the cover over him, every window wide open, and electric lights in full glow. He wanted "air, an' a heap of it." He did not know what to do with the lights, and in his simplicity supposed it was all right to leave his door open when among white folks. The next day he rode at the head of a long procession, as unconscious as a child of the attention he attracted.

In 1897 Jim was living on a ranch in Wyoming. His house was built of logs, and had three rooms and a lookout on top. He could not lay aside the habits of nearly sixty years, even after all danger from Indians had passed, and he was determined to be able to turn his house into a fort on short notice. A ladder led to the sleeping room upstairs, and when he retired at night he drew the ladder after him. He was "comfortably off," so far as this world's goods are concerned, having about 150 cattle, and 25 or 30 horses on his ranch. The nearest railway station was 75 miles distant, and the only thing that worried the old man was the feeling that he was crowded—his "neighbors were too close."

Chili Bean

(Continued from page 39)

old mares right and left. And the first time he raised his head up, Riddle dropped the loop around his neck. Now Chili Bean went like a bullet to the end of the rope and it jerked him down. He got up and stood there quivering. Riddle yelled for Harris to bring the horses.

They snubbed the mule up to the saddlehorn and started for Sugar Hill. But

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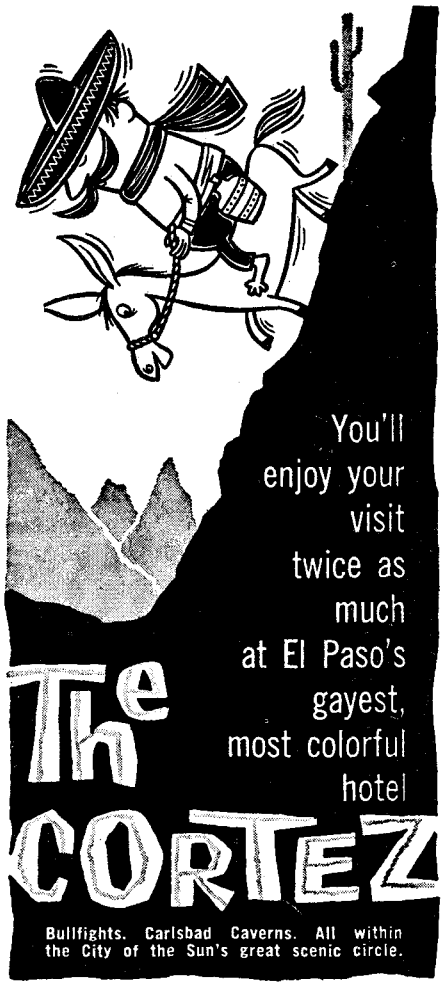

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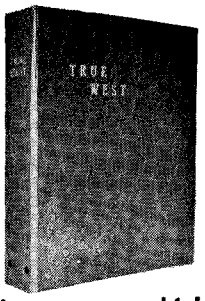

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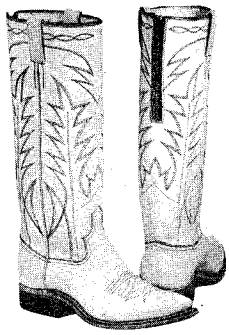

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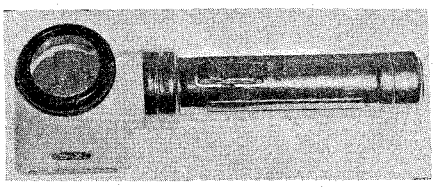

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Chili Bean had other ideas. He threw a ringtailed fit, crowding the rider off his horse. Chili Bean wound up with one front leg across the saddle and a back leg stuck through a stirrup. They finished the trip home with two ropes on the mule and held him between the two of them.

Dad tied a rope around the mule's bottom lip, so he would have a little advantage over him and, instead of snubbing him up close, gave him a few feet of slack, mounted old Blue and pulled for home. When he led Chili Bean out of Riddle's corral he was told that if the mule ever got loose, he would come back to Sulphur River Bottom. And if he ever got loose there was no use coming back to look for him because they was going to kill him if he ever came back.

Dad made it home with no mishaps. But he had just led the mule up to the back door, when one of mom's old hens with a bunch of baby chicks came along in front of Chili Bean, and he went straight up and landed in the middle of that bunch of chickens, pawing for all he was worth. I don't know how he missed them but he didn't kill a chicken.

After shearing his mane and tail, we necked old Blue and Chili Bean together, because our fences wasn't very good, and we didn't want to take a chance on him getting out so soon. All that mule done was walk the pasture fence for three days. He was starving Blue to death.

About then three brothers living not far from us, by the name of Beard, heard about this mule. They was noted for working bad animals, so they hit Dad up to make a trade, and Dad traded, getting a pretty good little red mule and a bushel of oranges in the deal.

The day we delivered Chili Bean, these boys hooked him to a wagon with a big old mule that looked like Chili Bean's mama and started to Annona, Texas, for a load of cottonseed. One of them made the mistake of jumping down out of the wagon by the front wheel on Chili Bean's side, and got kicked in the chest with both feet. But I will have to hand it to those Beard boys, they made a cotton crop with Chili Bean that year, and after a hard day in the field they would ride him to the barn.

Then that fall they sold him to a man up on Shaney Prairie. I heard that this man kept him about two weeks, then one morning his fence was tore down and Chili Bean was gone. I just imagine John Riddle made his word good.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 35)

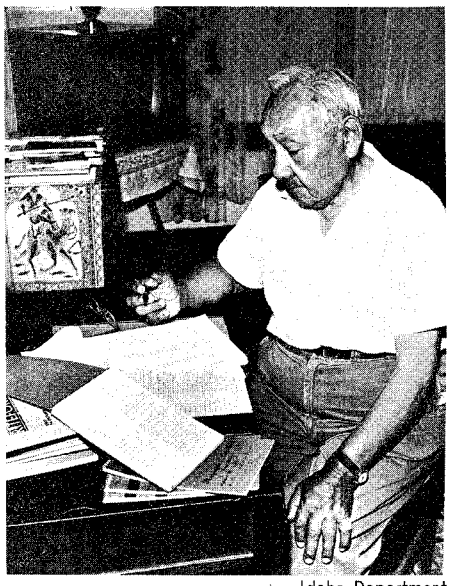
before he caught him. When he came leading him back, Uncle Jack was walking to meet them. He was holding the whip by the handle and dragging Papa's new hat through the ashes of the burnt grass. It was just about as black as if it had been dipped in a vat of ink.

"I never knew," Papa said, "whether Jack did it without thinking—or whether he did it on purpose. Either way, I figured it was his time to crow—and the least said, the better."

Papa said he never knew—but I'll bet he made a close guess.

HISTORIC INDIAN LANGUAGE COMES TO LIFE

THE buffalo are gone, the war whoop is heard no more, the palefaces have taken their country, but the language of the Nez Percé will remain. Corbett Lawyer of Lapwai, who still lives within several hundred yards of the spot where he was born on Lapwai Creek more than eighty-six years ago, has seen to that. For more than twenty years, this direct descendant of Chief Twisted Hair and Chief Lawyer has worked on the compilation of a dictionary of the Nez Percé language. When Mr. Lawyer had completed his task of going through Webster's collegiate dictionary and recording all the Nez Percé equivalents, they numbered 31,600 words! Even in the language said to be the most musical of Indian dialects, that is a mouthful.



Idaho Department
Commerce and Development

Chief Lawyer

When asked for the "A to Z" of the translation, Mr. Lawyer permitted a brief flicker of a smile and said, "Little 'a' is 'ae' or an expression of surprise. The last 'Z' is zymurgy which the Nez Percé call, 'sap pa ya sap pat wa' and means a process of fermentation in wine making."

His daughter, Mylie, showed astonishment and asked, "Why, the Nez Percé didn't have a word for that, did they?"

The deliberate answer was, "Yes. We used it in talking about fixing our berries."

The dictionary of Nez Percé words has been given parts of speech, the adjective, adverb, noun, prefix and transitive verb. It can be a great help to those who want to know more of the ancient people who were displaced in the wars with the white men.

Translating into Nez Percé is a complicated affair, Mr. Lawyer reports. The entire language is based on prefixes and suffixes. Many of the words hold as many as fifteen syllables. But the words are lyrical and Idaho's place names contain many of them; such as the three communities of Kamiah, meaning "place of the growing of the hemp"; Kooskia, meaning "clear water"; and Lapwai, meaning "place of many butterflies."

This wanting to learn, to know, came naturally to Corbett Lawyer. His father was the Rev. Archie Lawyer, first ordained Presbyterian minister from the Nez Percé Nation. He accompanied the second group of prisoners headed by Chief Joseph to Indian Territory and stayed with them to conduct church and school. It was through the efforts of his church that the Rev. Lawyer accompanied Joseph to Washington, D. C.

He was also elected chairman of the council at the last treaty the Nez Percé negotiated with the Government. His

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grandfather, Chief Lawyer, was chosen to head negotiations with the Government during the treaty of 1855 at Walla Walla. His great-grandfather was Chief Twisted Hair, who is best remembered for befriending the Lewis and Clark Expedition in 1805. Twisted Hair furnished the explorers with horses and accompanied them as far as Celilo Falls. He made a map of the downriver country.

Corbett has lived up to the family name of Lawyer, for in forty-three years with the Indian Service he specialized in the interpretation of Indian law. He attended the Carlisle Institute and while there marched in the Parade for the inauguration of President Cleveland. One vivid memory of the parade is that of General O. O. Howard, U. S. Army commander during the Nez Percé or "Chief Joseph" War, who because of having only one arm, held his horse's reins in his teeth in order to salute the Carlisle Indians.

The Lawyers taught none of their three children the Nez Percé language as they did not want to interfere with their school work. But their grandson, David Nash, nine, can tell you that his Nez Percé name is "See-loo-pah-lo-teen" and means "Painted Eyes."—*Idaho Department of Commerce and Development.*

Hangman's Hill

(Continued from page 16)

Then the shout, "Hang him! Hang him!"

Excitement was welling with thick pulsations of hate. The two thieves were tied and waiting on their horses, the noose around their necks. Someone checked the boy, too, and then the horse was kicked from under him. He thrashed in the air.

In the darkness on Hangman's Hill two men and a boy died slowly of strangulation.

FOR WHAT happened that night we have the sworn statements made before the coroner's jury. John McClintock, in his *Pioneer Days in the Black Hills*, adds the story of old man Wright to the newspaper report.

The *Black Hills Daily Times* in its June 29, 1877 edition published a Rapid City release dated June 24, 1877, and headlined **"Judge Lynch."** The newspaper stated the facts of the case dating from the moment that the "two ranchmen" reported the Indians. It described Sheriff Moulton's posse as it apprehended the horse thieves, the jailing of the three in Breman & Nicholson's warehouse, the naming of the coroner's jury and the formal statements. Inasmuch as this official release had been preceded in the *Black Hills Daily Times* by two rumor news stories, the coroner's statement must have been read with great relish.

The *Black Hills Daily Times*, June 21, 1877 carried the first report, followed by a June 26 item: "June 21, 1877: **Three Horse Thieves Captured and Hung to a Tree.** We learn from a passenger just arrived via Sidney coach that on Tuesday last, three horse thieves were arrested, and two stage horses which had been stolen, recovered. The thieves were taken to Rapid City and lodged in jail for safe keeping, but during the night the jail was broken open and the men taken out and hung to a tree, and were still hanging when the coach passed this forenoon. The name of the hanged were Louis Curry, James Hall and A. J. Allen. There is one more of the same gang yet at large but they are in hopes

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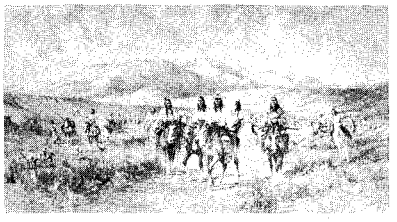

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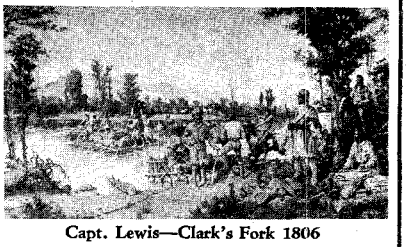

Capt. Lewis—Clark's Fork 1806

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By Willard Dobbin

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As an accommodation to Mr. Dobbin (which was the payment given him for use of parts of his story), the weekly's press presented him with the unbound pages of the whole manuscript. Mr. Dobbin did not know how to market the book and, becoming discouraged, cached it away in a trunk where it remained for forty years. We are running the story in two parts because of its length and our reluctance to cut it, and we hope that readers of OLD WEST will accord it a permanent place on their bookshelves. The author was one of the few men who made his way safely through the "back door" route to the Alaska gold fields. This tenderfoot managed to survive and save his notes, but all of his photographs were lost when a boat overturned.

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By Bernice McGee

Photography by Don Barnett

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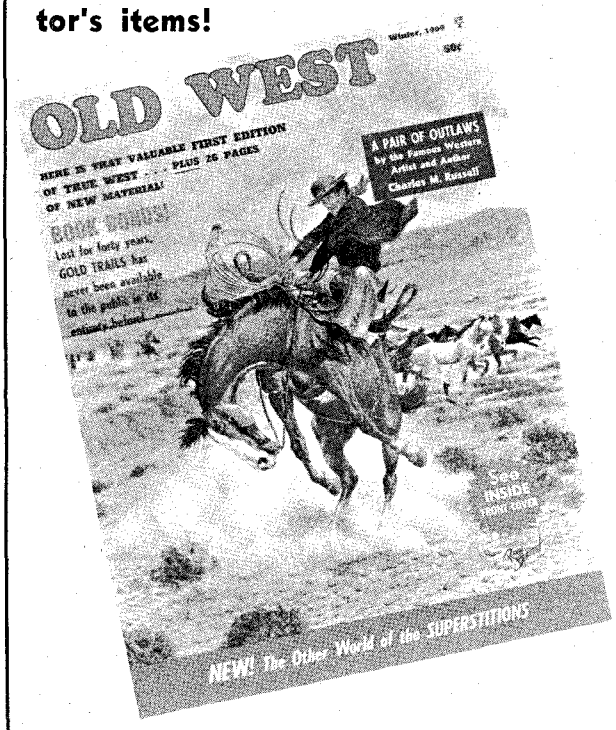

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If you reprint a book that is old, rare and sells for $100, the reprint, though it be word for word, is NOT the original and will sell at current book rates. We ARE NOT reprinting early issues of TRUE WEST as is. We take out all advertising, add new material plus a full length book, and it is another magazine—OLD WEST. In the third issue of OLD WEST, for instance, there will be 29 pages of old TRUE WEST articles and 67 pages of new material! Shall I say more?—Joe

SEE PAGE 49 FOR SUBSCRIPTION BLANK!

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to capture him today."

"June 26, 1877: **Horse Thieves.** The three who were hung at Rapid City last week were first placed on horses with their arms pinioned behind them, all tied to one limb of a tree, the horses driven from under them and there they hung, kicking till life expired. A few days after they were cut down, the ropes were still dangling from the limb, both as an admonition and a warning to those who are on the steal."

Three days later the extended news release appeared. To quote in part from the article of June 29, dated June 24 from Rapid City: ". . . In the morning the three men were found hanging to the limb of a pine tree situated about one mile from town, on the high point, south side, of the gap west of town. There being no coroner, Justice of the Peace Robert Burleigh impaneled a jury consisting of O. Nicholson, Howard Worth and Charles Allen and repaired to the spot, and proceeded to hold an inquest, gaining from the parties subpoenaed the following facts:

"Deputy Sheriff Wm. E. Smith sworn —Said that on the morning of the 21st day of June, 1877, he was in charge of prisoners confined in warehouse of Breman & Nicholson. That on said morning between the hours of one and three a party of masked men between 15 and 20 in number, approached him while standing at the door of said prison and demanded him to open the door. He refused to do so. They then demanded the key to the door. . . . He was then seized by numbers of the party who overpowered him by force, the door was then opened and about one half the party went in and demanded the arms of the inside guards, told the prisoners to get up and put on their boots. . . . They then left the building, leaving five or six men to guard it. 'I saw no more of them until this morning, between the hours of five and six o'clock. I saw the bodies of the prisoners hanging on yonder tree.'

"Sheriff Moulton, sworn, says he was at the place about 5 o'clock this morning; saw the bodies of the three prisoners hanging to a tree.

"A. Stevens, sworn, says that on the night of the 20th inst. about 1:30 o'clock, a party of masked men . . . demanded the key of D. S. Smith, Smith asked them by what authority. They answered, 'By the authority of the people.' They then unlocked the door; came in and disarmed the guards, and took the men out, that being the last I saw of them until the morning of the 21st, when I saw the three bodies hanging to a pine tree.

"Frank Richardson, one of the guards, was sworn, and his testimony was substantially the same as the above.

"We, the Grand Jury sworn in this case, find that Louis Curry, James Hall and A. J. Allen, came to their death from hanging by the neck with a rope suspended to the limb of a pine tree near Rapid City, D. T., between the hours of one and five a.m., June 21st, 1877, by parties to the Jury unknown.

"H. Worth, Foreman, O. Nicholson, C. L. Allen, Jurors."

OLD MAN WRIGHT met the Justice back in Rapid City and stopped him. He was keyed to a high pitch of excitement, and he was boiling, seething mad.

"I don't care if it takes me the rest of my life," he said, standing squarely in front of Burleigh, "I'm going to get a grand jury investigation in here and see that those murderers are brought to justice. They had no reason for killing the boy at all and, horse thieves or no horse thieves, Doc and Red had a right to a trial the same as anybody else. And the boy was innocent."

"What makes you think so, Wright?" Burleigh asked.

"I've been around here as long as any man," Wright said. "I've seen just about everything that goes on, and I've seen Doc and Red in trouble before, here and in other places in the Hills, but I've never laid eyes on that boy before today. He said himself that he had just come into town, he's just a kid and wouldn't have the sense not to get chummy with Doc and Red. That boy was innocent, and them that hung him are his murderers, sure as I'm standin' here."

"It's done now, Wright," Burleigh tried to calm the old man. "What can we do?"

"I'll bring them to justice, that's what I'll do."

For two years Wright tried to get an investigation into the case. At last he gained enough support to bring the grand jury to town. Elated, he rode through the Hills, begging witnesses to come to Rapid to testify. He offered to pay their expenses. The thing had become an obsession with him, and he was determined to leave no stone unturned.

Old man Wright had friends, but unfortunately the "necktie party" had been composed of some of the leading men in Rapid City, and they had money to spend too. They managed to get a brother of one of the posse on the jury, in case the affair should ever come to trial, and in the meantime circulated the report through town that old man Wright had gone crazy. They paid a doctor to persuade Wright to make a trip with him to Yankton, and while in Yankton the doctor went with him to the insane asylum and released him to the superintendent of that establishment.

The old man's heart was broken when he saw how he had been duped, and he could take it no longer. He became ill in the asylum shortly afterward, and died. The grand jury investigation was forgotten.

Forty-five years later, in 1922, the columns of the press brought up the subject again, intimating that the hanging may not have been entirely justified as far as James Hall was concerned. Almost immediately, one historian tells us, a character named Doc Pierce "exposed" Kid Hall as being a no-good no-account who had actually been ordered out of the Hills prior to the episode—and so put the Black Hills consciences at ease again. Subsequent historians agree that Hall was a disreputable character, anyway, and deserved to die.

Today tourists say, "Hangman's Hill? Odd name. What's the story behind it?"

The natives reply, "Oh, some guy swung up there, I guess."

The sandstone rock at the top becomes more and more weathered as the years go by, looking in its antiquity with quiet scorn at the newly fabricated dinosaurs that stand motionless near it. Dinosaur Park? Skyline Drive? No, that's Hangman's Hill.

Holdup!

(Continued from page 25)

"Hand it over," he cautioned her and took all their money.

As he started to search Mrs. Taurer, Veith called over that she didn't have any money, and after a moment's hesitation, as if in embarrassment, the ban-

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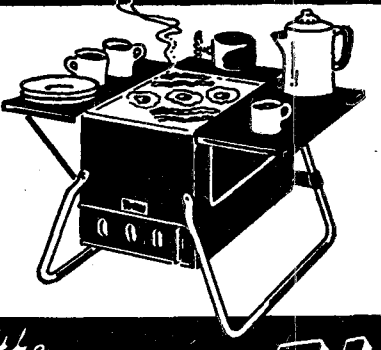

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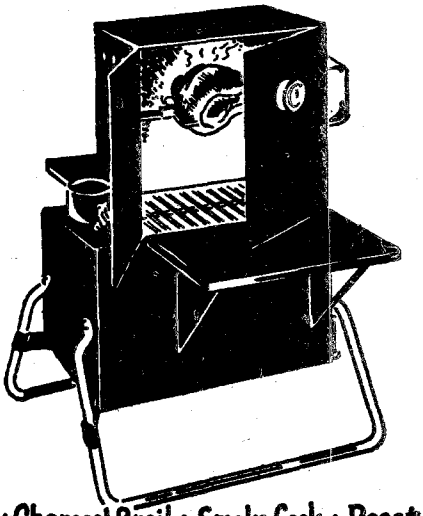

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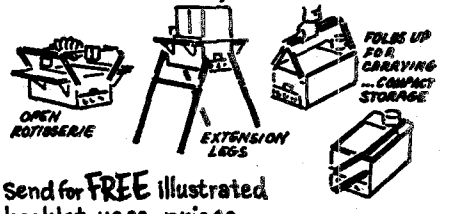

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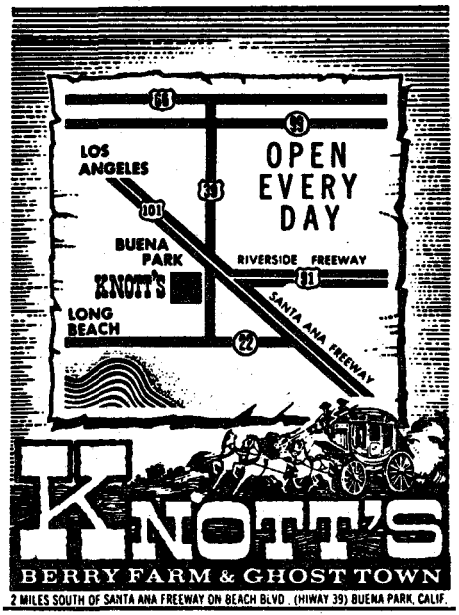

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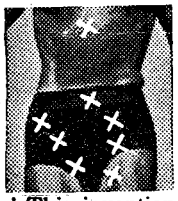

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Veith took this photo just before the stage left Fresno.

Courtesy George Veith

dit stepped down from the coach.

"Aren't you going to search me too?" called down Farnsworth from the driver's seat. He was broke and could well afford the question.

"No," replied the bandit, "I don't want a workingman's money." This remark seemed to explain why he hadn't robbed the two blacksmiths.

As the hooded figure turned from the stage, Veith spoke up again. With the typical tenacity of a newspaperman and figuring that he had nothing to lose in asking, the Austrian Consul made a startling proposition to the highwayman.

"How about letting me take a picture of you by the stage? It'll only take a minute."

To everyone's surprise, after a moment's indecision, the outlaw agreed to pose for a photo!

"Go ahead and get your camera," he told Veith, "no one can recognize me in this get-up anyway. Hurry it up, though."

Veith walked over to the stage and secured his camera. "You can see how foolish he was," he recalled later. "When I went to the stage, he didn't know but what I had a revolver there too."

The Austrian snapped a quick photo of the scene, and then asked if he could take one more. The outlaw reluctantly agreed and posed with his pistol leveled at the three men lined up with their hands behind their backs. As soon as the second photo was taken, the men were ordered back into the coach, and the outlaw strode over to the vehicle. Evidently he was disappointed at the meager haul he had made and said, "Now, is that all the money you have?"

The passengers all chorused that he had indeed cleaned them out, and he seemed satisfied.

Veith spoke up once more. "I wonder if I could trouble you for just one more favor?"

"What is it now?" said the exasperated outlaw.

"You took a rosary from me that has been in the family for a good many years, and it couldn't possibly be of any use to you. I would certainly appreciate it if you would give it back."

The masked man fumbled through his pockets for a few minutes and then looked up at Veith.

"Sorry, I can't seem to find it right now. Tell you what though, if it turns up, I'll leave it on the road somewhere and someone will find it and return it to you."

Seeing everyone settled in the coach once more, the bandit slapped the wheeler horse's rump, and the stage rumbled off down the road. Veith was again sitting in the rear seat, and he turned for a last glimpse of the robber. Strangely enough, the badman was standing in the middle of the road waving at the departing stage and quite by habit, Veith found himself waving back!

FARNSWORTH took the stage down the road a few miles, then swung it around and headed back toward the small mountain community of Raymond. The Yosemite trip would have to be postponed until a report could be made out, and the sheriff advised of the robbery. They arrived at Raymond sometime around five o'clock in the evening, and Farnsworth immediately telegraphed Sheriff Jones of Madera County. Veith also telegraphed his brother in Fresno, telling him briefly of his adventure.

The sheriff arrived at dawn the next morning and secured what information he could from the stage passengers. They could offer little in the way of a concrete description. About all that could be determined was that the bandit was slim, of medium height, about forty-five years of age and had blue eyes.

It was early Wednesday morning when the sheriff and his posse of five took up the chase. The bandit had a sixteen-hour head start on his pursuers but, for a way at least, left an easily followed trail. He was on horseback and several empty purses were found where he had discarded them.

The tracks then were lost in a stretch of hard, dry ground and chaparral. After three days in the hills, the sheriff and part of his posse rode into Fresno, leaving three deputies to continue the search. With Jones and his group was Sheriff Prouty of Mariposa County and the men were all thoroughly exhausted after the arduous search through the rugged Sierra Mountains.

On the 21st, Ad and Arthur Van Horn were arrested in Sacramento and charged with the holdup by the authorities. John Thacker of Wells, Fargo had investigated the crime, and he was immediately summoned to question the two men. Upon brief examination they were exonerated and released.

Sheriff Jones sent messages up and down the valley, hoping to keep the fugitive from escaping to the coast, but despite his precautions and combined rewards of $700, the lone highwayman was never apprehended.

Farnsworth and his passengers were allowed to continue their trip to Yosemite, where all were greatly impressed by this magnificent, natural wonder of California. After his return to town, Veith was interviewed by a reporter from the *Fresno Morning Republican*, and he gave

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an interesting account of his experience.

In reminiscing of the event, he was quoted as saying, "The bandit was a thorough gentleman. I can't imagine a man being more considerate of the people he was robbing. In some ways he was very clever, in other ways very careless. There were a half-dozen times I might have shot him if I had a pistol, and he didn't try to find out if any of the men had one or not. No one did.

"It was my first experience in a holdup, and it was certainly worth the $40. I don't know of any other case in which a photograph has been taken of a criminal at the time of the commission of a crime. The whole affair—our talking over the possibility of a robbery, then the surprise of it really happening and being taken by such a courteous robber—makes it a memory worth having."

Sheriff Jones rode out to see Veith where he was visiting at his brother's home. The two men discussed the robbery further, and he showed the sheriff his photograph of the scene, but no additional clues could be discovered. Veith had taken two snapshots of the robber, but only one of them was any good. The one that was successfully developed proved to be of good quality, and exists today as perhaps the only authentic photograph of a stage robbery as it was taking place.

The sheriff thanked Veith for his cooperation and mounted his horse to leave. "Oh, I almost forgot," said the sheriff as he dismounted from his horse. "We found this on the trail hanging on a bush. It was right out in plain sight and there's no doubt but that it was put there purposely by the robber. He's not a bad sort as stage robbers go and it's too bad that he can't find a better way to make a living."

With a wave of his hand, the lawman mounted his horse and trotted out to the road.

Veith looked down at his treasured rosary and smiled. He was quite a fellow this outlaw, quite a fellow!

Death In The Yellowstone

(Continued from page 23)

"It's a warning, Geery." Stuart leaned over the man. Don't do it!" But Geery pointed the gun at his temple and fired. They placed his body in a concealed grave and rode away.

Dogged by Crows, they made it to Wyoming's Sweetwater River. Crow smoke signals, Crows lurking just out of gunshot, marked every mile of the way.

Along Emigrant Trail they overtook a westbound covered wagontrain escorted by three soldiers from South Pass Station. Drivers began to circle the wagons.

Stuart looked at his ragged, gaunt crew and grinned. "They think we're a bunch of bandits."

A sergeant rode out to the expedition men. "The emigrants are edgy," he said. "Indians ran off a bunch of horses from a train a ways back. We chased 'em. Never got close. Indians dropped some sacks of flour. I know they didn't get 'em on the Trail."

"Old friends of ours," Stuart said dryly. "Crows. We left the flour in a camp on the Big Horn."

"My God!" the sergeant stared. "You mean they chased you clean down here? I thought Crows were friendly, outside of their taking ways, that is."

"And I thought Indians wouldn't attack at night." Hauser gave a short laugh and fingered the frayed hole in a shirt pocket holding the memorandum

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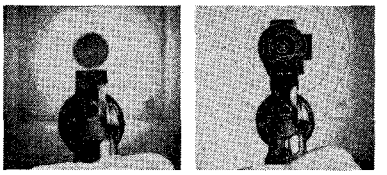

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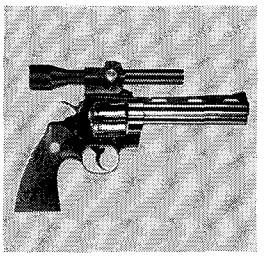

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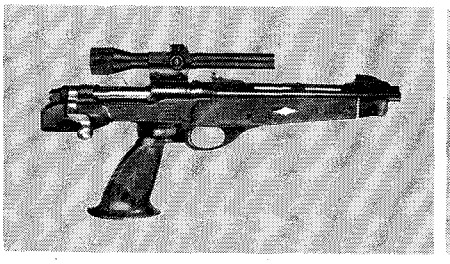

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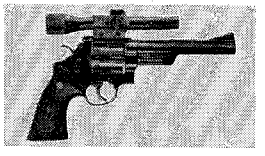
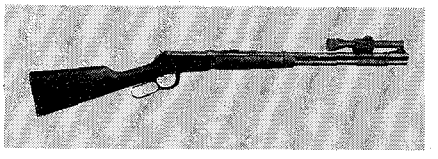


Light Calibers with Phantom capable of greater accuracy at longer distances. No drilling, tapping; iron sights remain. For most S&W, Colt, Ruger center fires. **Mount, $5.00.**



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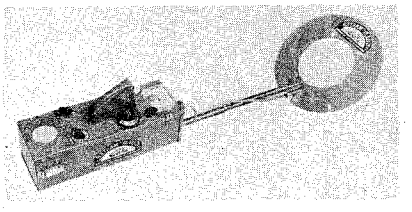

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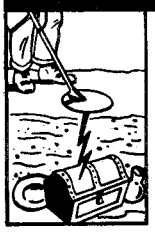

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book that had saved his life.

They camped with the wagontrain and shared the emigrants' grub. Then they headed north. On the trail back to Bannack, they met Jake Meek, mountain man turned trader, who'd prospected with the Stuart brothers in '58.

Jake had news: Edgar's and Fairweather's party had found gold on a creek fork where they'd camped after Crow Indians kept them from joining Stuart's Yellowstone Expedition.

"I'm afraid," Stuart wrote in his journal that day, June 21, 1863, "that it is our place that we found as we went out in April."

It was.

What the Edgar-Fairweather party prospected became Montana Territory's bonanza, Alder Gulch. It produced more than a million in gold before 1863 was over.

Trailing The Horse Thieves

(Continued from page 13)

We stopped at Tom Tindall's ranch as Tom was a big horse owner. It had snowed about four inches and Tom was not too excited by our story. Finally seeing how disturbed Father was, he advised, "Stay overnight, Prunty. Tomorrow I will get the Baker boys and the Martin boys and we will make a circle just to be on the safe side."

Next morning the sun came out and it turned cold. We now had a group of a dozen riders, and by ten o'clock they had not been able to spot one bunch of horses. So they were sure their horses, too, had been driven out.

Tom Tindall knew the country and said, "If I was trying to steal horses I would head for Snake River Canyon in Idaho. Let's spread out half a mile apart. I have a rifle and the rest of you boys have six-guns. If one finds any tracks let him shoot his gun, and we will all come together."

We had ridden at a long trot or a gallop for some time when I heard the shot. We all gathered around Tom and we could see, under a light covering of snow, the tracks of many animals. We followed and the tracks got plainer. In about an hour it began to get dark.

Tom said, "Johnnie Scott lives a few miles east of here on the Bruneau. We can stay there tonight and Johnnie and his boys will join us tomorrow."

Next morning at dawn we were on the trail which was now as plain as any road. We all galloped along at about fourteen miles an hour. At mid-day we went over a ridge, and below we could see five riders pushing a big bunch of horses.

Father said, "Hold up, boys. Let them get over the next ridge, then we can lope over and get close to them before they know we're here."

"I know how I can get on the other side of them," Tom said, "by making a hard ride round that hill."

So he and Sam Baker rode with all speed and circled round the hill and were waiting for the thieves on the other side. We all rode as hard as we could and overtook them in a ravine going down toward the Bruneau River.

We were 200 yards from them before they spied us but Tom was closer to them. Their first thought was to make a run for it, but when one fellow tried to pass Tom, he shot the horse from under him and the horse fell, pinning the rider.

Ollie was riding Old Pal and he made a bold effort to break out, as he was out of pistol range and knew it. But Tom had a rifle and lost no time shooting it. He hit the silver hat band on Ollie's hat, and Ollie, quick with a word as ever, called out, "You really are good with that rifle, man. I surrender!"

Tom answered, "Next shot I will drill you for sure."

Tom then turned to the others, "Sam and me will take this bunch of horse thieves to the lock-up. You fellows better get the rest of these horses back on the range."

At the trial it developed that Ollie Smith was the brains of the outfit. They stole horses in Idaho and sold them in Nevada, and drove Nevada horses to Oregon, sometimes 400 miles. Cougar Bill's brother was given three years, and Ollie and the older men got seven years. It was always thought that Cougar Bill was a member of the group and was out getting supplies but if he was, no one ever told on him.

Getting back my Palomino meant a lot to me but Father's only comment was, "I knew that organ player was no damned good."

Wishart of the Oxcart Brigade

(Continued from page 33)

wool mitts, badger skin gauntlets and moosehide moccasins. So wrapped in buffalo robes, he headed for home. Before he had gone ten miles, fast moving clouds had rolled overhead. In the distance, a solid bank of snow seemed to pour over Chimney Hill.

"It's just a flurry," thought Jim to himself, but it was the worst blizzard that the West had encountered. By the time he reached Chimney Hill, visibility was zero, darkness fell, the sky and white ground were as one. Jim drove into the coulee on the west side of the hill where the chimney points out in a V-shaped ledge of sandstone. There he dug into a bank of snow and there he spent two nights and a day, living on flour and snow.

The snowbank grew heavy and had to be dug away every few hours. Jim was slowly freezing and losing heart, yet at times a voice would say, "Have courage, Jim, you will get home!"

Jim covered old John with a tarp and tied him to the sleigh, hoping to ride him home after the storm. Grey, he turned loose. By the morning of the third day the storm had passed into Montana, where some of the settlers froze to death in their flimsy shacks, and thousands of cattle died in the snowbanks. It was bitterly cold and Jim was badly frozen about the hands and feet, and to make matters worse, John was frozen solid right where he had been tied.

So early in the morning Jim started on the ten-mile trek home. When his legs failed to carry him any longer over the huge drifts, he crawled along on his hands and knees. At sunset he could see the banks of the creek near his house, but faint and weary he lay down in the cold snow to die.

ATTENTION

In the February, 1964, issue of TRUE WEST an omission occurred on page 55 in the story "Siege at Fort Pease." The quotation attributed to Frank Lindeman should have read "As stated by Frank B. Linderman in his book AMERICAN, THE LIFE STORY OF A GREAT INDIAN, published by The John Day Company, Inc. Copyright, 1930, by Frank B. Linderman; renewed, 1958, by Norma Linderman Waller, Verne Linderman, and Wilda Linderman."

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Once again he heard a voice say "Jim! Get up, Jim, and have one more try!" and once more, on all fours, Jim tried to make the last mile home. He topped the hill, a half-mile from the house just as night was settling.

All this time, Dave, his son, and Eliza thought Jim was still in Gleichen, but as Eliza, who spent most of her time sitting at the kitchen window, looked out, she noticed a dark object in the snow. She told Dave to go see if a cow were stuck in the snow, then hurriedly said, "No, I feel it is Jim!"

Eliza hurried up the hill after Dave, who was calling, "Is that you, Dad?" but Jim was unconscious.

ELIZA'S knowledge of Indian medicine and surgery saved her husband's life. When his toes, frozen solid, became gangrenous, she placed his feet on a block of wood, and held the butcher's knife while Dave struck it with a hammer. Jim had to hobble around in moccasins the last nineteen years of his life. He could not wear shoes as his feet never healed up right. There was no skin to cover the bare stumps, so they had to be wrapped in cotton each day.

In 1898 I had a sore on the palm of my hand which would not heal and someone told me to go to Mrs. Wishart. In the Wishart kitchen Eliza studied the wound awhile, then with difficulty (she was not strong, and seemed quite lame) she got her "medicine bag." It was full of roots, and hung high up on a spruce log knot. After selecting the right root, she chewed it to a pulp, placed it directly on the wound, and wrapped it with buckskin. I do not remember how many treatments I had, but my hand healed and her son remarked, "It was not the roots; it was Mother's magic touch and her saliva that did the healing."

Eliza had inherited the magic of a medicine man from her ancient ancestors. She was ill most of the time that I knew her and twice Dr. H. G. MacKidd came from Calgary to see her, the last time being in early winter in 1900. Dave picked the Doc up in Gleichen; it was bitterly cold riding in the sleigh and Dave swung the whip to speed the horses. He accidentally hit the Doc on the head, but his passenger just took an extra drink from the whisky bottle, and said, "Keep going!"

Eliza passed away in the old log house on February 15, 1900, and was buried in the cemetery at Gleichen. Some of the Rosebud people attended the funeral in covered sleighs.

Jim followed her in death on July 4, 1906. (Too bad he could not have seen the railway go through his homestead—why wasn't Redland named "Wishart"?)

Jim just about lived on porridge, and in spite of all his hardships he was in good physical condition at the age of seventy-six. At times he would have a moody spell and go on a camping trip by himself for perhaps a week; this he did to look the prairies over and to commune with nature.

Gleichen was the mother town of the district for many years and the Rosebud Trail was the lifeline over which the settlers secured their supplies from 1885-1914. It was primarily an Indian hunting trail, then the whisky runners used it also the Red River carts, the freight wagons and finally men on horseback and on foot.

It was on foot that Jim Wishart started up the Rosebud and he suffered many trials and hardships while traveling its rough surface.

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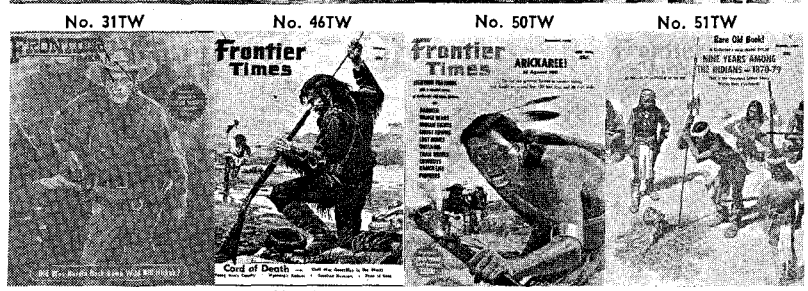

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

FOR GHOST TOWN BUFFS!

Two new handsome picture books by free-lance photographer, Lambert Florin of Portland, Oregon, make it possible for all to sit at home and look at many spectacular ghost towns of the West. Published by the Superior Publishing Company, Seattle, for $12.50 each, the two slick paper books are *Western Ghost Towns* and *Ghost Town Album.*

These are really highly illustrated western history books and each ghost town photograph comes with a sharp and copious description of past events important to the picture. A number of maps help to keep the reader located as the picture story transports him from scene to scene.

The author has a word to say about ghost town etiquette and also cues in camera bugs on film, exposures and other camera technology for those with ghost town fever.

Bruce Ramsey's *Ghost Towns of British Columbia* (Mitchell Press, Ltd., $7.50) is an attractive volume but more important, the result of much research. It is profusely illustrated and small location maps precede each of the seven parts. The author, and his family, explored most of the Ghosts and enjoyed some of the most spectacular scenery on the Continent in doing so. The photos reveal just enough of the setting of the famous old mining camps and pioneer lumber mills and sawmill towns to give one an idea of the country. The author has done a fine job in providing historical sketches of each of his subjects. Recommended.

Muriel Sibell Wolle's *Montana Pay Dirt* (Sage Books, $12.50) is a great pictorial guide to the mining camps of the Treasure State. There are 22 maps and 175 drawings by the author in this thick volume of over 400 pages—the frontispiece and the endsheet illustrations are in color. Much of the text is from the writing of the days when the camps were booming—words long hidden away in the files of old newspapers and now used to contrast the hey-days with ghosts so well depicted by Mrs. Wolle's accurate sketches. This is and is not a ghost town book. The ghost town buffs must have it as many of the mining camps of Montana are now deserted, but the olden days of some mighty lively towns receive due attention, too. There is a selected bibliography and a very good index to go with a sound text and the many fine drawings.

THIRTY TROUBLED YEARS

In July, 1963, the late President, John F. Kennedy, wrote, "Today New Mexico stands as an example of the ability of people of diverse backgrounds to live and work together in amity." These words are part of the foreword he wrote for Calvin Horn's *New Mexico's Troubled Years* (Horn and Wallace, $6). Horn's subtitle is "The Story of the Early Territorial Governors." The ten governors, beginning with James S. Calhoun and ending with General Lew Wallace, had their problems introducing democratic concepts to the mixture of Spanish, Indian and the ever increasing number of Anglo residents of the new Territory. Students of the Lincoln County War will find a fine summary in the chapters on Axtell and Wallace. However, Lincoln County was not the only hot spot in the thirty-year period and the author covers them all. Notes follow each chapter; there is a bibliography; an index; and photos of the ten governors. Recommended.

DISTINGUISHED REPRINT

Journal of a Fur-Trading Expedition on the Upper Missouri, 1812-1813 (Argosy-Antiquarian, $8.50) was first published in a limited edition by the Missouri Historical Society in 1920. That issue was edited by Stella M. Drumm who discovered that John C. Luttig, Clerk of the Missouri Fur Co., was the keeper of the *Journal.* She wrote an informative introduction and supplied numerous notes about the people mentioned in it. Luttig's diary is the only known record of a trading voyage up the Missouri during the War of 1812—this was a critical period with the British fur-traders trying to incite the Indians against the Americans. There is, of course, much on Manuel Lisa, certainly the hero of this particular expedition. This new edition has a preface and additional notes by Abraham P. Nasatir. The preface contains much biographical material on the author, Luttig. A bibliography, an index, errata, illustrations and maps add to the value of this reprint—limited to 750 copies.

INDIAN FIGHTER

U. S. Army scout, Al Sieber, fought in more Indian battles and killed more Indians than Jim Bridger, Kit Carson and Daniel Boone put together. The old scout should have equal recognition along with these other famous men, claims Dan L. Thrapp, author of the new book, *Al Sieber Chief of Scouts* (University of Oklahoma Press, $6.95).

During his life as scout, Sieber is believed to have killed fifty hostile Indians and was wounded twenty-nine times by Indian arrows, knives and bullets. He limped for many years from a bullet wound in his leg. A German immigrant, Al began his fighting career as a Civil War soldier and ended it in central Arizona thirty years later—crippled, old and abandoned. A bloodhound on the trail of bronco Apaches, Al was feared and respected by the Indians he helped the Army subdue. Recruited by General George Cook, Sieber organized the U. S. Army's famous Apache Scouts and helped capture and tame hostile Indians who raided and terrorized civilian Americans and Mexicans on both sides of the border. This nicely researched book contains much new material on Al Sieber and has a good index for the convenience of its readers. Highly recommended.

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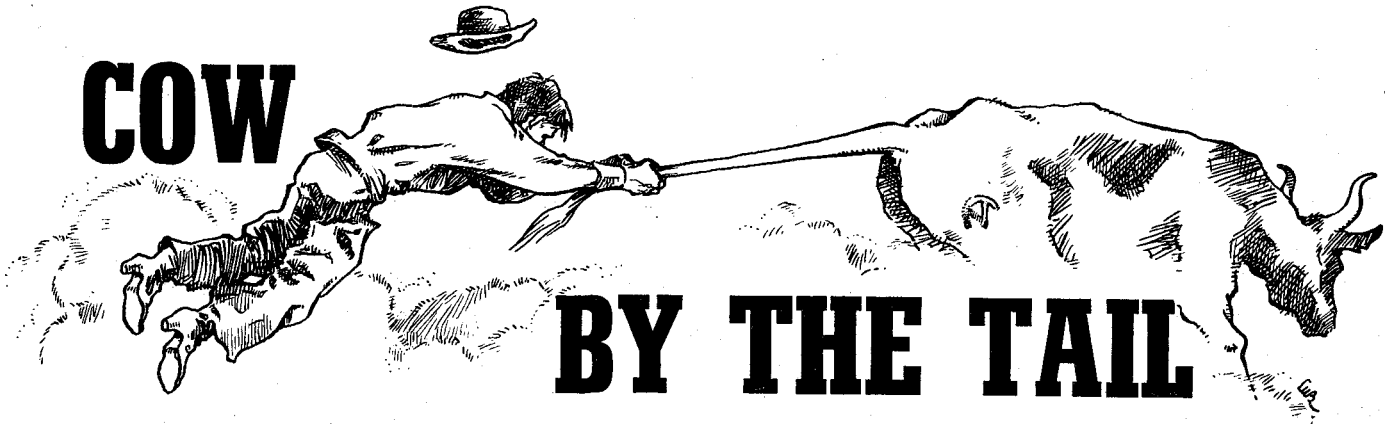

COW BY THE TAIL

A story of "cowboying"—by Jesse James Benton

BOOK BONUS

In his introduction to COW BY THE TAIL, Richard Summers says: "I have read many manuscripts of old-timers, who lived out the frontier days of the West. But I have never seen a book like this, in print or out of it, done by a living man, that gives quite such a clear cross-section of the spirit of the early West, of the way people really felt and acted and looked and talked in those rough days." He continues, "Most old-timers, writing of themselves, try to play the hero, try to exaggerate their own achievements. Part of the verity of this manuscript is Mr. Benton's ability to recognize that he was an average man in a strange, tough period, to see with a rare humor and insight the exotic average people around him . . . to present good and bad, humorous and gruesome, in the calm matter-of-fact way that these events were lived on the frontier. **Read Part I—on sale at your newsstand now in the NOVEMBER FRONTIER TIMES.**

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Other stories in this issue:

GOING TO SEA BY RAIL by Glen Warner Perrins. Lucin Cutoff has been called a marvel in railroad construction. It was also a marvel in human endurance versus the cussedness of Nature.

NATCHEZ'S PASS by Frederic Remington. In flamboyant and positive style, Indian Agent East's signature is pictured as a license to murder whites by any Apache who carried the lethal scrap of paper off the reservation.

THE OLD SQUARE DANCE by Joe Sappington. The amount of rhythm that went into your bones was in direct proportion to how much hide came off your heels!

MILLION DOLLAR GHOST TOWN by Jess Cox. Tyrone is like a lady dressed up in party clothes, waiting for guests who may not arrive.

A LONG RIDE WITH MATT WARNER by Harvey Hardy. Josh Sweat was trying to outride both the posse and the grim reaper!

THE INCORRIGIBLE PEG-LEG SMITH by Alson J. Smith. He should have been dead of wounds at thirty; hanged as a horse thief at forty; or pickled by rum at fifty. Instead, he had almost twenty more years to fight and cuss and start a legend about a lost mine that persists to this day.

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Can the Gila Monster Kill?

(Continued from page 12)

"quack" doctors and an older one arrived driving a span of bay mules to a Studebaker wagon and marketing snakeine. The older doctor, much in the same manner Owen described, had a rattlesnake to bite him on the arm. Seemingly not affected, he continued his talk as his assistant rubbed on the preparation.

An onlooker challenged him to permit an "Arizona rattler" to bite him. He consented. Within about five minutes, the man returned with a large one in a box. The doctor pulled it out, and the procedure and the results were the same as above.

When someone in the crowd produced a Gila monster, he looked at it, then, tightening a cord around his arm, let the lizard bite him on the wrist. Wright recalled the doctor toppled over and turned white, the reptile still clinging to him. His two associates put an iron bar under the lizard's neck and one on top, and with each to a side, they squeezed with their full strength before the animal turned loose. Cutting the wound, they poured on their "medicine."

Unlike Owen's report that the victim died within twelve hours, Wright said that he recovered, although "suffering seriously."

A different Wright—Professor Albert H. Wright of Cornell University—wrote me that in class lectures over a period of forty years, he would quote a statement from an authority that no one had ever died directly from the bite of a Gila monster. When challenged on this upon several occasions, it invariably turned out that the challenger was a graduate student of the University of Kansas. Two of its professors purportedly had been bitten by Gila monsters, one of whom was said to have died from the bite.

PROMPTED by this, I got in touch with the institution. From Dr. H. H. Lane, then Director of its Museum of Natural History, I learned the details. The first case pertained to Dr. F. H. Snow, a faculty member. In a paper, Dr. Snow described his own case.

While in southern Arizona, July 26, 1906, his party proceeded to break camp. In a galvanized water bucket, he placed two Gila monsters that had been taken some weeks previously. He tied a towel over the top to prevent their escape.

Dr. Snow sat with the driver of the wagon that was to carry him, with this bucket in front of him between his feet. Apparently due to the motion of the wagon, the reptiles became restless and attempted to escape by pushing their heads against the towel. Whenever the prominence caused by the upward pressure indicated the location of the head of one, Snow would force it down by a rap with the handle of the driver's whip, or with his spectacle case.

At last, he became a little careless and used his hand. In one of these unguarded moments, one of the reptiles struck the ball of his right thumb. It received six incisions, four of which were fairly deep. Blood flowed in considerable quantity. The jaws, however, did not close upon the thumb, so there was no crushing effect.

Snow sucked the blood from the wounds until one of his associates provided him with a vial of permanganate of potash, which he kept in contact with the cuts for about an hour. He stated that the thumb showed no indication of poisoning.

The other case concerned Professor L. L. Dyche, alleged to have been bitten in the Museum of Natural History while exhibiting a Gila monster to a visitor. He subsequently died, some say as a result of the bite.

A comment in a paper by Professor Bernard B. Smyth convincingly shows that he had jeopardized himself on previous occasions. From the paper, we learn that Professor Smyth in a lecture called attention to a Gila monster on exhibition and ridiculed its poisonous propensities. During the demonstration, Professor Dyche came forward and opened its mouth with his hands, "showing that the creature had no fangs," and asserting that in captivity, in a cold climate, and in hibernation, it lacked poison.

Nevertheless, there is uncertainty as to his having been bitten. It is understood that the woman who was with him when the accident supposedly happened testified that she did not see or know of it—that, if bitten at the time, he said nothing about it to her nor did she see any blood or other indication that he had been wounded. Furthermore, those most intimately associated with him in the Museum definitely maintained that he never was bitten.

Shortly after his death, the rumor was current that he committed suicide. In refutation, one of his sons told Dr. Lane that his "father never wanted to die."

ON August 16, 1915, a Gila monster bite—followed by death—took place in Los Angeles which attracted the attention of several widely diversified agencies. The five contemporary newspapers of the city featured it, no two agreeing in all of the details, however.

They quoted a number of the leading physicians of the community, including the late Dr. T. Perceval Gerson, who said that the condition of the victim's health was such that it was impossible for the body to "throw off" the effects of the poison. He told me that he was willing to accept the statement that he made then, although, as he pointed out, it was but a conjecture on his part.

John Edwin Hogg, at the time a police reporter on the now defunct *Los Angeles Evening Express*, informed me that he saw the victim and noted particularly his calmness.

Dr. Tracey I. Storer, now with the University of California, reported the case in the *Bulletin of the Antivenin Institute of America*. I learned from him that all the details that he had were included in the published article.

Subsequently, there was a hearing before the California Industrial Accident Commission. Since then, the bite has been related with numerous interpolations in magazines and books.

It seems that a spieler named Louis E. Merritt—but known professionally under the aliases of "Poison-Proof Peruvian," "Poison-Proof Pete of Paraguay" and Louie E. Debnaire (variously spelled Debonnaire, Debennaire)—was employed at an amusement place on Los Angeles' Main Street. One day to lure a crowd, he held a Gila monster in his right hand, at intervals tapping it on its nose with his left to induce it to open its mouth.

Momentarily, his attention was distracted by a question from a bystander. On striking down, the index finger of his left hand dropped into the creature's mouth. It clamped down, and released its hold only after two fellow employees had seized and forced apart its jaw.

For treatment, an effort was made to obtain a hypodermic syringe. This failing, the man was taken to the Los An-

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geles Receiving Hospital. Storer stated that the patient arrived there about fifteen minutes after the bite. The doctor immediately applied a tourniquet to the left arm to stop the flow of blood toward the heart.

An examination showed two small cuts —about a half-inch apart and each one-eighth inch in length—on the palmar surface of the distal and middle phalanges of the left index finger. The physician injected potassium permanganate solution rather freely into the bitten finger around the bites and elsewhere, believing it better to run the risk of losing the finger than administering an amount too small to be effective.

Fifteen minims of digalen (a digitalis preparation) was given as a heart stimulant, and then thirty-seven ounces of warm normal saline together with fifteen minims of adrenalin were administered by intravenous injection in the right arm. Also, a deep hypodermic of 1/120 grain atropin was given.

About this time, the patient gave a big convulsion and fell back. The application of stimulants proved of no avail. He rallied, only to gasp a few times, and then died—about fifty-one minutes after the bite.

Concerning further clinical data, Storer reported that upon entering the hospital the patient displayed a tremor similar to that observable in typhoid fever. His color at the time was normal. Shortly before the end, his lips, then his entire face, became blue, and when he died he was cyanotic generally. While under treatment, the patient remained calm and answered a number of questions put by the physician.

IN THE hearing before the California Industrial Accident Commission, brought to secure compensation for the widow and one minor child, a number of points of interest were produced:

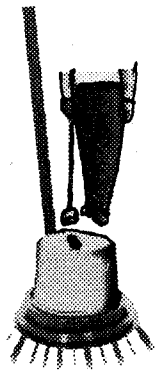
The possibility of an air embolus having developed at the time of the intravenous injection of the saline solution and having been the cause of death was brought up by the attending physician. He answered his own query by stating he had taken pains to prevent formation of an embolus.

The proprietors of the amusement place, the defendant, contended that the accident did not happen in the course of employment. The Commission found, however, that the use of the reptile was for the legitimate purpose of drawing the crowd to the show and therefore was in the course of—and arose out of—the employment.

Next it was claimed that the deceased was guilty of wilful misconduct in that the manager of the show had forbidden anyone to handle the reptile. "But it appeared," according to the report, "that the reason for the order was not that of danger to the person but of possible injury to the animal; and as a matter of fact the prohibition was not enforced, and the handling of the reptile by deceased was acquiesced in after he had pointed out that it would be a drawing card.

"As to the issue that the bite of the 'Gila monster' is not poisonous, upon which there is a conflict of authority, the fact that death followed so rapidly upon the bite, with other symptoms of poisoning, was found to warrant the decision that the bite was the proximate cause of the fatal result." Because of these conclusions, the applicant was awarded a death benefit.

In regard to other factors, Storer



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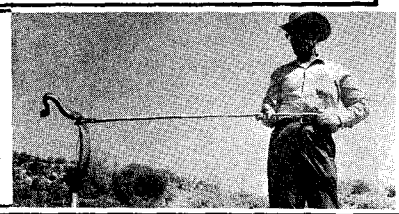

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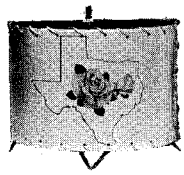

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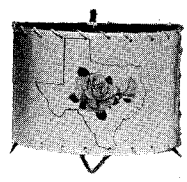

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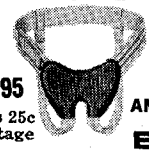

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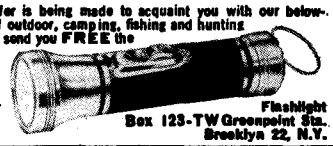

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stated that during the hearing, witnesses testified that the deceased indulged in liquor, sometimes to excess. It was asserted, however, that he had imbibed no undue amount immediately prior, or subsequent to, being bitten. Some said that he had suffered from a weak heart, but both he and two or more of the witnesses had been bitten previously by Gila monsters, and none had suffered much.

Finally, Storer mentioned that a Virgil W. Owen followed up the case independently after the death and was told that the victim was a drug addict. This was the same Owen who supplied me with one of two reports concerning the bogus doctor who hawked snakeine. I learned that Owen lived in Julian, California, and I drove there from Los Angeles and interviewed him, at which time I obtained his version of the case of the quack doctor, as well as the account of his investigation into the case of the spieler for the amusement place.

He explained that at the time he, in collaboration with Dr. Carlton Fall, was gathering notes on snake venom. This case aroused their attention and they requested a post-mortem examination from the hospital, but were refused. From the symptom chart shown them, however, they concluded that shock played an important part in Merritt's death and that he habitually used drugs.

A more recent case that had some aspects of the above was detailed to me by the late Charles L. Evans, longtime reptile collector of Phoenix, Arizona, and himself on the receiving end of eight bites by Gila monsters. He visited the scene a few hours after the incident, interviewed a party who saw it, and talked with the attending doctor.

His report differed only in minor details from an account which appeared in the *Arizona Republic* of Phoenix for April 29, 1930, which told of the bite that occurred the previous day in nearby Casa Grande. The news story went:

"Tom Reap, 62 years old, proprietor of the Moore pool hall, died at 12:20 o'clock this noon in the Casa Grande hospital, two hours after he had been bitten by a Gila monster. The attending physician said last night that he would give 'poisoning from a Gila monster bite' as the cause of death in submitting the death certificate.

"Mr. Reap was playing with the animal in the pool hall when he was bitten. The animal had been brought into the hall by one of the patrons and several were standing around looking it over and discussing it when Mr. Reap appeared. He began tapping it on the nose, witnesses said, and upon being cautioned replied:

" 'Oh, it wouldn't hurt you even if it did bite.'

"The reptile snapped at Mr. Reap, scratching one of his fingers, those present declared. But Mr. Reap, they said, continued to tap the animal on the nose. They said that suddenly it snapped again and this time sunk its teeth deeply into Mr. Reap's thumb. It required five minutes to get the reptile loose, the men finally succeeding with the aid of a pair of pliers.

"In the meantime Reap became unconscious.

"He was taken to the Casa Grande hospital where he was given immediate care. He regained consciousness but his condition was weak and all further efforts to save him proved futile. He again lapsed into unconsciousness and died at 12:20 o'clock."

Most of my 183 case histories involved men, but a few victims were women, and fewer still, children. The case of a child came from a published article in 1934 by Daniel P. Mannix.

A small boy, afflicted with a weak heart combined with lung trouble, found a Gila monster as he played on a hill with an Indian boy near an Arizona village. In beating it with a stick, the child inadvertently got between it and its hole. Although it passed between his feet, in an effort to escape he fell heavily upon it. The reptile bit into the bare calf of the leg, penetrating an artery. The Indian fled.

The boy tried to loosen its grip, but failed. Terrified, he staggered bareheaded in the hot sun toward his home, the lizard clinging to him. At the outskirts of town, it dropped off. An hour after reaching the house the boy died.

My final case pertains to seventy-four-year-old Frank Weinberg of Los Angeles, a reptile collector, who allegedly died from the bite of a Mexican beaded lizard in 1940. The local newspapers carried the story.

This was not the first time, however, that he had been bitten by *Heloderma*. The late Dr. Howard R. Hill of the Los Angeles County Museum informed me that, prior to this, he witnessed a reptile show during which Weinberg was bitten on the left hand. The member swelled, but the collector did not resort to any remedial measures. Pain endured for several days.

In reference to the fatal bite, Carroll Thorp, associated with Weinberg, explained to me that Weinberg was exhibiting a Mexican beaded lizard in Los Angeles when a query from the crowd distracted his attention and it bit him on the right hand. He was taken to a hospital, where Thorp visited him.

Thorp told me that his legs became paralyzed and he could not use his right arm. Blisters appeared within the region of the affected part. After six or seven weeks of suffering, he died.

So there you have it—ten deaths supposedly resulting from the bites of Gila monsters and Mexican beaded lizards. A conclusion comes from Charles M. Bogert and Rafael Martín del Campo, whose "The Gila Monster and Its Allies," a Bulletin of The American Museum of Natural History, frequently refers to my investigations and credits me in the acknowledgments.

They said, "To ascribe every death reported to the victim's having had a 'weak heart,' or to his having been a chronic alcoholic or drug addict may help to explain the physician's failure to save the victim's life. But if it be realized that a relatively small quantity of venom can result in the death of a human being, no rationalization is necessary.

"A man on the gallows may have suffered from a large number of ailments, but the immediate cause of his death is the rope that happens to be around his neck when he can no longer resist the forces of gravity as the support beneath his feet is withdrawn."

The Town The Ghosts Forgot

(Continued from page 36)

working at the Sacramento mine alone. Scattered throughout the mountainside were numerous other cabins and small mines.

One quarter-mile past the town at timberline were, and are, more cabins and mines. One cabin has one of its rooms built directly over the shaft. If one drops

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a rock down the shaft, it cannot be heard to hit bottom.

Up there where the whistling wind and driving snow can make life miserable in the winter, a unique type of insulation was used. The men living on this bleak mountainside had built strong, sturdy cabins, then had piled rocks, roof high, on the outside of all four walls. This rock insulation was as much as two or three feet thick.

Before the mine was into real production, three of the original owners, Mullen, Leduc and Birdzell, sold their interests for $45,000 to a Thomas S. Brown. The following months the papers reported, "This is a bonanza!" Also, by that time, in addition to the boarding house and company buildings, there was a large ore house, assay office, and blacksmith shop in the town.

In its first two months of operation in 1879, more than $10,000 worth of ore had been removed. By July, 1880, after one year of operation, the paper reported that the monthly production of the mine was running $20,000 to $25,000 and the cost of operations was only averaging $5,000.

There are no records of violence occurring in the town. It seemed to be a group of hard-working people. Women lived there, and there were several families. A woman ran the boarding house, and there are records of a Mrs. J. S. King having a claim near the town. This was called the Snowdrift Lode.

In March, 1880, Mrs. King was having ill luck and the claims were doing her no good. Dwelle, who still retained an interest in the Sacramento, offered her $1,500 for the cabin. She decided to accept, and they drove out to the lode to look it over before making the transfer final. They arrived just after one of the miners hit good ore. The sale was called off.

The caverns in the area also made the news. One miner followed some chipmunks into a hole and found a cave. The rubble of rocks on the cave floor assayed high in silver. Another time, miners broke through to a funnel-shaped shaft that appeared to go straight down. One worker volunteered to be lowered into the hole. After 150 feet of rope had been played out, he still couldn't see bottom. By dropping a rock and counting the time it took to hit the bottom, he estimated it to be another 150 feet deep.

One account describes huge rooms with stalactites and stalagmites. Miners were continually running into small rooms or pockets in the mountain. Many such caves went unexplored in the rush for silver. Now the mines have collapsed and those with yawning holes hide rotting timbers.

In June, 1880, the old dump of the Sacramento mine was sold to the smelter and it averaged 100 ounces to the ton. There were an estimated 100 tons in the dump. By July, 1880, the Sacramento mine was reported to have exhausted an ore body that had produced $100,000 in six months.

In spite of all this activity, the town has become lost to the world. Its story is buried under the more colorful ones of the area. Due to its inaccessibility, it will continue to enjoy its retirement in the peace and quiet of Colorado's Mosquito Range.

The author found a mention of Sacramento in only one book of recent publication, and this mention was a four-line paragraph. On the strength of this one item, four trips were made into the area before the town was located in the heavy

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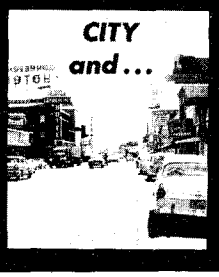

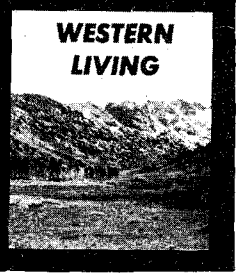

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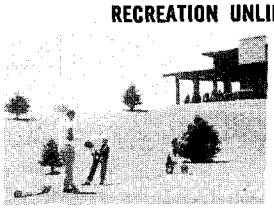

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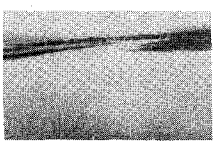

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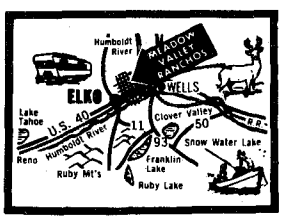

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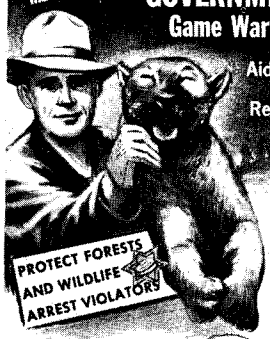

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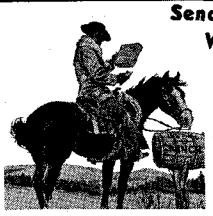

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timber of the high country. Even a retired forest ranger who had been assigned to the district for many years did not know of its existence.

With this article, the story of Sacramento is being told to the public for the first time in this century.

The Yocum Silver Dollar

(Continued from page 19)

ALL went well with this "Ozark Money" until the Government started laying out counties and surveying section lines. The settlers were told they would have to homestead their land and pay a filing fee. One of them presented the Yocum trade coins at the Springfield office, and although they were refused, the Government agent is said to have sent a sample to Washington for examination, where it was found to contain more grains of pure silver than the United States dollar. The Yocums were never arrested for counterfeiting.

Many times a fur trader, hunter or early settler would try to follow the Yocums in hopes of finding the location of the mine. When the Yocums went hunting or fishing, neighbors and even their own family thought they were going to the silver mine. Some believed the mine was at or near the mouth of James River, where it emptied into the White. It was commonly known that Indians had lived there during the early 1800s.

In 1846 or 1847 a tragedy occurred in the history of the Yocums' Mine. One night the mine caved in and it was presumed that Jim Yocum and his wife were buried inside it. A hole was left about fifteen feet deep and over twenty feet across. The two remaining brothers realized that it would be impossible to dig Jim out before he had starved to death if he had not been killed instantly. Perhaps they were also afraid that the mine might cave in on themselves. At any rate, they made a decision that morning to let the secret of the silver mine stay buried with their brother.

The secret entrance from the cellar into the mine was secured, then the boys reported the disappearance of Jim and their sister-in-law to their wives. It was suggested that they had gone hunting that morning before the others were up, and would soon return. By late evening, the two brothers and some of their sons had gone to look for them. James and Soloman—grieving and knowing full well that they would not find them where they were looking—looked hard anyway, hoping that by some miracle the two could still be alive.

IN 1848, news reached the Ozarks of the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill in California. The remaining Yocums were adventurous and decided to try their fortunes in the West. These Yocums never came back to the James and White River country.

One of the sons, who had helped look for his uncle years before, was told by his father on his deathbed, what had happened to his Uncle Jim. He never returned to the Ozarks either, but he told his own son the story.

In 1958 or 1959 this son returned with a map that his father had drawn from the description given him by the grandfather. The drawing showed and described the cabins, probably destroyed long ago by settlers who came after the Yocums had gone. Another thing about the map that seemed to be of value was the distance and description of the cave-in from the bottom of the narrow hollow. His father had told him about the little river that goes north from the big river and said this was the place where his grandfather and his two brothers lived for a while with the Indians.

He was to follow the little river to the first creek, then east on this creek to the spring that comes out of the mountain with a big noise. Then he would find the silver cave over the mountain east from the spring in a dry "holler" that ran off from the same creek. He had been told that there was a little lake north and west of the cave where his grandfather's brother had fought with the man named Ruth, and that if he went up the wrong draw he would come to the little lake which was two miles north and a little west of the mine.

As another check point he was told that the silver mine was five or six miles due north of a steep rock bluff on the big river. After considerable exploring (and assuming that it could have been covered by the rising waters of the new, man-made Table Rock Lake), Yocum found the present location and concluded that this could, according to the information he had, be it. He attempted, without success, to buy the farm that he thought held the mine.

He then sold the crude map and this story to the present landowner for a small sum of money. The latter had some doubt about the story and was always short of money, so it was not until the summer of 1963 that excavation of the mine was started.

Several interesting bits of evidence were unearthed during the digging. At two different locations in the shaft, the remains of rotted logs were obvious. A few skeptics were on hand during the digging operation but doubts began to fade as the excavation progressed and Indian arrowheads were found.

More money was spent than had been set aside for this purpose. Discouraging moments came when rains caused additional cave-ins into the newly excavated hole. Additional money was borrowed in order to put a steel cribbing in the shaft to prevent similar delays. The lost Yocum Silver Mine seems to have been found at last, and the entrance is expected to be uncovered this year.

Land Of Shalam

(Continued from page 43)

Court reversed a lower court's decision against him in a case brought by the Goodyear Company which owned the patent on the material then used for making false teeth.

In the '70s, Dr. Newbrough became interested in the wave of spiritualism that was sweeping the country and found that he possessed unusual psychic powers. He became a lecturer and founded several colonies of fellow-believers in the East. The voices of the spirit world commanded him to buy a typewriter and then dictated a fantastic history of world religions, called *OAHSPE*, which was to become the Faithist Bible.

Three thousand copies of this book, called the world's most extraordinary example of automatic writing, were published in 1882, a second edition in 1891. The name, according to Dr. Newbrough, is Paneric, meaning earth, sky, and spirit. Paneric, he said, is a dead language, known only in the spirit world. It originated on the continent of Pan which once lay between Japan and North America, extending from Australia to the Bering Sea. Pan was submerged by floods 24,000 years ago, he said. Many

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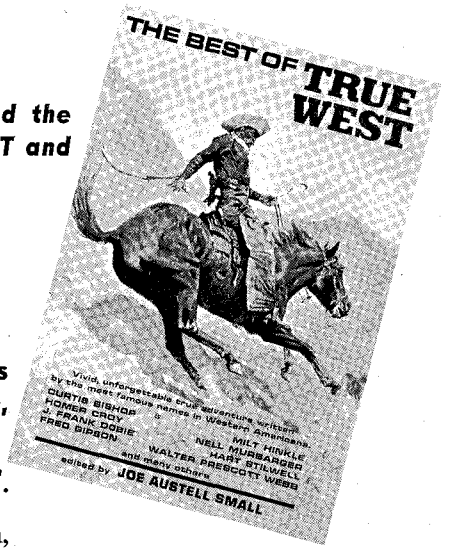

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sections of *OAHSPE* are written in Paneric and the entire book shows a strong Oriental influence.

OAHSPE prescribes a vegetarian diet, recognizes one supreme Creator, Jehovih (sic), urges world citizenship, eternal peace, and equal sharing of wealth. There would then be no need for governments, laws, leaders or preachers.

DR. NEWBROUGH and several of the children died in a flu epidemic which hit the Shalam colony in 1891. Andrew Howland, a well-to-do wool merchant, formerly a Quaker, had been associated with Dr. Newbrough in the founding of the colony. He had been commuting between New Mexico and his New Bedford, Massachusetts, home and business. On news of the doctor's death, he gave up his secure, comfortable New England existence and took over active management of the Shalam colony.

Dr. Newbrough was a handsome man —six feet, four inches tall, weighing 275 pounds—and a forceful speaker, who had attracted converts by his dynamic, almost hypnotic personality. Andrew Howland was not so dynamic, but was even more sincerely dedicated to the project. So long as he had it, he spared neither his money nor his physical energy for Shalam's success.

Howland built a huge reservoir and irrigation system, powered by eight windmills. He planted more orchards and gardens, imported a pure-bred dairy herd from Wisconsin, and bought a flock of several thousand chickens. He sold butter, eggs, and milk (pasteurized in Shalam's own plant) in the neighboring cities of Las Cruces and El Paso.

When he found that laborers were being charged high prices for commodities, he put in a community store where food and clothing were sold at cost. For families who wanted to live together, he built an adobe village, which he called Levitica, allotting, with each house, land for cultivation.

Levitica was one of Howland's first mistakes. The colonists quarreled and refused to help themselves. They let 1,000 chickens freeze in one night. Some of the livestock were stolen. Precious water leaked out of cracks in the wooden irrigation ditches. Orchards and gardens withered and died from lack of water and care. Howland eventually sent them away with prepaid railroad fares and spending money.

Before long, the school had to be closed for lack of help; and the children, sent to public schools, enjoyed the freer life of the outside world. A couple of the older girls eloped. Other youngsters rebelled against the hard work and strange rites of the colony.

In 1901, after arranging for the legal return of the property to himself, Howland placed twenty-one of the twenty-five children under fourteen years of age then at Shalam, in orphanages and private homes. Booker T. Washington is said to have taken one bright Negro boy.

Howland peddled dairy products, vegetable foods, cookies and potato chips in Las Cruces to keep the home going for the four remaining children. On November 30, 1907, he gave up, locked the doors of Shalam, and moved away.

THERE WAS a woman behind the Shalam colony, too. Mrs. Frances Van de Water Sweet, a young divorcee, came with the founding group in 1884, bringing with her an eight-months-old daughter, Justine. She married Dr. Newbrough in Faithist rites, September 28, 1887, and then married Andrew Howland, June 25, 1893, after Valley residents had spread much gossip about "free love" in the colony. She was the one constant influence in the colony and is known as the "Mother of Shalam."

The Shalam lands were sold in 1908 for $60,000. The Howlands went to California for a couple of years but returned to make their home in El Paso, where Mr. Howland died in 1917, at the age of eighty-three. Mrs. Howland died in 1922. Justine, using the pen name of Jone Howlind (sic), worked for an El Paso newspaper. Now eighty, she is reported to be living in Los Angeles and is grandmother to eight or nine offspring of her three children.

When Shalam was closed, Justine moved the body of her father, Dr. Newbrough, from the plot on the colony grounds which had been used as a burial place, to the Masonic Cemetery in Las Cruces. In 1952, a group of Faithists placed a granite monument on the grave, honoring the founder of the cult.

All that remains today are the children's home, recently used to house farm laborers, and the schoolhouse which was remodeled for a barn. The bell from the Temple of Tae was donated to Our Lady of Purification Church in Dona Ana and now calls Catholics to worship.

Residents of Dona Ana recall that the Shalam grounds were used for concerts, dances and picnics for several years after the Howlands vacated the colony. Gradually, through disuse and vandalism, the buildings fell into ruins. Fire ravaged the beautiful Fraternum and it was razed about fifteen years ago.

The original acreage of 1,200 shrank to 900 after floods from the Rio Grande

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in the early 1900s washed away land along the shores. The Howlands sold it in 1908 to an agricultural syndicate. Since then, the land has passed through a succession of owners, being gradually cut up into smaller farms.

Now and then, in deep-plowing the fields, present-day owners dig up pieces of the pipes that carried water from the Shalam reservoir to the buildings. With irrigation from Elephant Butte Dam, the site of the unusual Shalam experiment now grows some of the finest cotton and alfalfa in the Mesilla Valley. Dr. Newbrough prophesied eighty years ago that it would someday "blossom like the rose."

Shalam is a memory, but the Faithist cult lives on among scattered groups in various parts of the world—England, South Africa, Japan—and in numerous states in America. The Faithists communicate with each other through a newsletter. They follow a vegetarian diet and the precepts of *OAHSPE*, hoping that someday their beliefs will be universally accepted, when "the existing religions of the world are but myths."

Pete Kitchen's Road of Dead Men

(Continued from page 8)

only thing gained was to place her in a horizontal position and bury her again.

"On the other hand, Cochise and Victorio planned their raids like generals, with so many warriors delegated to fight while the others ran off the stock. When they had prisoners, they staked them near nests of red ants, placed treacle in their mouths and ears and let the ants finish them."

Pete's last living neighbors on the *Camino de los Muertos* were the Wrights. They had held off numerous raids and in so doing had collected a few scalps, worth $5.00 each in Tucson. One day when the old man and his sons were in town selling the trophies and drinking whiskey, Cochise struck, killing and scalping Mrs. Wright and two ranchhands.

Lacking iron in their souls, the three men deserted the homestead and came to live at *El Potrero*, seeking safety in numbers. "We've got room for three able-bodied men here," Kitchen told them, "but if I were in your place I'd never let them Injuns drive me off. I'd keep a lookout at all times, and lay for them."

Soon after, feeling that they were safe, the trio went back to the home place by night to pick up some personal belongings. The Opatas found them the next morning, minus scalps, at the edge of Pete's oat field. They were buried with Dona Rosa's prayers over them, and a definite opinion from Kitchen.

"I don't think God loves ugly," he told Dona Rosa, "and no man should ever have come to this country unless he was willing to kill or be killed. The minute you give in an inch you are lost. The Apaches lose respect for you if you are a coward. These men managed to collect three scalps and to sell them, and in so doing lost six of their own. There's no profit in that."

ALONG in the latter Seventies Pete began to age. Dona Rosa and Ronquillo noticed it first. He had always been the moving force at *El Potrero*, but now he began to lie out under the cottonwoods he had planted in the Fifties.

He hardly realized that he was top man in Arizona and that danger was receding from Arizona life, until one day he stood upon the roof looking from the barricade. Manuel was with him, and the two saw a large band of Apaches on horseback skirting the far side of the hill upon which Pete had killed the lookout many years before.

"What's wrong with them Apaches?" he asked his foreman. "They act like they are scared of something."

"They are scared, Don Pedro," the foreman told him. "They've had enough of *El Potrero*. Only last week old Victorio led a band of three hundred warriors past the hill. They always stay on the other side; they don't like Sharps rifles. I'm afraid they'll leave us alone from now on."

"I'm afraid, too," said Pete.

Ronquillo later reported to his kinsman, Verdugo, "When Don Pedro looked at me he had changed into an old man. He said to me, 'What will we do now, Manuel?' and I hold him, 'We'll raise hogs and sheep and hay and grain without being bothered by Apaches. No more hogs and chickens running wild, full of arrows'."

"Well, I'm glad for the Opatas," Pete told his foreman. "We've had to bring in a score of replacements each year."

To Francisco Verdugo Pete transmitted his real thoughts. "Them Injuns are as bad as the Wrights," he said. "They give up too easy. We've only been fighting them twenty-five years, an' they holler quits!"

When the Southern Pacific railroad paralleled the *Camino de los Muertos*, Pete decided that it was time to quit. "We can't shoot the Injuns just for ridin' by the hill," he told Ronquillo, and sold the ranch and held a three-day festival. During that interval the place looked more like a sprawling town than a fortress against Apaches.

For himself, at two in the morning of the last night, he walked out into the moonlight into the little graveyard. He stopped when he came to the little mound of stones under which lay his greatest sacrifice to the Indians. Little Santiaguito would have been a *guerrero* had he been allowed to live a little longer.

"Hell-a-mighty!" the old warrior told the stones. "Why did the red skunks have to kill him? Now is when I need him."

He turned to meet Dona Rosa, who had followed him, and she took his arm and said, "Pedro, it is God's will." She had prayed over the shattered body of the Apache lookout that Pete's Sharps had reached 500 yards to carry his revenge.

Pete moved on Tucson *en masse*. A hundred Opatas and Sonoran Mexicans escorted him into the town that he had helped grow from a walled presidio to a wild western city replete even to theatres and ballrooms. The people watched the man at the head of the wagon caravan and men remarked one to another, "That's Pete Kitchen, who killed more Apaches than any other man who ever lived. He is the best rifle shot in Arizona."

"He lost his only son, but his bravery saved the lives of hundreds," said the women, "and but for him we wouldn't be here today." The streets were all named for friends who had died along his road, and Pete squinted to read them as he rode along.

He would have blushed if he had heard the remarks concerning himself, for Pete had never sought any limelight, but instead had battled to hold his property rights. No man would ever know the details of hundreds of his sorties against Apaches and outlaws, because he had always been reticent in telling of them.

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Teresa Ronquillo Masi stands in Pete's cemetery. Arrow indicates the grave of Santiaguito.

But the people knew he had whipped the Apaches to a standstill in southern Arizona. He had been the champion, but he knew now that he was only a monument to a bloody age. His feet rested on his old Sharps as he rode along, nodding to right and left, and little boys called to one another, "Mr. Kitchen is moving to town." The boys hadn't read any dime novels; the hero was right here with them.

DESPITE the inroads of the Indians, Pete had accumulated a fortune and when he sold out, he banked a cool $100,000, which made him possibly the richest man in Arizona. After he had purchased his home his days were spent in making investments which usually failed, and in drinking and gambling. If a theatre program pleased him, he threw gold upon the stage as if he were a Croesus.

When Ronquillo visited him and remonstrated on his generosity, and reminded him that hard-won money shouldn't be thrown away, Pete told him, "Manuel, you know I have to be doing something. I'm as unhappy about it as you are, and would much rather be kneeling down behind the parapet shooting Apaches, or hanging a hoss-thief."

Pete usually went unarmed in a town where everyone else bulged with firearms. For one thing, he didn't trust the efficiency of six-shooters and the Sharps was too conspicuous to carry around in the streets. This led him into his last frontier adventure.

He was playing poker in Fred Maish's Palace Saloon with Jeff Milton, who was Marshal of Tucson, and another man when a young, heavily armed Californian asked to be dealt into the game.

Pete, for a change, was on a winning streak, and readily agreed. He kept on winning until finally the newcomer accused him of cheating and sprang to his feet and placed his hand on his revolver. Jeff Milton was quick, and seized his gun hand and at the same time shoved his own .45 into the young fellow's belly, exclaiming, "You are a damned fool! Don't you see that this man is unarmed? Do you want to hang?"

Pete shoved his chair back and got to his feet. "I'll go and get a gun," he told the would-be badman, "and when I come back we'll settle this business about cheatin'." So saying, he left by the front door of the saloon.

"Now, do you know what's going to happen?" asked Milton. "Do you know who that man is? That's Pete Kitchen, and he'll blow you to hell with a Sharps rifle!"

Milton said later, "That young cock turned as pale as a ghost and exclaimed, 'My God, was that little man Pete Kitchen? I'll just get my horse and move out of here!' He didn't even look back as he went."

As soon as the hard loser left the place, Pete came in by the side door. He had no gun, and told the Marshal, "Thanks, Jeff. I couldn't have shot that boy. He's neither an Apache nor a horse thief, so far as I know. A six-shooter is no match for a Sharps, anyway." For handling the situation so diplomatically he presented the Marshal with a fine new shotgun on the following day.

Old Pete Kitchen, the master of the Apaches, died on August 5, 1895. By then his fortune had been pretty well dissipated, but the newspapers reported that he had the largest funeral ever known in Tucson. This would not have affected him much had he known of it, for Pete had never heard of that mythical character, the "empire builder," yet he had been one.

He would have appreciated the sign, however, that Manuel erected behind his headstone. It read, *"Don Pedro, muy valiente, muy bueno con rifle."* The Road of Dead Men had paid off at last.

Andy Adams, Author

(Continued from page 21)

Russell and Charles Craig the best painters of the life of the West. Craig's portrait of Adams hangs in the Colorado Room of the Colorado Springs Library.

After living for twenty years in the St. James Hotel, Adams moved, in 1915, to a room at the Alamo Hotel, near the El Paso County Courthouse.

He wrote and, when he needed respite from his typewriter, lounged around on the benches of the courthouse plaza with his cronies. His success was small and Adams became somewhat bitter about the continued popularity of the trite and untrue "westerns" which continued to find publishers and which, after the advent of the motion pictures, earned huge fortunes for their writers, while his own work languished.

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caveman tactics of lovers," Andy Adams remained a minor writer.

FOR two years, from 1920 to 1922, Adams left Colorado Springs and lived in Kentucky. He tried to absorb the atmosphere of the bluegrass country and wrote several stories about the area, but could not capture the essence of the life in the East that he had successfully portrayed of the West. He returned to his room at the Alamo Hotel and his writing of the life of the cattle country.

His short stories from this period were published in 1956 under the title, *Why The Chisholm Trail Forks*, edited by Wilson M. Hudson, and published by the University of Texas Press.

In 1927, when Adams was sixty-eight, Houghton Mifflin brought out *Ranch on the Beaver* which was a sequel to *Wells Brothers, the Young Cattle Kings*.

He began work on another novel entitled *Army Beef*, but never finished it.

That same year the bank in Columbia City, Indiana, failed and one of the depositors was Andy Adams. He lost $700 which he could ill afford, since it is estimated that the royalties from his books brought him about $100 a year. Some of his livelihood was earned from lecture fees and selling stocks, but there was not enough to cover burial expenses upon his death in 1935.

One of the few honors accorded Andy Adams during his life was the dedication of the Colorado Springs Quill Club's annual publication to him in 1930, when he was also named an honorary member of the writer's group.

He was without funds in 1935 when he applied for admittance to Stratton House, a charitable institution at Colorado Springs, but died on September 26, 1935, before he could be admitted. He was seventy-six. His nephew, Andrew T. Adams, arranged for his burial in the Masonic plot at Evergreen Cemetery.

"There was some talk of a huge monument," his nephew says, "but Andy would not have wanted it. He would have liked recognition for his writing while he was alive, not a monument upon his death."

At the funeral, a young woman approached Andrew and told him that she and the writer were very close and had planned to marry. "It was obvious that she didn't know Andy Adams very well. He wasn't the marrying kind. But, perhaps many people thought he had become a wealthy man from his writing."

Such thought was far from the fact.

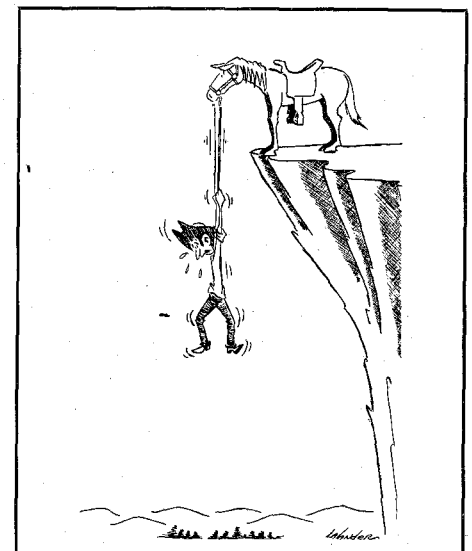
"Andy had original Russell paintings on the walls of his hotel room not long before his death. They were gone when I gathered up his 'bedroll' . . . probably sold so that he could live without charity," his nephew says.

"Andy Adams would have kept Russell's painting until there was nothing left to do, except sell them or die. He remained true to the West until his last breath."

Editor's Note: The following tribute was written by J. Frank Dobie and printed in the *Dallas Morning News* a few days after Adams' death.

ANDY ADAMS
Man and Chronicler

THE other day, on September 26, there died out in Colorado Springs, Colorado, the dean and chief of all writers of the Texas cowboy tradition, Andy Adams. He was seventy-six years old; he had never married, and for the last fifteen years of his life he lived in a garret



"That was a nice stop. Now back up!"

room of a hotel that, though old-fashioned, like him had character and quietude. . . . He gave the world the most faithful and illuminating portrayal of cowboys during the era of trail driving that has ever been written.

It seems to me that I have known Andy Adams nearly all my life, for before I was born, a trail-driving uncle of mine—Uncle Frank Byler—used to "run" with him in Dodge City, trading horses and not neglecting other pastimes of what was then the cowboy capital of the world. While I was yet a boy, Andy Adams came back to Texas, having then been out in Colorado for some years, to see Uncle Frank and soak up material for his writing. A man of huge frame, he would sit for hours out on the gallery at night or after noonday dinner, saying little but listening to other people talk, no doubt taking mental note of phrases and facts connected with the range business.

My mother, seconded by my father, was always careful of what her children read; and it was her opinion, I think, that all books about cowboys belonged to the "blood and thunder" class. Anyhow, I had no chance to read Andy Adams until I was at that age when a man is supposed to be grown. And I did not get to know Andy Adams personally, although I had seen him as a boy and for years had corresponded with him, until I visited him in Colorado Springs in January, 1934.

I went out with him to a cabin for a kind of chuckwagon dinner that he enjoyed immensely and was with him at two special dinners. I found that, although he was given to reminiscences and anecdotes about characters, he cared little to talk about himself. He had a quiet, mellow sense of humor. He combined generosity with a certain impersonality and, although free and easy, maintained a reserve—a reserve more dignified than forbidding—that affection could break through. He impressed me more as a good man and a lonely man than as a man of greatness. There was a charm in his lack of sophistication but he was not uncouth. In him was a deep strain of tenderness and he felt much that was foreign to the men he daily talked with. Immediately after I got on the train that left him behind, I wrote down the chief points that I could remember out of our association. They follow:

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He told me that as a boy he left Indiana for Arkansas and there he worked in a lumber mill. There he saw trains loaded with Texas horses going through, and resolved to go to Texas. A short time after he got to Texas he was in Austin and saw the cornerstone for the Capitol laid.

He drifted down into the lower country and began fooling with horses. He drove horses up the trail several times; cattle once. He stayed all summer once in Caldwell with Uncle Frank Byler, in some hotel. After the trail days he was a merchant in Rockport, Texas, for two years. Then he went to Colorado and was at Cripple Creek. About 1894 he settled in Colorado Springs, where he stayed the remainder of his life except for two years, when he was in Kentucky acting as paymaster for an oilman who "understood that I could keep my money separate from his."

AS FOR anecdotes, he told me that one time in a California hotel he heard two cowmen talking and one alluded to a poker steer. Then he wrote the story of the "Poker Steer." "Sigermann's Per Cent" was a real phrase also. These are stories in *Cattle Brands*.

One time in Dodge City Andy Adams heard Shanghai Pierce bellowing out, "Here I can get a room with a bed in it and towel and water for two-bits and they are charging twenty cents for a standing room for a steer in a dirty, open pen."

At supper at Mrs. Meredith Hare's, the last plate came in with a bowl of water in it sitting on another plate. Andy did not know what to do with so many plates. Neither did I, but I watched the hostess, who was graciousness personified. Andy did not watch her. She had to instruct him.

"I was raised in a cow camp. You will have to show me about these things," he said.

There are two paintings of him in the Colorado Springs courthouse—one by Craig.

He knew Alfred H. Lewis, Emerson Hough, Charlie Siringo and most of the other Western writers of the old school. He admired Charles M. Russell as the greatest of all Western artists, and about the only adornment in his room was a print that Russell had given him.

Andy Adams could not create a woman character and he was not sensational, but as nobody else he has caught the phrase and flavor of the range men.

An easy intimacy with the life shows on every page that Andy Adams wrote. His cowboys sometimes drink "taratula juice," play poker, race horses, shoot out the lights and now and then kill some scoundrel that needs killing, but at their best they are sitting around the campfire and yarning. Their language is often picturesque and it is always natural. . . .

At random I quote a few sentences from various books: "I'll build a fire in your face that you can read the *San Francisco Examiner* by at midnight."

"We had the outfits and the horses, and our men were plainsmen and were at home as long as they could see the North Star."

"The old lady was bogged to the saddle skirts in her story."

"Blankets? Never use them. Sleep on your belly and cover with your back and get up with the birds in the morning."

"Every cowman takes his saddle wherever he goes, though he may not have clothes enough to dust a fiddle."

Not all of the work of Andy Adams will live. He wrote his best book first, putting into it the cream of his observations, experience and consideration. And this book, *The Log of a Cowboy*, will, I believe, live as long as there is any interest in range life and Texas cowboys; that is apt to be as long as there is any interest in Roman legions or Spanish conquests or Norse seamen.

Whistling Springs

(Continued from page 41)

going northwest toward Sycamore Canyon.

Jim was never seen with any tools or pans so he had to pick the gold up with his hands—which would indicate it was indeed a "mother lode." Also he was never known to use the money received from the gold for anything other than whiskey.

The only substantial clue to the location comes from the family of W. A. Kinser, who for a short period in 1924 was a co-worker of Jim's. After one of his periodical drunks, the Indian would always be stone broke, not even having eating money.

Kinser, feeling sorry for him, would proffer a few dollars until Jim made a pay-day. After he had made three or four such loans, Kinser ran into the Indian one night when he was in the middle of one of his sprees. Jim promptly bought him several drinks and, in the course of the evening, startled Kinser by asking if he had ever hunted for gold.

Kinser shook his head no.

"You find whistling spring in Sycamore Canyon. Gold in gravel above spring."

"Why do you call it a whistling spring?" Kinser queried.

"Water cut hole through bluff, make pothole in bottom of draw. When pothole full, water close off bottom of hole. Then when wind blow over hole in bluff, make noise like blowing in jug."

Kinser, becoming interested, questioned him further as to the exact location of the spring but the Indian's only response was "in Sycamore Canyon."

Kinser made several unsuccessful trips looking for the deposit. Since it was in the dry season, he concluded the spring was fed by snow water from the high mountains during the early spring runoff. Only at that time would the pothole be full of water and the hole in the bluff emit its promising song. Shortly thereafter he moved from the area without having found a trace of the spring.

Someday a lonely prospector will hear the golden notes of nature's whistle and discover the riches of Jim's Whiskey Bank.

Buckskin Jim And His Water Fights

(Continued from page 29)

She was a young Minnesota schoolteacher who had come to the Upper Yellowstone to visit members of her family living at Horr. She found nothing so disagreeable about the life she spent among the Cutlers that she could refuse to marry Buckskin when he asked her. So on December 24, 1902, the young housekeeper—artist and gracious lady—became the wife of a rough frontiersman.

As a married woman, Harriet Cutler had land rights in her own name, and she filed on a desert claim several miles up the Yellowstone from the home ranch. Buckskin Jim thought he could make this land productive with water. He sought his neighbor directly across the river to

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"Ten Years A Cowboy" By C. C. Post. Addenda by Tex Bender. The Cowboy Fiddler. Thomas W. Jackson Co. Chicago 1898. 20 sketches. Very good condition.

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"Paradise Lost" By John Milton. Hurst & Co., New York. No date. Old. Small size. Fine condition.

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help him with his problem.

Axel Hill was a handyman who worked out for various ranchers in the community. He believed that he could get water to Cutler's desert claim by building a ditch from Cedar Creek a mile or so upstream to the homestead site. They drew up a contract specifying the conditions that the ditch must meet. It must be of certain size and deliver a specified amount of water. If Hill did good work and the ditch met the conditions laid down by Cutler, there was good money in the deal.

But the conditions were never met. Hill worked intermittently and the ditch would not carry water; it had no bank; it was not wide enough. Cutler refused to pay Hill for the work. Hill demanded the $108 still due him. Buckskin Jim and his son went over the ditch with Hill, pointing out where the work did not meet the contract.

A quarrel resulted, then a free-for-all fight, in which Hill was badly beaten. He went home and brooded about it. Neighbors who could have improved the situation added fuel to the fire by such remarks as "I wouldn't let him get by without paying me."

Hill, never a gunman, took three guns with him the next day to meet Cutler and demand his money. Hearing of the threats and the gun-toting, Cutler took his 30-30 Winchester along as he and his son Jim went to work on the ditch.

THERE was a killing that day on the Upper Yellowstone. Straightway, Cutler went to Gardiner and gave himself up. The body of Hill lay in the road where it had fallen from the wagon. His companion, Will Jones, was in charge until officials arrived.

There was never any question about it. There were two witnesses. Hill fired first. Cutler was a sure shot and he aimed in self-defense. It was just nine days from killing to acquittal and exoneration for Buckskin Jim in that phase of his water fight. But it was never complete liberation, for he lived with it always.

It changed him and it changed his family. The neighbors thought ill of him and carried a secret dread of a temperament that didn't stop at murder. The children lived under the stigma of their father's deed. Fortune turned its back.

Two years after the killing, the Cutlers sold the lower ranch and moved to the desert claim, where they lived for three years. Then they bought the ranch that had been Axel Hill's directly across the Yellowstone from the old home that had seen so much turmoil.

"R. E. always respected the river," said Harriet. "He never feared it." None of them did. Between their old home and the new one was Cutler Crossing—a cable crossing. It was a part of their lives. In the little car on the cable suspended on poles, the children crossed to go to school. Powered by human hands pulling a rope over pulleys, the capacity was limited, to a certain extent, by the strength of the one pulling the rope as they crossed. The Cutler boys could usually pull four children in the car. Even so young, they treated their mode of transportation across the Yellowstone with respect.

Buckskin Jim was in and out of court many times during his lifetime. In 1908 he was defendant in a damage suit brought by his neighbor, Yankee Jim; in 1909 he sued to collect a $500 note against Stevens; in 1919 he met his old adversary, the Northern Pacific Railway, in court. There are those who remember yet the late court trials of R. E. Cutler. His deafness and the large dog which accompanied him to the courtroom were often more of a trial to the judge than the case in question.

All his life Buckskin Jim had been a fighter, and when there was no need for fighting outward elements, he turned within himself for an opponent. The troubles that had been his throughout his life rose in contest and worked on his mind. He became a mental case. As his family gradually left home, he, too, chose to move away from Harriet and the three sons she had borne him. He went to live near his son Jim below Yankee Jim Canyon in a cabin above the Armstrong ranch.

There was trouble with the Armstrongs. It started over the ownership of a horse and ended with Cutler's setting up camp in one of their irrigation ditches and turning out the water. They decided it was a case for the courts to settle. When Deputy Sheriff Clarence Gilbert came to serve papers on the defendant, Cutler said he had no money for court trials, but added, "I'll be there anyway, if I have to take a raft down the Yellowstone!"

Once expressed, the idea plagued him. Sixty years old he might be, but he had no fear of a fight and no fear of the Yellowstone. He *would* build a raft, and he *would* float the river to Livingston!

There was no secret about his trip that June 29, 1921. He had worked several days gathering old railroad ties and binding them firmly together with baling wire. His son Jim and Peggy, his daughter-in-law, and her sister saw him off.

"If that were my father," said Mabel, "I wouldn't let him go."

"If that were your father," replied Jim, "you'd have to let him go."

His raft rode swiftly and turbulently on the high water of the melting snows of the late June. Eight hours later it had traveled the forty miles to Livingston, and fifty people lined the bank near Sacajawea City Park to watch the raftsman. As he reached his destination, the raft nosed under the trunk of an old tree which projected out into the north channel and struck him on the head, knocking him unconscious into the stream.

The chilling waters revived him and he made a game fight for fifteen minutes; then his heart gave out and his body was washed onto an island, from whence it was recovered by a human chain of bystanders. Attempts at revival were futile. Buckskin Jim had lost his last fight.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

probability just as much. You can't print fiction, but sufficient vagueness on details gives imagination free opportunity to establish probabilities as facts.

When it comes to real treasure lost or found—who wants to tell all the details to every nosy would-be searcher, and get run over in the stampede for Booger's Hollow? Nobody who has a real line on something is going to be fool enough to tell the details.

Those who have been bitten by the bug of treasure hunting make a scandalously low wage out of it. Old Itchy Pants doesn't care if he half starves, and doesn't really find anything of importance—it's a hobby gone wild, an unprofitable avocation that becomes the most important vocation in life. Life is to be spent and spilled believing what one wants to and

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turning a deaf ear to splashers of cold water like me. That's why there is always a demand for stories about buried treasure. It's a hunger that must be fed or the one infected will pine away and die!

That's why your passel of treasure stories save lives. They are the "clear cool water" the bug-bitten must have to keep on living no matter if they can't ever really honestly dig up a fortune and keep it. The search, and even fanciful seizure of treasure, feeds the gold fevered dreams, bodies and minds, and keeps alive the true spirit of the buccaneer that infects so many of us. Something for nothing will always lure us like a will-o-the-wisp!—Benjamin T. Williams, 1806 Anderson Place SE, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Friends and Allies

Dear Joe:

I am 14 years old and have read your magazine since I was 12. I am writing to you about Howard Cochran's letter in the April, 1964 issue of TRUE WEST under Truly Western. In it he said that the story "One Dull Day" in your December, 1963 issue of TRUE WEST was not true even though he has no proof. The story may sound a little wild but at that time the whole West was wild.

He also called Jim McIntire's story "A Trip to Hell and Heaven" in the same issue garbage. "It is an affront to anyone with any degree of religion," he stated. Frankly, anyone with any degree of religion would realize that Jim McIntire's story was only a false dream of a man affected with a fever.

You should be praised for publishing all original literature of the old West. I have enjoyed your magazines for the past two years and will continue to enjoy them as long as they are published.—Robert Ray, 311 So. Kathleen, Beeville, Texas.

Dear Mr. Small:

I have read, collected and enjoyed your magazines from the very first copies, and also read the letters in Truly Western and Frontier Post and enjoy most of the banter in them. However, the letter by Mr. Howard Cochran in April TRUE WEST, really got me riled up. I wonder, does he read the magazines for what enjoyment may be derived from them or to pick them apart at the seams?

I am compiling material for a book on the Addington family and would like to hear from anyone interested in adding to it. My book will be titled "Henry Addington and His Descendants in the United States." Henry was born in England in 1727 and came to America with his wife and small son, John, in 1750; they lived for a time in Pennsylvania, then in 1755 the family removed to South Carolina where he lived for the rest of his life.—Vera N. Wagner, P. O. Box 268, Rogue River, Oregon.

Mining Country

Dear Pat:

I found numerous tickets like this one at the old Yellow Pine Mine near Goodsprings, Nevada, while on a trip with the Southern Nevada Historical Society on February 29, 1964. These were lying out in the open exposed to the elements, but note how little damage was done to them after all these years, since 1920. Note also the use of candles. From examining several of these tickets, it appears that most of the drilling was done by hand; only a few tickets indicated mechanical drilling from the use of 1-1/8" powder and many feet of fuse and numerous caps as did this one. Most of them showed 2 or 3 sticks and caps and a few feet of fuse.

Do any of your readers know the history and have photographs of a mining campsite in Trinity County, California, called "Ridgeville"? In 1950, a 100-year-old man, Wilmot Crandall of Klamath Falls, Oregon, hiked up this mountain above Minersville on Stuart's Fork of the Trinity River to show me the site of this camp. He had not been there since 1900 but we did find, within a seemingly virgin forest of pines, an old graveyard which had been fenced in by the Forest Service. Only two headstones of Vermont marble gave mute testimony to the death of two small children in 1851 or 1852.

As Crandall stated, he was first shown the campsite when he was a boy prospecting in that region. The old-timer with a beard "down to here" (indicating his waist line) pointed out where the different stores were but there were no remains, only a young forest. Those gold seekers certainly did cover the West in a few short months after the rush started.—Burton J. Westman, 3496 East Pueblo Way, Las Vegas, Nevada.

Oil Towns

Howdy, Joe:

Just finished reading April TRUE WEST and it gets better all the time with stories of old-time railroading, loggin' camps, Bloomer Girls and Alaskan bank robbers. A lot of these people never carried a .45 on their hip, but they still helped build the country we now call U. S. A.

Back in 1934 I met a lot of old "oil field boomers" in the Cut Bank, Santa Rita and Sunburst, Montana fields such as Blackie Burns, Cowboy Whitey, Alabam' Ed, "Box Carr," and Round the Corner Kelley, Make-Pole Slim, Mile Post Johnny, and many others. Crip Wilson couldn't do much work of any kind, but he made good money selling handmade trout flies to tourists in Glacier National Park, 50 miles west of Cut Bank.

Gambling was wide-open, day and night. About 5:00 a.m. the "Swamper" managed to sweep out the joint, empty the spittoons, and be ready for another busy day. Jess Harlem was police chief and while on duty he kept a large female German Shepherd with him that would "chew hell" out of anyone at a word from Jess.

In its younger days Cut Bank was one of the toughest towns of the Northwest and railroad bulls seldom lasted more than a week before they left town in a hurry, or left in a wooden box. I saw more crippled and deformed men around

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 71)

oilfields than any other kind of work. If a cable broke, a boiler exploded, or a casing fell on you and you were only crippled, you were lucky. A lot of fellows were crushed, scalded to death or "lost their head" from a broken cable whipping through the air.

And many oil men today will remember Borger, Texas, when it was one of the toughest towns in the U. S., along with Butte, Montana; Hurley, Wisconsin; Ironwood, Michigan; and other boom towns in the West and Southwest.

The story "Vigil at Goldpoint" is good and has only one small error that I know of. The Post Office Department uses the name "Postmaster" for a man or woman and "Postmistress" to them isn't official or legal. But I'll admit it sounds better. Keep the good yarns coming in TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES.—Walt Thayer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Washington.

Navajoe

Dear Pat:

In a story by N. Cheek in the July-August issue of TRUE WEST, entitled "Buckskin Joe," Buckskin Joe is quoted as being the founder of the old town of Navajoe, Oklahoma. Mr. Cheek did not dig deep enough in his research. The town of Navajoe was started in 1886 by two men whose names were W. H. Acers and H. P. Dale.

As for the name of the town, when Acers and Dale applied for a post office, they applied for it under the name of Navajo, taking the name from a mountain which stood nearby, but the Post Office Department insisted on adding an 'e' to the name to avoid possible confusion with another Navajo post office in Arizona. That is how the letter 'e' came to be used in the name, and not as a tribute to Buckskin Joe as stated in the story.

However, Buckskin Joe was a great booster for that part of the country, and played a great part in getting settlers to come there. But he was not the founder of the town. I lived at old Navajoe during the last few years of its existence and know the history of it very well.

No doubt you've been told all those things before now, but thought I'd tell you about it anyway. I don't mean to criticize Mr. Cheek or his story. I liked it very much, but thought a few facts he overlooked might help out a little— W. E. Jeffries, 355 E. 55th Street, Long Beach, California.

Dear Pat:

J. S. Works' oldest daughter now living in Oklahoma mailed me a box containing these notes, old photos, copies of Buckskin Joe's Emigrant Guide and a few copies of a publication called *Historia*, the latter published by Historical Society of Oklahoma back in the 1880s. This latter publication gave special mention of how Buckskin Joe was invited to come to Oklahoma City and receive special honors for what he had done for Oklahoma in the pioneer days. I got my information from those notes and those copies of *Historia* on what Buckskin Joe did, including his part in founding Navajoe.—N. Cheek.

Ezra Meeker

Dear Sir:

I read an article in your TRUE WEST magazine—a story of and photographs of Ezra Meeker in one of your old issues (April TRUE WEST, 1963). I knew him. I first saw him and talked to him in Alpena, Michigan, in 1900 and again in Olympia, Washington, a few years after. I was interested in the old man, as my people settled in Montana in '79 and I have been around the country and am now residing in Alaska Pioneers Home. Your story and photos are genuine, so keep up the good work. I like to read them.—J. C. Goyer, Box 894, Sitka, Alaska.

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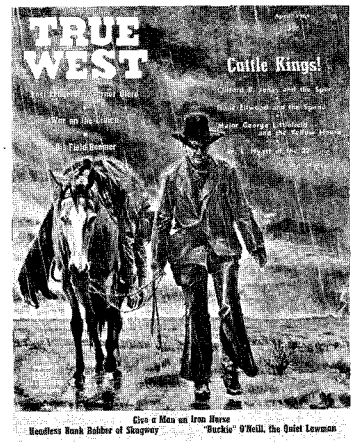

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